

# BUSY MAN'S



DECEMBER

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# Nervous Dyspepsia

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### Not a Patent Cure-All, Nor a Modern Miracle, But Simply a Rational Cure For Dyspepsia

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Though on overnight, two "ferns" as a notice of this issue are numbered 1111 — that is, the parking man 20-40 and then begins again 20 and reaches 1111 again. The "second" section that is numbered 1111 is re-constructed at 30 and then to 56. In the index we have noticed the second of these sections by the letter "A" above the page number. We suggest this notice to our readers — TAKE NOTICE.

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# Henri Bourassa

## and the Nationalists.

What Laurier's defeat in Quebec means to future Canadian Politics.



HENRI BOURASSA —

Can he lead Quebec? Where will he lead it?

QUEBEC follows a leader, Laurier leads it. But when Laurier is gone who does?

Will it be Honorable George Graham as leader of the Liberal party, successor to Laurier?

Will it be Honorable Richard McBride, said to be the coming leader of the Conservatives?

They are English. Quebec follows a French-Canadian. The question is: Which of the French shall it be. Laurier is near seventy. The new leader must have sprouted his comb by now.

So is it Brodeur, the Minister of Marine and Fisheries? Or Rodolphe Lemieux, the Postmaster-General? Or Gouin, the Premier of Quebec? Or F. D. Monk, M.P., Conservative leader of the French-Canadians in Parliament?

Or, is it Henri Bourassa, the fire-brand, the man who defeated the Premier of Canada in his own home constituency the other day, the man who abetted his "puppet" against the Premier's "puppet," his platform of "Nationalism" against the old Premier's platform of "Liberalism"—and won? Is it he that is to lead Quebec when Laurier is gone?

Brodeur is sick and Gouin likes the ermine of a judge's cape. Monk, too, is sick, disappointed because he finds that peddling honest ideas to the public is often like trying to sell gold for philosophy. And the ruddy little Postmaster, Rodolphe Lemieux—is Rodolphe Lemieux, and a nice man at that.

But Bourassa, with only one generation between him and the fiery blood of the honorable old rebel—Louis Joseph Papineau,

is neither sick nor weary, nor satisfied, and he has one ambition—to lead Quebec. He seems to have made some headway in that direction.

And, then, there is another thing.

If he leads it, where will he lead it? To succeed Honorable George Graham, leading the Liberals? Or Richard McBride, of the Conservative camp? Or will he become leader of a third party in Canadian politics—leader of the French? If he does, what must be the price that the parties shall pay him for his aid in the House of Commons when it comes to putting through desirable or undesirable measures? What will be demand for his French support in each piece of legislation that goes through the House? What tinge of what color will he give each development of Canadian Nationalism?

\* \* \*

THE Naval Policy, to which Laurier is pledged, and on which Bourassa seeks to lead Quebec to condemn him, is neither here nor there in discussing Bourassa. More people than Nationalists disapprove of the Government's course. The attack upon the new Canadian navy was made the cry in the bye-election in the united counties of Drummond and Arthabaska-ville. It was used to stir the voters, one way or another. It was the subject of the despatches to the newspapers. But the real issue was Bourassa. The opposing candidates were the mere puppets of the two French-Canadians, Laurier and Bourassa. When Laurier's man was defeated, it was not a victory for the Nationalist candidate; it was Bourassa's personal victory. It is

that victory which leads those who consider the man to wonder what more is to come. They have seen him address spellbound audiences of ten or fifteen thousand for two hours at a time; they have seen the mob pour out of Notre Dame church at midnight, at the close of a meeting, and follow him for blocks, to listen to him or to one of his aides address them from a street platform. They have seen him champion losing sides in seemingly hopeless fights and turn the current of defeat into the channels of victory. And now, he threatens to invade Protestant Ontario. He defies the Premier to open the constituency for which the Secretary of State—himself a Roman Catholic—sits. It is, of course, with much skill that he selected that riding for his defiance. He knows the split that took place between two factions of the Liberals before Hon. Mr. Murphy was in the consideration at all. It is partly French-Canadian. He knows, no doubt, that it was with difficulty that the successful candidate was persuaded to resign and to allow Hon. Mr. Murphy to run in his place, and no doubt he has long since calculated the advantage which is to be had from a split between two factions and the dissatisfaction of the man who resigned. Such being the case, the opening of this constituency would scarcely be a fair test of Laurier's strength or the popularity of the naval programme. But Bourassa, by thus opposing Laurier, is revealing his intention of becoming the leader of Quebec, if not at once, then surely, when Laurier has quit the stage.

\* \* \*

THERE are four essentials to that leadership: Ability, courage, integrity and ambition. Laurier himself has given testimony to Bourassa's ability. When, as a young man of twenty-eight years, Bourassa entered the House of Commons as the member for Labelle, Laurier singled him out as worthy of honors. He gave him encouragement, advice and opportunities. When the Canadian delegation was appointed to confer at Washington in 1897, concerning the trade relations of the two countries, Bourassa was secretary. It was the Premier's gift to a man whom he admired.

But after that, Bourassa chose to compel attention, rather than to have it given him. When Laurier sent the Canadian troops to South Africa without first summoning Parliament, Bourassa retired in protest, and the people of his French-Canadian constituency supported his protest by returning him to Parliament on his standing for re-election.

When J. Israel Tarte saw fit to talk Protection in the face of his Free Trade conferees, and left the Cabinet, it was Bourassa who challenged Tarte, the free lance, to oratorical combat, and Bourassa, who defeated Tarte so badly at Laprairie as to give him a push into the outer-darkness of political failure, towards which he had already set out.

When, in 1904, certain political powers plotted to gain control of *La Presse* and to do certain things which ought not to have been done, it was Bourassa who found it out and gave voice through his little paper, "*Le Nationaliste*."

When the autonomy bills were being discussed in the House of Commons and the separate school question was a sore issue, it was Bourassa who took the stump and raised so much noise in Quebec that despite Clifford Sifton's resigning in protest against the clauses which the Government included in the charters of these new provinces, the situation resulted in a compromise.

And at every appearance in the spot-light Bourassa was a stronger figure. He had but a small following when he protested against the sending of the soldiers to South Africa. After his victory over Tarte it was larger. After his fight in favor of the separate school clauses in the charters of Saskatchewan and Alberta, he had still a greater following. His name spread over the Province of Quebec. It became synonymous with "the rights of the French-Canadian."

People began to talk of Bourassa's speeches. He made them on all sorts of topics, without invitation from anyone. But he had always large audiences. Once he talked on "Patriotism" in Le Monument National, in Montreal. There were all sorts of people there, judges and lawyers and priests, on one hand, and on the other, longshoremen and laborers. The address

was academic, and yet the attention was tense. The audience was brought to a state where it lay like soft wax in Bourassa's hands. He had only to speak, to sway it to one thing or another. In the end, he paused, tilted slightly forward on his toes, and addressing the young men in the gallery, he adjured them quietly not to waste their enthusiasm on passing objects, but to cherish it for the occasion when it might serve the country's good.

That was all. It was very simple, and yet—yet in an electric instant the erstwhile silent, closely critical audience was transformed. Rarely is such a scene as followed, to be witnessed nowadays. It was an ovation—such a yielding to the power of the orator's spell as one reads of, but sees too seldom.

But there have been other signs of what Bourassa could do.

He took to criticizing provincial affairs in Quebec. He objected to the manner in which Parent, who was then Premier, was disposing of the forest and water-power rights of the province. So he attacked Parent, and Parent fell.

Again, there came a day when a certain Premier offered him a certain position in his Cabinet.

"No," replied Bourassa, "I do not think that I can accept it, though I thank you for the honor."

Pressed for a reason, he said that he disapproved of certain men in that Cabinet.

The Premier happened to meet Bourassa very much, and hinted that it might be possible to arrange for the disposition of these two gentlemen in some quiet and satisfactory manner.

"No," said Bourassa, "I cannot accept."

And with that he set out to bring down for himself the two Cabinet ministers he objected to. He took the stump and demanded the heads of the two upon his savior. He cried that these men be eliminated.

One was The other, as it happened, challenged Bourassa to contest. He would resign his seat if Bourassa would resign his. Bourassa accepted, and was beaten. The other man was returned to the Provincial Legislature by an enormous majority. People said, "Bourassa is dead."

His friends thought he was sick. Few knew his whereabouts. But in the general election which followed he emerged from the temporary retirement into which he had gone, stood for election in two constituencies, and won both. People realized then that although he might be beaten sometimes, he was rather inevitable. The one of these seats was Sir Lomer Gouin's own preserve, St. James, Montreal, where he expected to be secure, and the other was St. Hyacinthe, an old Liberal riding of his grandfather's, but which turned—not tory, but against the Liberals, for the sake of the grandson.

To-day, comes Bourassa with his challenge to Laurier over the naval policy, and into the country which was Laurier's birth-place, which has had Laurier for its pride and its glory, he carries the victory.

Surely these things show his ability. His ability as an orator and his ability to defeat strong men, either by that oratory, or by his personal charm or "political genius," or by being wise enough to see when the men were weak and where they were easiest attacked. Whatever the explanation of his victories, their reality remains. As to the depth of the foundation which he has laid for the support of his future operations, we shall take that up farther on.

\* \* \*

TWO things have gone to enhance his native ability. His courage and his personal integrity. It is known in certain quarters that Bourassa has had many temptations thrust in his way, not the least among them are said, on good authority, to have been cabinet positions. But he refused them. They would have been the price of his personal political independence.

After his defeat by the politician, whom we have mentioned, but whose name we have not used, he accepted a position in a large financial company in the Province. The remuneration was low, and since Bourassa had no other considerable means, and was a valuable man, the company increased his stipend by a thousand dollars a year.

But it raised discussion. Bourassa's opponents made capital of it. They said he

had been offered this money in order to stay out of politics — that he had been "bought."

So Bourassa quit the position. He scraped his means together and told the general manager of the firm that he intended going. They protested. They hinted that he was a trifle Quixotic, and that—but he left. He went into a corner and stayed there till he was ready to come out. That was when he ran in the general election and was successful in two seats. He preferred to come out into the open of political battle and face the possibility of defeat again rather than to have people say of him that he was paid to keep out of politics.

These then are instances of his ability, his courage and his integrity. They seem to have been sufficient to have carried him some distance. Not every man defeats Laurier among his own people.

But the question of Bourassa's ambition is the heart of the whole matter. For if Bourassa is to be the leader of Quebec, now, or when Laurier is gone — and it seems likely—then in what direction is he going to lead it? What is his ambition? Why is it that he leaps into the light every now and then advocating different things? What is the common basis for all his agitations. Suppose that in time he becomes the leader of Quebec what shall be the key in which his song is written?

It is—Quebec. Years ago he told it to a man. He pointed at Quebec on the map, and a picture of Laurier on the wall, and he enunciated his ambition. "When Laurier is gone, who leads us?" he demanded. "Who is to speak for us? Quebec shall be in need of a leader, and it is I that shall try to lead it."

HE can command no friends among the ardent Imperialists of Canada, nor among the ordinary English Protestants, so far as mere policy is concerned. As a man, as a brave opponent, he is worthy of respect. But in his pro-Catholic tendencies, and his obvious design to foster things French-Canadian, and to uphold the traditions of the French against the wear-

ing effects of Time and the encroachments of the English he is bound to rouse the opposition of many Canadians.

But his "Nationalism" has been grievously misunderstood. Although in the heat of the recent election in Quebec things were said, words and phrases were used, which would seem to show that it is anti-British and ultra-montagne, still from the personal assurances of Bourassa's own friends, and from a study of Bourassa's speeches, one is led to the belief that his Nationalism is simply an avowal of faith in the future of Canada as a self-contained nation, one of a group of friendly, and inter-related nations, which compose the British Empire. The difference between Bourassa and the ardent British Canadian is as to the degree to which Canada would participate in the wars and general external relations of England. The Imperialist would have Canada go to war automatically with whatever nation had become a declared enemy of England, while Bourassa would have Canada refrain from all such wars unless the cause of the war were closely connected with the interests of Canada. In this way, while the Imperialist would probably be willing to leave the making of war to England, and to follow her wherever she led, Bourassa would have Canada remember that not all her citizens have the same sentimental interest in a British war and that there would have to be a reason for Canada's participation before it could command the sympathy of the French-Canadian. A discussion of the Imperialist or Nationalist view is not in order in this article. One might leave the subject by saying that the extreme Imperialist would have Canada more or less a colony, while Bourassa would force Canada into a co-operative nationhood within the Empire: in which state England would have to consult her, as well as the other sisters in the Empire before embarking on any warlike venture. His view does not seem far from that of many moderate "Imperialists" in English Canada.

Everything that Bourassa has done has been along this line. He has held up the interest of the French-Canadian. He has pointed out that not all Canada would be sentimentally interested in a British war,

although the French-Canadian would support England were she in actual danger of defeat. He has reminded people that the French-Canadian has no desire to go to war for sentimental reasons only. And, after all, the average Canadian, of fair mind, will admit that it is a fairly reasonable stand to take.

Then, suppose that this is Bourassa's stand. What foundations has he laid to support himself on such a platform. In the past years of his activities has he accumulated political strength? We may say that he has personal ability, courage, integrity and ambition, but unless he has been building his ground-work he must be badly off when all the forces of established leadership are brought against him. How deep, therefore, is Bourassa's strength? Whence come the roots of his political vitality?

When he used, in the Quebec Legislature of a Thursday afternoon, to stand up and speak for hours on uncalled-for topics—what was it that he aimed at, people asked. They saw nothing but a few young priests sitting in the gallery. And yet Bourassa measures the fittest advantage; each young priest, as he knew, would grow to be an active priest, an influence in a riding some day. He would talk about the speech when he returned to the seminary, and would remember the man, Henri Bourassa, years hence, when he might be tending his little flock of souls in his future parish. With graduation class, after graduation class, of these young priests has Bourassa planted the seed of "Bourassa-ism."

What is his relation with the young French Catholics of Quebec? They have a strong organization. Not many years ago, this organization agitated for a law compelling the railways to supply timetable printed in French for the districts where only French was spoken. Their agitation seemed in vain until Henri Bourassa passed by, and taking up their cause, carried it to a successful end. There again, he planted for a future reaping.

He has stood always for the French-Canadian and for the use of the French language. The French clergy firmly believe that the life of their religion depends

upon the life of the French tongue in Canada. Consequently, there was almost consternation when at the recent Eucharistic Congress, Archbishop Bourne, speaking in Notre Dame, was held to have suggested that the day of the French language was passing, and that English was taking and to take its place in the Church.

Quick to see an opening, Bourassa, who spoke shortly afterward, took the other side of the question in a speech, which is said by those who heard it, to have completely dominated the nearly fifteen thousand people who were present in the church. Again had he enlisted the friendship of the dignitaries of the Roman Catholic Church in Quebec.

He has his faults, this man. He sometimes repeats conversations which other men would regard as personal and secure against repetition. He goes great lengths in acting upon Cobden's theory that in agitation it is necessary to move your audience to a high pitch of anger or enthusiasm. But on the whole he is a strong man, a master of oratory and an opponent to be respected, at least. As an orator he is a man of force, and yet of great charm. There is nothing slipshod about his oratory. At a mass meeting he catches his hearers at the very outset. He can be serenely courteous and yet he often pains and surprises people by the use of expressions that are unworthy of him. The best passages of his speeches are all carefully worked out before he delivers them and when there is a repetition of a phrase he delivers it each time with increasing dramatic effect. He speaks rapidly and with vigorous gestures. He uses English well, but French better.

He is the knight of Quebec, impetuous and yet cold; hasty, yet cautious; imaginative, yet practical; he flares into prominence every now and then like a torch, relighted by some mysterious hand at odd intervals. Like a torch, someday, he will set afire the imagination of the people, inspire the engines of their minds and direct the energy of Quebec—one way or another, as he pleases.—B. B. C.

## The Provincial Premiers

WE reproduce in the following pages engravings of the nine Provincial Premiers, with some remarks about each one, and pictures of their respective legislative halls. They are to meet in Ottawa on December 9th to discuss certain troubles in the family of provinces. Whitney and Gosse are convening the meeting. The three Maritime Provinces are the aggrieved ones. It is incumbent upon the four western provinces to be generous.

THE British North America Act is the trouble. It continues to take M. P.'s from the Maritime Provinces just because they are not growing very quickly, and it hands them to the western provinces, which are very tall for their age.

IT is not the fault of the east. It is because capital and incoming population naturally seek a high interest and a good living without preliminary trouble. The east is not less blessed with natural resources, but these resources are harder to develop. In forty years they will be flourishing. But in the meantime all legislative power is falling into the hands of the family prodigies. The nine Premiers have to try to correct this. They may be able to do it by petitioning the British Government to alter Canada's charter.

## The Provincial Premiers



### Prince Edward Island

HONORABLE FRANCIS L. HASZARD has the honor of directing the affairs of the most easterly, and one of the most charming provinces in the Dominion. It has its troubles and Honorable Mr. Haszard—with the aid of Judge Warburton, one of Prince Edward Island's representatives in the House of Commons, is endeavoring to remove them. One thing is the need for some amendment to the Canadian constitution so that the Island cannot be deprived of any more of its parliamentary representation through the operation of the British North America Act.



## The Provincial Premiers



### Nova Scotia

**W**HEN Honorable Mr. Fielding resigned the premiership of Nova Scotia to join Sir Wilfrid Laurier's administration at Ottawa in 1896, the Liberal Government of the province was left in the hands of Honorable George H. Murray. He appealed to the people in 1897 and was returned to the office. He did it again in 1904 and 1909 and was again told to go back and keep on governing. He lives at Halifax and knows Mr. R. L. Borden, though he doesn't agree with his politics. He will be appealing to his people again shortly and expects the same answer as before.



## The Provincial Premiers



### New Brunswick

**A** MEMBER of the Church of England, and with miles of family tradition, Honorable John Douglas Hays sits calmly at the head of the New Brunswick Government and orders the appearance and disappearance of that other luminary, the Sun. He is married, in the Parliamentary Compassion "Liberal-Conservative" which probably means Tory. When Premier Robinson and his colleagues found their work getting too arduous for them they retired and Mr. Hays took up the leadership of the Government.



## The Provincial Premiers



### Quebec

**K**NIGHTED on the Plains of Abraham at the hands of His Majesty King George Fifth, who was then visiting Canada as the Prince of Wales, Sir Lomer Goulet is an example of the success with which two races have been living as one under the British flag. It is said that the amiable Premier and Attorney-General of Quebec is losing his political ambition and that when the Great Reaper comes and offers him a judgeship for his premiership, he will accept. He is a clever debater and can usually give a Holland for any man's Oliver. He is in manner gravely courteous, is mild, urbane and credits



## The Provincial Premiers



### Ontario

**S**IR JAMES WHITNEY takes himself, his politics and his lightest thoughts so seriously that he begins to have his own honest doubts as to who was the creator of the universe. Until he gets time to convince himself he spends his time exploding and settling down and then exploding again.

Coming on the heels of a weak Liberal administration his policy has been one of simple, garden variety honesty. He gave Honorable Adam Beck the opportunity to establish the Hydro-Electric Power Commission. His middle name is Pliny.





## The Provincial Premiers



### Manitoba

**H**ON. RODMOND PALEN ROBLIN used to sell grain but has in his later years been steering the Conservative Administration of the province and wrestling with Sir Wilfrid Laurier for the right to extend the boundaries of Manitoba to Hudson's Bay. He and the French Canadian premier are opposite types of men. Roblin is inclined toward largeness and rough strength while Laurier is more the style of a finely tempered piece of steel.

He is more or less a stubborn gentleman and inclined to do by brute force what he cannot do any other way.



## The Provincial Premiers



### Saskatchewan

**H**ON. Walter Scott started as an office boy under the late Nicholas Flood Davin. Davin failed, but Scott prospered. He is a personal friend of Laurier, and one of the bitterest political fighters in the West. He has been Premier since Saskatchewan was given its charter.

As a platform speaker he does not excel. He is nervous and fidgety. But in the House he attacks craftily, explains convincingly, and defends his administration vigorously.



## The Provincial Premiers



### Alberta

**A** COLD man, a man with the keenest of minds, the coolest sort of judgment, and yet the broadest sympathies, Hon. A. L. Sifton is described by one of the leading members of the recent Laurier party, touring the West, as being a coming leader in Federal politics.

He and his brother Clifford are opposites. The latter is ambitious for wealth. The former is not. It is one of his advantages in the West.



## The Provincial Premiers



### British Columbia

**H**ON. Richard McBride is said to have been picked out by Laurier as the next Conservative Premier of Canada. There is a remarkable resemblance between Sir John Macdonald, Laurier and himself.

He is pre-eminently a politician. His genius is for making friends and organizing party politics. He is suave, but a poor platform speaker. His greatest weakness lies in the fact that nobody could ever be as wise as he looks.



# The Indian

By  
C. Linton Sibley



THE Indian had been lying on his stomach and gazing through the forest undergrowth with unblinking eyes. Suddenly he went tense with eager attention. The quick flattening crouch of his body was just such a movement as a cat, lazily watching birds, would make if one of the birds were to stray beyond the safety line.

His beady eyes, glittering with surface lights, were fixed upon a strange spectacle. One hundred yards away from him, on the side of a forest rivulet, a lone white man was behaving with all the abandon of a moonstruck rabbit. He had swung his hat round his head and flung it into the air, and was engaged in an excited and ludicrous burlesque of a ballet dance. Pretending to lift up skirts, he began to pirouette, essaying, in an uncouth way, all the professional flourishes of the stage.

His extraordinary movements came to an abrupt stop. It was as though that mysterious sixth sense which becomes especially acute in the wilds, even in the most civilized of men, had warned him of the two dark eyes,

low in the undergrowth, that were fixed on him with such eager attention. He, too, was now on the alert, but his attention was not fixed, like that of the Indian. He was uncertain what it was that warned him of a menace. Indeed, he was not certain of anything. He crouched low, listening, peering. Not a creature moved in the tangle of the forest floor. Not a breath of air played in the tops of the tall spruce. The instinct of the old hunters had revived in the Indian. He raised his rifle and sighted it. He lowered it again and sighed with a happy contentment in the sureness of his victim's fate. He would wait.

Perceiving nothing to justify his suspicions, the white man stripped a considerable quantity of moss from a decayed log and planted it in the spot beside the rivulet over which he had danced so wildly. That done, he proceeded with the work which had been occupying him earlier in the day—that of thoroughly prospecting the neighborhood. Each time during the afternoon, when the results of his examination seemed satisfactory, he care-

fully covered up all traces of his operations, and toward dusk he disappeared.

The red man went to the rivulet and lifted up the moss laid there so carefully by the white man. He saw an outcropping of white rock, and on the face of the rock was a splash of yellow metal as big as the eye of a deer. He carefully replaced the moss, and following up the trail of the other, uncovered various holes which the white man had dug in the ground. At each spot he found rock just beneath the surface—rock that glistened, and that had in it many tiny specks and splashes of dull yellow. Presently, as the forest grew dark, the Indian stole back to his wigwam on the Kamistakwa Lake.

Two years before his hunting ground had been farther south, down in the Porcupine country. But a white man had come and discovered rocks that were dusted with yellow specks, and before he had been gone a month back to "the steel" thousands of white men had poured into what had been the Indian's hunting country. The game fled, and with it the Indian retired to the North. His new hunting ground was in the watershed of the Kamistakwa Lake, and it had been profitable. After his first winter he had carried more fur into the Hudson's Bay post than ever before. But now the white man had come again. Apparently the rock with the yellow specks was about to cause another influx of the fortune-hunters and another exodus of the rightful tenants of the country. Picturing it to himself, he let a gleam of menace light his eyes for a moment and then pursued the preparations for his evening meal, impassive. He would strike when the spirit moved him; when it pleased him to kill.

Meanwhile, the unconscious cause of his apprehension went back to the camp. He was quite as perturbed as the Indian. For years, he, Reuben Bayes, had been engaged in mining work. He had been in at some of the

richest strikes that had been made in Canada's last quarter-century of mining history. But he had always been somebody else's employee—the tool in some other man's hand. He had received a wage and a grub-stake, while the other man reaped the great profits. He had saved nothing. His youth had been spent in wild and lawless places, and yet he had never been a "bad man"—merely shiftless.

He had lived in that way for years, in fact, until just recently—until he made his last visit to the rail-head at Cochrane. He had met a woman there, different, to him, from all other women. They had been thrown together in the panic of a fire in the little hotel in which both happened to be staying. He had not told her what he thought; women were a new thing to him. He went away to think it over and to earn enough and save enough to be able to go to that woman and tell her. But she guessed it, and laughed, afterward.

He joined Big Bob Callaway's prospecting expedition into the country even beyond the new Porcupine country. He was employed as one of a number of men to each of whom, each day, a section of country was given to be examined inch by inch for traces of metal. Callaway, in turn, was employed by a group of New York financial men. The expedition, having been organized at a secret rendezvous, had covered a ribbon of land fifty miles wide. From the Temagami Forest Reserve it had worked its way north over the great Height of Land and had descended into the watershed of Hudson's Bay. The work was organized with the precision of a factory system. Each man, each day, filled in a blank map of the region he had covered that day, with markings of the mineral indications, the water-courses, the timber and the contours. From these maps, and from the samples of rocks which the men were required to bring in, Callaway composed his map each evening. For with Callaway, prospecting was a science, grimly in earnest, relentlessly logical.

So far, no important strikes had been made until Reuben Bayes made this find, this afternoon. Lying down on his face to take a drink from the clear rivulet which traversed his allotted piece of the day's territory, Bayes had seen, beneath an over-hanging growth of ferns, the solid white quartz with the splash of gold upon its surface. He had followed the indications and discovered signs of a rich out-cropping, and it was in elation at his discovery that he went through the exercises which the Indian had watched. His hopes were maturing. His plan was working out. It was the only plan he had ever made in his life.

## II.

So there was no question in his mind as he walked back to the camp, as to what he intended doing. He had never had a motive in doing anything before now. He was going to keep the find a secret until he could get back to civilization and sell it. He knew it would bring a fabulous sum. Already he felt as independent as though the wealth were his. And yet, as he approached the clearing where the tents had been put up he felt weak, cowardly, he called it, to himself. He had never been really dishonest before. He had always been more or less strong and simple in his motives, and he felt that it would be hard to keep a secret from Callaway—that man with the stern mouth and determined jaw, whose keen grey eyes, night after night, as the samples and reports were brought in, reflected neither disappointment nor pleasure. He knew, vaguely, that Callaway was a man who made his own deductions without saying very many words. He knew that the other men of the party both admired him and feared him; and he knew that he was no better able to cheat Callaway than they were. But he remembered the light of that yellow metal. He saw what he might obtain with it—not so much the fine clothes, the expensive habits and the luxurious surroundings which in his

earlier days he had contemplated with mild interest, but that woman, the daughter of a railroad contractor—that was what he saw. The money, to his mind, would give him access to her, and then—he would ask her, grandly, how much money she could spend, and he would give it to her. The thought of it sharpened his wits. He forgot Callaway. His ideas of women were childish.

He was thinking of his newly-made future as he took his place on a spruce log at the long supper table. He dumped the beans into his plate in a dream. He lifted his pewter spoon to stir his coffee, after he had had his soup out of the same dish, and forgetting to put it into the liquid, in his abstraction, held it suspended. He gripped the edge of his tin plate with his fist and dreamed, oblivious to his companions. As he dreamed a smile started to creep over his face, but he caught it in time and looked up—straight into Callaway's unreadable eyes. But Callaway said nothing. After the meal the men handed in their reports and their samples. Bayes' went in with the rest. His map was marked barren.

"Funny," remarked Callaway, leafing over the soil-stained papers, "but I'd hoped to find the Mother Lode hereabouts. But howsoever!" he closed his jaws tightly, ran his eyes over the men with a swift glance of inspection, and lit his pipe, "We'll have to wait."

Later that night Bayes passed on the edge of his bunk with one boot in his hand.

"Now, what the h— did he mean by that?" he growled to himself.

"What in Hades are you talking to yourself about?" demanded a fellow-pro prospector, half asleep in his bunk. "Get to bed, Rube, an' put the light out."

## III.

The camp was moved next day. Bayes left behind him a cache of supplies which he had stolen from the cook-tent. They moved again the next



—THERE STOOD BOB CALLAWAY

day, and again Bayes made a cache. On the third day his plan was complete for escaping from the party. He knew that no excuse would secure for him the liberty he needed. He would be watched. Callaway knew the minds of a certain class of men in the North, and would be suspicious.

But he made a scheme. He found a piece of muskox not far from the third day's camp, which was covered with moss, but into which some unfortunate deer had apparently stumbled not long before and been swallowed up. He would make a trail to the morass in the morning and leave his hat on the spot where the deer had evidently disappeared. Then he would set out for the little rivulet, secure some good samples and make for the end of the steel.

He was elated with his plan. He was no longer dreamy, but the night before his plan was to be put into execution, he told stories with the best of them and made several jokes at the expense of Ba'tie's, the French-Canadian, who was sharpening his axe in a corner of the tent. And yet, when Callaway thrust his head in at the opening, it sent a chill through the schemer. Why was that man always watching him, he wondered. He had told no one. He had been careful. And, why, too, had he always the feeling that something was following him? It wasn't Callaway, he knew that much. But there seemed always a something behind him. Almost involuntarily he turned to look behind him. He went to sleep in his bunk, but woke up several times, and once he thought he felt something sharp pressing against his grey flannel shirt. He sweated with fear.

He was better in the morning and strolled around to the cook tent.

Breakfast late. Cook drunk. "Boss gone for a stroll, too," remarked the cook.

"Which way?" asked Bayes.

"That way," said the boy, pointing, and Bayes, much relieved, took another direction, the one leading to the muskox. He thought it better, now,

to go without breakfast. It would appear that he had been caught in the muskox and dragged down while waiting.

#### IV.

Once out of sight of the camp he hurried. Arrived at the muskox, he rubbed his hat in the slime as though it had been gripped by a struggling man, and tossed it on the place where the deer had broken the moss. Then away he struck into the brush, traveling lightly, choosing rocks for stepping-places, and leaving no trail. He stopped at times to listen. Twice, listening, he cocked his revolver and waited. But the woods were still, save for the sighing of a young wind in the spruce and the falling of a dried leaf. Once the stillness was so tense, and yet so seemingly full of a soft-footed menace, that the man almost cried out with fear, and the beads of sweat stood out on his forehead. Lying down to sleep that night he thought he saw a brown figure, trailing a rifle, step out of the bush and standing smiling grimly over him.

He was haggard, when, two days later, he arrived at the little creek. Trembling, he fell upon his knees in the wet ground and with shaking hands laid back the moss. There was the yellow-spattered rock! There was his fortune! There was the hand of the railroad contractor's daughter! There, indeed, lay a new life to Reuben Bayes—but, as he looked up, a nugget in his hand, there stood Bob Callaway. He was not two yards away. His arms were folded. A sneer played over his grim face.

"So that's what you were after, Rub!" he drawled. "Nice little game. I just happened to be taking a stroll myself. Had sort of a notion you were thinking too much about the work you did the day you discovered this and I knew the short cut. I see the nugget in your hand. Nice nugget. Reuben, but I'm afraid the little game is up."

The sneer cut Bayes. He felt like slinking away and forgetting the thing,

but of a sudden the ambition which he had neglected to cultivate all his life, but which had grown so rapidly within him since his meeting with the woman in Cochrane, flared up. His passion took fire and he sprang at Callaway. Callaway's revolver flashed out, but missed its target, and Bayes' fist crashed into the face of his chief. But just then there was a report of a rifle. Bayes staggered back and fell, writhing weakly. Callaway, recovering from the blow from the fist, leaned over him, and another shot rang out. Callaway dropped heavily over the body of the other.

The woods were still. The little stream, finding an impediment to its course, rose several inches and found another path. It laughed, a tinkling, chromatic, secret, little laugh, as much as to say, "Oh, you can't block me, you know." As it rose it lapped the little mat of moss which overlaid the white rock, and the moss floated off, leaving the yellow splashes bare. The same sounds in the trees went on; boughs, rubbing together, leaves slid-

ing down through the air, squirrels gossiping, and one other thing—a little cloud of gun smoke, over a place where an Indian had sighted his rifle five minutes before, floated up.

#### V.

The second engineer took charge of the prospecting party, and it went on with its work, after sending a letter back to Toronto that Big Bob Callaway had been lost in a muskox, and that Reuben Bayes, a prospector, had died with his trying to save his chief. They erected a monument to Callaway in Montreal, where his father was buried, and wired the news to his brother-in-law in Winnipeg. The railroad contractor's daughter, meanwhile, heard about it and cried quite sincerely, to think that poor Mr. Bayes had been such a heroic sort of a fellow after all. And to this day she holds his memory quite sacred. Lynxfoot, the Indian, is the father of two more papooses. The hunting is good.

#### ONLY

Only a pair of dark brown eyes,  
Only a dimple sweet;  
Only a clouded autumn skies,  
Only a muddy street

Only a glance from the eyes of brown,  
Only a friendly smile;  
Only a maid in a fetching gown.  
Only a bit of guile

Only a boy with an ardent heart,  
Only a gust of rain;  
Only a glance at a taxi-cart,  
Only a sudden pain.

Only a deeply anxious thrill,  
Only a frown of rue;  
Only a lone loon dollar bill,  
Only a swift skiddoo!

—Wilberforce Jenkins in *Harper's Weekly*.

# The Best Dog

By

Robert Leighton

THE act of acquiring a dog is often one of the most important steps in the life of a man—acquiring it honestly, that is. People in this country use dogs for varying purposes; some for company in the house and protection; some for use with sheep on a farm, or cows, for that matter; some for hunting; some for retrieving, and some to keep the baby from crawling too far and falling in the well, or getting in the way of trolley cars.

But the act in itself is serious. It may develop that the man may not like the dog afterward, and yet he hates to dispose of it by violence, because he has come to like the thing, or the children would miss it, or the wife in the household would call him cruel.

If he gives the dog away it is as likely as not to find its way back again—and again.

Then, if he intends keeping some sort of a dog he argues that he might better keep this dog, which has proved in some respects unsatisfactory, but which has not the faults which some other dog might possess.

Buying a dog may mean that he and his neighbors shall become enemies. The dog may not like the neighbors. It may bite their children. Or the neighbors may dislike the dog because he howls at nights or scratches up their flower-beds.

Buying a dog may mean that you are afflicted with the necessity of buying a muzzle for him. Buying the muzzle may not be so difficult, but

CHAMPION ROYAL REGENT  
AIREDALE TERRIER



By permission of the owner  
Mr. HOLLAND HOLLAND

keeping it on him may—especially if there is an ordinance concerning rabies in the district.

Finally, there is the question of breed. The man may buy a dog of a certain breed, only to find that his friends do not approve of that breed. They tell him so, and they tell him why. They point out all the demerits of that breed and all the merits of the breed which the man did not buy.

Consequently, some people are in a quandary when it comes to acquiring a dog, and the following information, concerning the general characteristics of some of the better known breeds, may be useful.

Since our cave-dwelling ancestors entered into a working partnership with the wolf and allured him into docility and usefulness, the dog, who is the domesticated wolf's descendant, has always been the ally of man, hunting for him and with him, hauling for him, tending his flocks and herds, and protecting his homestead. The association, begun for mutual advantage, has grown into such firm and trusting friendship that it is exceptional now to find a home in

which the dog is not a member of the family. At no period in the world's history, indeed, has the pleasure of dog-keeping been so generally recognized as at the present time.

Dog owners are becoming increasingly appreciative of the varying attributes and values of the different canine breeds. They seek for dogs of unsullied strain and accredited pedigree, and the nondescript cur and mangy mongrel are rapidly disappearing from our midst, giving place to handsome, well-conditioned dogs of acknowledged breed.

We have adopted so many of the dogs of foreign lands, and added so many alien species to our native stock that where no predilection already exists to determine the breed, the choice of a canine companion is not easy. The Kennel Club officially separate the dogs of Great Britain into eighty distinct breeds and sub-varieties, each distinguished from the rest by some claim of inherited instinct, some acquired merit of adaptability to a special purpose of sport or utility, or by some characteristic of size, conforma-

CHAMPION RYNNER  
BULLDOG

Mr. W. S. Givens's Welsh  
Terrier Champion





COLLIE—FARNOLD POGAMINI

(My possession of the late owner, Mr. T. H. Huxtable)

tion or type; and there is a breed to suit every preference. Many breeds, however, are of necessity excluded from the list of those dogs which the ordinary dog lover is ever likely to possess. The foxhound, for example, one of the most carefully cultivated of all breeds, is never owned in separate individuals, never kept as a mere companion, or, indeed, for any other purpose than the sport of fox-hunting.

It is so, also, with the rugged and magnificent Otterhound, who is engaged exclusively in hunting down the wily poacher of our salmon streams. The little Harrier, too, and the bell-voiced Beagle take their places as units in the hunting pack, and are not kept separately as pets. One may keep a leash of Greyhounds as a canine luxury; but the Greyhound, who is not remarkable for his companionable qualities, is in his proper sphere only

when he can be used, as he has been used for centuries, in coursing the hare. Like the Setter and the Pointer, he would be cruelly out of his element kennelled in a town. Even the sporting Spaniel, who is versatile and adaptable enough, as well as "personally" beautiful, would find little joy confined within the limits of a flat.

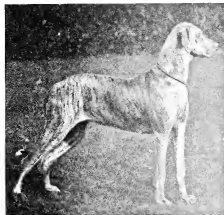
In choosing a dog one has need to remember that, while all dogs have certain qualities in common, the different breeds have different properties and habits that are not interchangeable. One would not send a Greyhound into water, a Newfoundland to chase hares, or a Bulldog to tend sheep, and the St. Bernard, who is in no sense a sporting dog, is as incongruous with the stable and the grouse moor as a Pointer might be in a formal drawing-room. All dogs are by nature responsive to human

affection and kindly attention, but their own delight in life, as well as their usefulness, is greatly enhanced by appropriate environment and suitable occupation.

Just as it is unkind to keep a gun-dog in town, there are certain of the less hardy and less active breeds that are inappropriate to the surroundings of a house in the country. Any dog whatsoever is better than none at all, and even as watchdogs many of the yapping toys of the boudoir are not to be despised. The King Charles Spaniel, the fashionable Pomeranian and the aristocratic Pekinese, for example, are usually keen of hearing and quick to give tongue on the approach of strangers, and perhaps the most alert of all the smaller dogs is the inquisitive Schipperke, who inherits his watchfulness from ancestors trained as sentinels on the canal barges of Flanders. But for the protection

of a lonely country-house—tempting to burglars and exposed to the unwelcome visits of tramps and vagabonds—a selected dog of formidable aspect is worth a great deal more than his license and his keep.

The English Mastiff was once the favorite guardian of the isolated homestead. He was alert of scent and hearing, he had a loud, penetrating bark with which to sound the alarm, and when roused to anger against an intruder his aspect was fiercer enough to inspire the most daring of marauders with wholesome terror. But of late years the Mastiff has been pampered into a condition of pacific indifference to trespassers, and, like his smaller relative, the Bulldog, he has lost his air of ferocity, as he has lost his vigilance. The Bulldog, indeed, once typical of the British fighting spirit, has been bred to such docility and gentleness that an emi-



GREAT DANE—CHAMPION VIOLA OF REDGRAVE

(My possession of Mrs. Huxtable)

ment authority recently declared him to be the "only" dog which can with perfect safety be trusted alone to the nursery of children.

The decline in the popularity of the Mastiff as a guard is synchronous with the rise into favour of the Great Dane, the largest and most formidable of our imported breeds, an excellent watch and a handsome, dignified companion, active in spite of his bulk, and as quick to give warning when any unusual night sound reaches him as he is to recognise a familiar footstep from afar. When the Great Dane was first adopted in England he had the reputation of being savage and treacherous, but this reputation no longer applies to him, for he is, as a rule, quiet and not easily irritated. It is fortunate, indeed, that most of the large breeds of dogs, whose strength and weight would render them dangerous assailants if roused to resentment, are, at the same time, the most docile and gentle of animals. This is certainly the case with the Newfoundland, the St. Bernard, the Irish Wolfhound, and it is eminently true of the majestic Highland Deerhound whom Sir Walter Scott described as "the most perfect creature under heaven." To these trusty guardians may be added the quaint Old English Sheepdog, and the meditative Bloodhound, who, in spite of his sanguinary and repelling name, is yet remarkable for his constancy and placidity. His keenly sensitive nose, so unerring in following a trail, adds greatly to his value as a watch in scenting the silent-footed trespasser, while his call is as melodious as a cathedral bell.

In a watch-dog one requires an animal that will give voice only when occasion justifies the warning. The dog who disturbs one's repose by barking at every belated vehicle and at every cat that squalls in the night, or he has the equally annoying habit of answering the distressful howls of every hungry and ill-housed cur for miles around, is a nuisance. The best watch-dog is the one whose bark or

growl may be relied upon as a legitimate signal of something unusual occurring in connection with his owner's house.

The Collie, when not trained to good behavior, as he easily can be, is one of the noisy, obstreperous kind. His high-pitched, far-reaching bark, invaluable when he is engaged in rounding up a straggling flock on wide mountain pastures, is apt to be too insistent when exercised without due reason under one's bedroom window. His vigilance needs to be repressed rather than encouraged. Some people aver that the Collie is snappish and treacherous; but this is to label a dog of singular amiability and fidelity. Taken all around, the Collie is the wisest, cleverest, and most versatile of all members of the canine race. Selective breeding and careful training in the service of man have brought him to a state of perfection as a worker, and improved him into the handsome animal that he now is.

The Newfoundland may be more constant in his devotion, the St. Bernard more sedate, the Poodle more tricky, the Borzoi more graceful, the Deerhound more dignified; but for a combination of good looks with good sense, sagacity and usefulness, there is no dog in the world to compare with the Collie. His power of reasoning, his resourcefulness, his patience, obedience, and faithfulness are proverbial. Hardy in constitution, energetic by habit, affectionate in disposition, he stands conveniently midway in size between the large heavy breeds and the small toys that are kept merely as pets, and this may be one of the salient reasons for his popularity as a companion.

Where there are stables and poultry, there are sure to be rats to give sport to the boys of the household, and at unseemly rats and badgers and all the other small pestry who wear fur, the Terrier is in his glory. Terriers present the advantage that they will live in contentment either in an outside kennel or in the house. They are the most easily kept of all dogs, and are,

moreover, the most chummy and responsive.

The difficulty is that there are so many kinds from which to choose. Their habits and characteristics do not greatly vary, excepting in so far as some are less distinguished as sportsmen than others. The superficial variations are mainly those of size, color and type, while a preference may depend upon the nature and consistency of coat, whether the hair is close, like that of the smooth Fox-terrier, wavy like that of the Scottish, or long like that of the Skye. The lively little Fox-terrier is, of course, the most popular. He has firmly, and with good cause, ingratiated himself in the hearts of all dog lovers. Next to him in popularity come the daredevil Irish Terrier and the plucky little Scottish Terrier, often miscalled the Aberdeen.

The wisest of the Terrier tribe is the Airedale, who is also the largest; the Dandie Dinmont is the gamiest, the Skye the most devoted, the Bull-

terrier and the Black-and-tan are the best ratters.

But, after all, the choice of a dog is very much a matter of personal fancy, idiosyncrasy and convenience. All breeds have their peculiar claims and fascinations, and any healthy dog that is young enough not to have been utterly spoiled before you own him may be won over to devotion and trained into obedience and gentlemanly manners. Treat him with kindness and consideration, be just in all your dealings with him, never deceiving him; allow him to have none but wholesome and suitable food, keep him free from fleas and other parasites, let his kennel be scrupulously clean, comfortable and well ventilated, give him regular and sufficient exercise. Thus cared for, he will return your kindness with his worshipful affection and fidelity, becoming your intimate and obedient slave, whom nothing will discourage, nothing repel, and whose ardent trust and love neither time nor absence can impair.

So strange the spell Love weaves o'er mortal heart,  
In her dim palaces of smiles and tears,  
That what of fleeting moments seem a part,  
Are not of moments, but of dreams and years.

—Andrew Shaugnessy.





# WOOL!

By A. L. McCredie

*Wool is everybody's business, because it affects the cost of everybody's living. It makes Grits by nature, Tories by necessity. In the United States it makes "Insurgents" Republicans. If it were cheaper there might be less of the "White Plague."*

*The following article by Mr. McCredie asks why it is that Canada imports wool and mutton when she should be able to grow it. In fact, he asks why Canadian farmers have given up sheep; and why, therefore, we have to import the meat and the fleece from pretty nearly the Antipodes. Having put the question he proceeds to show that Canada, by utilizing her waste lands, could support sixty million of the wool-bearers, and that the farmers of the country would do well to reconsider their prejudice against that animal.*

LAST year 300,000 carcasses of Australian mutton were imported into Canada—Canada, the food-supply source for the Empire!

Last year 7,683,000 pounds of foreign-grown wool were imported into Canada—Canada, whose pure bred sheep have for years taken nearly all the prizes in international exhibitions!

We need mutton. Though we have an exportable surplus of cattle, the national taste will still for good reasons demand mutton as a part of the national ration, even if we have to bring it thousands of miles to the table.

We need wool. Until we are all wealthy enough to indulge in a universal use of silk, we must have woolen goods for daily use. Nothing is more truly a general necessity to rich and poor.

Yet—we are dependent on other parts of the world for both these staple and necessary products of the farm. More—though yearly our population strides forward our native sheep population dwindles. Why?

In 1871 Canada's sheep population numbered one for every inhabitant. In 1901 (only 30 years later) our sheep had decreased until there was less than half a sheep for every Canadian.

But even in 1871 Canada was in no sense a sheep country. If we go into sheep raising, by all means let us go into it decently. Let us make it a business, as we have made dairying and wheat-growing. By supplying the demand now, as we did in 1871, we would now find on Canadian farms 6,310,000 sheep, all doing their part. The truth is, we find actually less than

one-third this number. Yet Canada can easily and profitably carry 60,000,000 sheep.

The census statistics of 1901 are interesting. In that year Canada had 2,510,000 sheep. Germany, with a total area less than one-seventh the size of agricultural Canada, had about four times as many (9,600,000). Great Britain, upon one-twelfth the area of our farming belt, carried 38,900,000 sheep, or fifteen times our little flock. In the Argentine Republic, which is only two-thirds the size of our farming belt, with only two-thirds our population, thrived 67,211,000 sheep, or twenty-six times our number.

Let some one suggests that these may be especially sheep-raising countries, please note that Germany had two cattle and two hogs for every sheep; that Great Britain carries on all branches of farming in balanced proportions; and that in the Argentine there were five cattle for every inhabitant, while Canada had scarcely one!

With the same number of sheep per acre as Germany, Canada, in 1901, would have had 67,000,000 sheep. Compared with the Mother Country similarly, we should have had 495,000,000. And compared with the Argentine, Canada's flocks would have shown 86,000,000 sheep. It seems then absolutely certain that Canada could carry at least 60,000,000 sheep without lessening her other farming activities in the least, provided our soil and climate would give the sheep a fair show.

But so one doubts that sheep thrive in every part of Canada. Our sheep supply the flocks of the whole continent with their sturdiest breeding parents. We have not the droughts of Australia, which periodically destroy millions of sheep and lambs. Unknown in Canada is the fatal "red-water fever" of South Africa, and the other deadly enemies of the flocks of the great sheep countries. It is simply a question of finding the acres to

feed them, the farmers to raise them, and the proper method of marketing sheep and wool.

Where shall we feed our 60,000,000 sheep? The land is the first and greatest consideration. The agricultural belt of Canada possesses a variety of soil, climate and other conditions. We have the rocky, rough, waste lands of Nova Scotia, Northern Quebec, Eastern and Northern Ontario and British Columbia. We have the fertile and rolling farms of the Maritime valleys, of the uplands of New Brunswick, of old Quebec and old Ontario. We have the vast prairies of the west.

On the present farms of Canada, assuring an average of 23 sheep on the eastern farm and 25 sheep on the western quarter-section, our sheep would reach the total of 21,731,000. It is a respectable number for us to undertake to possess, yet as easy and simple as anything can be, that is so well worth while. It simply needs that every farmer should start a flock. With a beginning, on the average farm, of five ewes, the fifth year's end would see 21,000,000 sheep in Canada.

But five sheep for each farm would mean, to start, a sudden demand for some five million ewes in Canada, whereas our breeding sheep total at best about two million. Importation must greatly increase, export of breeding animals must cease, and native breeding be undertaken for this purpose especially, in order to see our farms each equipped with the foundation of a flock as suggested, even within ten years. In the meantime, it is safe to say the demand would constantly increase and prices steadily increase in proportion.

But 21,000,000 sheep are not 60,000,000 sheep. Where could we find the feeding ground of the extra 40,000,000? Where shall we get the parents of that gigantic flock? We shall feed them where to-day no useful plant or animal feeds—on our vast waste lands, that appear in desolate stretches from coast to coast. We will find their parents upon the aver-

age farms of Canada, when our farmers shall have set out to produce the 21,000,000 stipulated. There lies our greatest market for the next generation. There lies the national aspect of this question.

But let us see if our waste lands are adequate to feed so many sheep, and if men will be attracted to the enterprise proposed. As to extent of uncultivated waste lands, useful for sheep-raising and less useful for other purposes, Canada has in all, of such land, in the climatic zone favorable to sheep, more than 360,000,000 acres. This is now lying undeveloped. Most of it is in the west, and may some day be largely brought under cultivation. Yet, under cultivation, it will still carry the same number of sheep as we propose that it should carry as waste. In the east there are nearly 100,000,000 acres of land, deforested, burned over, or otherwise denuded, incapable of profitable farming in the modern sense, but providing, with a paltry preparation, the best sort of range for sheep. The same is true of another 60,000,000 acres of land in British Columbia, at the same conservative estimate, making a total of 360,000,000 acres of land readily adaptable to sheep-raising.

We have a good example of the usefulness of such lands for sheep. Scotland grazes seven million sheep, most of them upon 9,500,000 acres of rough moor and mountain side. It is safe to say that one sheep can readily be supported by the growth upon nine acres, taking good range with poor. Thus we have our 40,000,000 sheep.

At present prices of lambs, mutton, and wool, taking one year with another, an average flock of say twenty sheep can be made to yield a good profit.

For instance, a careful comparison of actual profits from cattle and sheep was made recently by the Ontario Department of Agriculture. The sheep were common scrubs, running on the rough farms of north-eastern Ontario, ill-bred, and in-bred

at that, as is too often the case. No special care, no fall feeding, were given. Compared with stockers and dairy cows, the result arrived at was, to quote:

"Allowing the cost of wintering five sheep to equal that of one cow, it was found that the returns in the fall from an average crop of five lambs would be \$31. Add five fleeces at \$1.50 each; total would be \$38.50, against \$20 to \$22 for the cow." As to labor comparisons: "The lamb did the milking, and there was no time lost or expense incurred in sending milk to factory or creamery. The cost of 255-year-old stockers in the same sections included two winterings, the expensive feeding time, and they sold at \$14 to \$22 each."

One farmer wrote:

"My flock is a grade one, well graded to good Shropshire stock. It consists of twenty-five breeding ewes, with five ewe lambs kept each year to replace old ones culled out. The lambs arrive in April; the males are castrated, and all except those which are used for food, or kept for flock maintenance, are fattened the following winter, and sold in February or March. In short, my flock is one which could be kept on any farm in Ontario, in its proper place, as a sideline to other live stock farming. There is no special equipment or care, other than would be given to any other form of live stock. Let us see how this flock pays."

"During the year just closed, I have sold from my flock \$234.80 worth of mutton, \$39 worth of wool, while five lambs, valued at \$5 each, have been used for food on the farm; total returns, \$303.80, of which \$264.80 has been for mutton, and \$39 for wool."

"This man thus gets a gross revenue of over \$12 per head from his flock."

The farmer with a flock of ewes of sturdy character and headed by a well-bred, well-formed ram, should sell his lambs at not less than \$7.50 each for the next twenty years' average. With ordinary care he should

get a lamb from every ewe on the average. Such ewes should yield a fleece weighing an average of 7½ pounds. With proper marketing facilities, the wool should net the farmer of eastern Canada at least 18 cents, the western farmer 17 cents per lb. This would total a revenue from each ewe of \$8.85 at least, each year, or, say, \$44 for five, \$175 for twenty sheep. Not counting the value of the wool as anything, the annual revenue, not counting feed and labor, would equal 100 per cent. on the cost of the ewe.

Finally, we have to count in the gain to the farmer in the eradication of weeds by pasturing sheep. It is estimated that not less than \$27,000,000 were lost to the farmers of Canada in 1909 because of weeds. It is known by all that the sheep is, as one puts it, "the most nearly perfect weeding machine in the world." If this amount of money could be saved to Canadian farmers by sheep-raising, it would mean practically a credit. "A pennies saved," of one dollar per sheep. Add that—or half of it—to the revenues given! And remember that weeds grow rapidly more numerous and more expensive, if not checked and eradicated.

But, some one will ask, if all the farmers of Canada go into sheep-raising, will not prices drop below the point of profit? Let us see. There are in the world now, according to census reports, over 400,000,000 breeding sheep. The demand for mutton and wool has increased steadily—must always increase, in proportion to the world's population, yet the flocks of the world have not kept pace therewith. In consequence, wool and mutton have risen in prices. Add 21,000,000 sheep to 400,000,000, and you increase that number by 5 per cent. Therefore, if it were possible to raise our sheep in one year to 21,000,000, we could be sure the prices would not

drop more than 5 per cent. This would not affect the argument in favor of sheep-raising in any particular. But it will take us, try as we may, fifteen or twenty years to reach the figure given. There can be no fear that prices for mutton and wool will drop.

The great need in Canada, as regards wool, is organized system in getting the wool to its market. Until Canadian wool can be bought by standards, known in the wool markets of the world, where every user of wool finds his prices set for him, there can be no increase in price to the wool-grower. Until the world's markets know what Canadian wools can be used for in manufacturing, how it compares with other supplies as to length of fibre, percentages of shrinkage, percentages of inferior grades, etc.; until a buyer is assured that he can get in Canada a large quantity of one particular sort when he wants it, and get exactly the same sort again when it is required; until, in short, we can sell wool as the wool markets demand it, we cannot expect to get the prices we hope for. And until we can supply our home manufacturers with the wools their mills must have, as promptly and as satisfactorily as they can buy it in England or elsewhere, a duty could not well be placed so as to benefit the farmer.

First, then, we must have a standardization of our wool. This can be secured only by grading stations under competent supervision by experts. These, in turn, are not likely to be obtained except by the instance of the Federal Government. It is time the Dominion Government should devote the modest amount necessary to the establishment of a national sheep industry.

Let our Government take energetic steps to assist Canada in starting a National Sheep Industry.



# A Six Foot Priest

By

Blynn Greyson

THERE had been a fight. He strode across the football field toward the man, with long swinging steps. His black gown fluttered in the wind behind him. The man, a huge half-back stood over a smaller man whom he had knocked down with a blow from his fist just a minute before. He did not see the coach from the edge of the field walking over, till the coach came very near. Then he looked up, half defiant and prepared to resist.

"You're a dirty player!" said the man in the black gown, "Don't do that again. If you do you will go off these grounds."

"Like to see you try it," sneered the excited half-back.

"I'm not going to try it; I'll do it," replied the coach, and he seized the arm of the half-back with one hand, with such a grip that the bully was unable to wrench himself free and in the end, walked from the field and was put out of the grounds by the man in the black gown.

That was Father Fallon, when he was a teacher in the Catholic College in Ottawa and an unpleasant episode took place in a certain match.

Over in the city of Hull, Quebec, three lumber jacks were sitting on a pile of pulp wood logs behind the Edley Mill, playing poker. It was dusk.

An unfortunate woman from down the road to Tetreville slipped by and one of the lumber jacks, leaving the game, took a short cut behind a fence until he stood where the woman must pass; and as she passed he stepped

out and struck her with his open hand.

The woman screamed and fell. But as she fell the lumber jack fell too and a figure in a black gown, tense with wrath, stood over the two of them and faced the other two lumber jacks who had come to the assistance of their companion.

"She did him a mean trick," explained one of them.

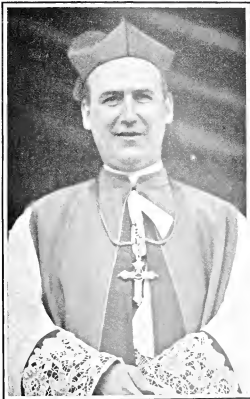
"That does not matter," said the priest, "Pick that man up and get one of those cabs for this woman."

The two men ran down to the cab stand which stands at the end of the bridge below the Chaudiere Falls and sent the cabman to the priest. While they carried away their bleeding brother the priest lifted the woman into the cab and drove her to the place whence she had come. He gave her a ten-word sermon on the commandments and gave her his hand as a pledge of his stern friendship. He paid the cabman at the door and then walked home.

That too, was Fallon.

He was made the Bishop of London after living for a time in Buffalo, and went down to a retreat at Sandwich with his diocesan priests. In the course of it he gave them a sermon. In the religious light of the room in which the retreat was going on he stood up to the full height of his six feet and more, and laid before the priests his views on certain matters. He had occasion to refer to political agitators and clerical agitators.

"I will lay low upon the field of battle the political and clerical agita-



HIS BREADTH MATCHES HIS HEIGHT

tor," he declared. "...For it is I who will lead this diocese, not the newspaper reporter, nor the laymen, nor the priests, nor even the Bishops,—but I alone will dictate the affairs of this diocese."

Even the strongest men in the room felt the compelling effect of the Bishop's very personality. He had been in the diocese only a comparatively short time. They strained their necks to see who it was that spoke with such authority.

"These," he said, a little later on, "these are my principles, at once philosophical, theological and rational. You are at liberty to accept them in theory or reject them in theory. But you are to see that they are observed in practice whether they please you or not."

"My motto is 'Justice and Peace.' There is no man on earth who wants peace more than I do, and to have it one must be armed for war, and—if there is a war, it is I that shall be the conqueror."

The boldness of such an address was rather startling. The positive authority of the man who spoke them was novel, and is still novel. Men are apt to mimic words now-a-days. Bold men are apt to be either guineas or fools. But this was Bishop Fallon, who is no fool, though many may disagree with him.

\* \* \*

Down in a little corner of the Province of Ontario there has recently been blowing a tempest,—a sort of tempest in a tea pot, and yet it is related to one of the most serious questions in Canada; that is, the position of the French-Canadian Catholic in Canada. The Provincial Secretary of Ontario was brought into it because a private memorandum of a conversation which he had had with the Bishop of that diocese—Monsieur Fallon, was made public. A Private Secretary confessed to having abstracted a copy of this memorandum and sent it to certain newspapers. Only by his confession was the Government re-

lieved from an embarrassing position and enabled to refute the inferences made by its enemies to the effect that it had wilfully broken the confidence of Bishop Fallon in making public his confidential views on the subject of bi-lingual schools.

But the chief figure in the whole affair was that of the Bishop. The French papers of Quebec attacked him. They charged that he had ordered that the lessons in certain separate schools in Essex county should no longer be taught in French; and that they should be taught in English only. Bishop Fallon issued a statement denying it. Then this memorandum was made public which Hon. W. J. Hanna, Secretary of State for Ontario had written to one of his fellow Ministers containing notes of his conversation with the Bishop and in which the Bishop condemned the bi-lingual system of schools. To this Bishop Fallon replied by stating that the children of North Essex, where there is a great majority of French Canadians, and where the bi-lingual system is in force, were illiterate. This provoked unlimited trouble in which public attention became more and more focussed on the Bishop himself.

For not all impartial judges would accept the Bishop's statement that the children of that part of the country are illiterate. Newspaper correspondents from the great Canadian dailies spent weeks in the region and came away saying that while it is awkward for the children to receive instruction in two languages at the same time, still the system produces good scholars and keeps the French children from relapsing into French alone, and thereby being handicapped in their after-years. They say that so far as they can see the Bishop is wrong. They go so far as to point out that he seems to have come to his diocese six months ago, with his mind made up to put down the bi-lingual system in favor of English alone; and that his first pronouncement against it was made, in the interview with the Pro-

vincial Secretary, only a few days after he took up his work in the new diocese.

So the theory is now being advanced that Bishop Fallon, one of the strongest and most heroic figures in the Roman Catholic Church in Canada, is a part of a plot—knowingly or innocently—to keep down the spread of French language in Canada. It is hinted that certain influences in the Church of Rome are seeking to Anglicize the French Canadians so that these people, forming as they do so large a factor in the Church of Rome in Canada, will be better equipped and make better Catholics, and will not embarrass the progress of the Church of Rome in Canada by constantly reminding Canadians of the racial differences in the country.

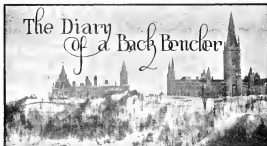
So it is said that Bishop Fallon is plotting against the future generations of French-Canadians by seeking to abolish the bi-lingual system. Those that think it and resent it, are trying

to guess how much weight there is behind him. They say he is of great influence with the Knights of Columbus, a Roman Catholic organization, and that the Knights, in turn, have great influence at the Vatican and that they would be liable to turn their energies toward the Anglicization of the French-Canadian Catholics.

To the man who is not interested one way or another the situation is puzzling. As a man the Bishop seems of an unusually straightforward and generally admirable type. He is apparently fearless. When he speaks he leaves no uncertainty as to what he will do, when he will do it, how he will do it, or why. He seems startlingly courageous and "candid," and yet the allegations of "scheming" on his part against his French-Canadian parishioners, seems to have some support in many quarters. The man and these alleged schemes do not seem to go together.

## THE FUGITIVE MOMENT.

The spindling lamps of autumn lit the wood;  
All tranced it stood,  
Ripples of green in spring-like under-places,  
Hill-blue for wonder-spaces.  
Thin curly leaves, they floated on the stream  
In a soft dream,  
Dreaming themselves a golden argosy,  
Or pirate-ships that flee.  
Sensibleness of footsteps stirred the quietness,  
Vaguer and less  
Than twilight birds asleep. Whispered and spoke  
Small ghosts of tiny folk.  
The large magnificent sun poured like a spate;  
Played intricate  
Staves of rich sunset color, nobly blent,  
Then, of a sudden, went.  
How grey and grave and empty grew our wood!  
Cathedral-like it stood.  
Radiance of music, window, people, gone,  
An old stooped verger gathering backs alone!  
—Florence Wilkinson.



The following is the first instalment of a series of articles written from Ottawa for Busy Man's. It is the Diary of a Back-Bencher, scribbled on odd bits of paper as he sits in the House listening, or trying not to listen, to somebody's speeches. From his vantage point at the back of the Chamber he often gets a view of things that is interesting. This particular member is a Liberal, but that does not prevent him from saying what he pleases. In this month's instalment he describes the "making of a Back-Bencher." He tells, in his own way, just as though he were merely talking to himself, or to his desk, how he came into the House of Commons, a new member, and how from being an ambitious youngster, anxious to mend all the cracks in the Nation's affairs, he drifted into one of the good fellows in the last few rows.

## I.

I'M going to quit whittling the top of this desk. It's a nervous habit. Time I stopped. Remember I used to do that when I was a kid at school,—carving my initials and the initials of the little girl across the aisle. But when a man can't smoke what can he do? There's Ned Macdonald from Picton talking, talking, talking—My word! you'd think it was Mark Antony's oration. You can't smoke and you can't play cards in here. The other fellows are mostly writing letters, although little "What's His Name," the French-Canadian from

Quebec, who sits beside me, he's drawing horses on his blotter. He can't bear sitting in here and listening to long speeches either. He draws good horses; that fellow does, only he doesn't draw their hind legs right, makes the knees bend the wrong way. Still, he makes a better horse than I can, so I needn't say anything. Spent a whole hour last week while Fielding was talking about something, trying to draw one but I couldn't. It looked like one of those vaulting arrangements they have in gymnasiums.

People have queer notions about members of Parliament. I used to

In Parliament there are three classes of men. There are the successful Parliamentarians, those who lead attacks and repel them, those who are masters of statistics, like George Foster, and those who can fill time pleasantly and hold off the ringing of the Division Bell. They are in the first class.

In the second,—a pathetic sort of class, are the men who are trying to amount to something but the most of whom never will. They include the man with hobbies, the man with an impediment in his speech, the Frenchman who is trying to exercise his English,—and others.

have them. Used to think that what was wanted in Parliament was honest men. Used to figure out that I was fair to middling honest myself and I'd be a good sort of an addition to the House of Commons. That's why I let them put me up and elect me, although, I suppose I might as well be honest with myself and admit that my wife wanted the honor in the family and I wasn't averse myself to having it said I'd been to Parliament and sat for the Seat of North-West Brantford. That'll be when I'm dead and that son of mine runs the mills. But it's three years since I came,—came in on the last election, and you learn many things in Parliament in that space of time.

Remember coming up to Ottawa for the opening of the Session with my wife. They didn't introduce me to the House for a few days so we looked around. Neither of us had been in the town before. Saw "The Hill" and walked all around it. Went through Booth's Mill and the Eddy Mill and held the wife by the shoulder when we looked over the bridge at the Chaudiere Falls—she always says she's afraid she'll jump in, when she sees water running fast under a bridge. Booth people showed me their system for checking costs. I adapted it to my own mill down in Brantford. Using it yet. Good system too, for—but then it's bad policy to tell people how you run your business, and besides they are never interested in it as you are yourself.

In about two weeks they introduced me into the House. Maud wanted to stay in the Gallery and see me come in, so I let her, more fool! Minute the green baize doors opened with me on Laurier's arm and Tommy —, the Whip for my part of the country, on my other side, I could just feel her eyes on me, watching how I walked, how I showed my hand onto the Speaker, and how I took my seat. I knew I was blushing like a little chit of a girl—and me a business man and forty! She told me afterward that she remembered that there was a button off my vest which must have showed. It worried me then but it wouldn't now.

At that time I felt rather satisfied. The Chief (Laurier) has a way of taking your arm, or resting his long thin hand on your shoulder, that makes you feel easy. All the fellows on our side of the House pounded their desks as soon as I was inside the door, and it made me feel a little bit scared, like when you show a new broken colt the new set of harness. I tripped on the old ragged carpet going back to my seat, but when I got there I felt all right again and Maud said I looked all right, so I guess I didn't make a fool of myself.

I used to listen to the speeches pretty close then. Used to read the blue books and dig up all sorts of data in the Library of Parliament but I soon got over that. Listen! There's Ned Macdonald at it yet, and am I hearing what he says? Listen—

*But in the third class are "the back-benchers," the men who occupy the last rows of seats on either side. They never make speeches. They sit quiet in committee and take nobody's side until it comes to a vote. Then, they stand up with the rest of the men on their own side, unless the matter be a local issue in their own constituencies and their vote will be noticed. How they hold their seats in the House is sometimes a mystery. But they do. They spend weeks in every session carefully going over the voters' lists in their own districts, writing letters of condolence to some obscure voter's family when a death has occurred, and mailing tons of hand-selected*

*"Hansard" to the most intelligent and the weakest-minded in the constituency for the edification of the voter and the safety of the next election. They smoke and play an affable game of bridge or pinochle or something else. They can tell a good story in the smoking rooms and turn a finger at Billiards. But the Chamber of the House itself is to them bitter as Hemlock.*

*Sometimes they are forced to attend. That is, when the House expect a Division on some matter and come hunting through the corridors, the smoking rooms, the restaurant and the private rooms, to gather up the votes; or when he has to come in for company. But*

ing? My word! he's talking about the protection of the rights of the people, the elimination of "sectional differences" or something and our duty to our King and our "glorious flag." No sir! After the first two speeches have been delivered on either side in the debate on a new topic nobody needs to say any more, so far as I'm concerned. That's why all these desks are whittled to bits and all these other Back Bench men are writing so many letters home. And that's why little Francois Xavier keeps on drawing horses with bad legs.

## II.

Sit here three years and you'll see the process of making great men and

back-benchers. I'm a back-bencher, but I've no regrets. I like sitting here and just watching things. Look at Laurier, look at little Mackenzie King. Look at George Graham—I like that fellow—and look at us fellows in the back row. There are three of us in the last string of seats that ought to amount to something; they've only been in the House a little while. But the rest of us are going to sit in these seats and say nothing till the crack of doom or until the Government gets beaten, or our people throw us down. Down in those seats a little nearer the front are some fellows who haven't realized yet how hopeless they are. Nice fellows most of them, though I have my own opinion about that man from North Herbert, and they are allowed to talk whenever they won't do any harm. There's a sort of a "Children's Hour" in the House of Commons when the little fellows are allowed to get up and talk their heads off without doing any harm. They think they are born to lead some great movement or to do away with some terrible abuse. They conceive many private bills and deliver them as national saviours. They want to amend the Banking Act or some other Act so as to protect the widows or the orphans or the public. If such an amendment were passed it would probably mean that the economies of the country would be yanked forty different ways. There'd be panics and money famines and so on, but they can't see it. They want that Act changed and they say

so. They quote from all sorts of books and they make all sorts of comparisons. They play with the debate like a puppy biting a ball of wool. They chew at it weakly and roll on it as though it was catnip. They growl gurgly growls and pretend to be very savage, but after all they aren't. Fielding or Laurier, or Graham or whoever has been left in the House to take care of things, waits till they get tired, or worn out, or till they are getting too dangerously near calling for a Division, and then gets up and says he thinks the honorable gentleman would probably accept "his amendment" to his motion, and suggests a six months' hoist, which means—death to the bill. The member protests or tries to. He struggles a little bit under the chloroform but he takes it finally and becomes very quiet as he sees his little Bill—a really nice little Bill, too, the child of his Brain and his Conscience, with his Ambition for a God Mother—taken out and strangled and sent back to him, lifeless.

Those fellows never will learn. If they did they'd become Back Benchers with the rest of us.

## III.

The House of Commons is like an old-fashioned country school-house where all the classes sit in one room. There is as much difference between the head men and the little fellows as there is between the head boys at school and the infant class. And

when you first enter you have a great deal to learn.

People said I made a good speech on the platform. May say I thought so myself. I came to Parliament without any idea of particularly upsetting the foundations of the country or anything like that, but I thought I'd stand by, in every question that was brought up, and would deliver my own judgment on it, from the point of my own common sense, so to speak. I told my electors that I was a party man, but that I'd vote on intelligence only and wouldn't just be a party automaton. The Conservative candidate who was running against me had George Foster down to speak at one of his meetings and Foster



ON PARLIAMENT HILL



— THE MONUMENTS

*the trial of the Back Bencher is when he has to put out his cigar and file in—with the flock—of the Chief Whip of his own side, and then sit there while the Leader of the Government and the Leader of the Opposition jockey up to the point where the Speaker orders the bell rung. The back-bencher takes his seat and waits for that time. If it is a serious debate he is bound to sit quiet and pretend to listen but, as a rule, he scribbles on his blotter, or writes a letter home, or carves his initials in the desk,—they have different ways of filling in the time. If it is not a serious debate, or there is only some small fry addressing the Speaker, the back-benchers gather in little knots at the back of their respective sides of the House and chuckle over the latest story.*

*Some of the best men in Parliament are back-benchers. Some of them are masters of the pazing art of reasoning by "horse sense."*

said, says Foster: "You just ought to see how loyal those Grits are to their leaders. Why if a certain bill comes in that the Leaders want put through, through it goes. If he doesn't, out it goes. It's a case of Simon says thumbs up! and all the thumbs go up; or Simon says thumbs down! and down they go."

I laughed at Foster then. But I know better now. Mind you that is no more a Liberal practice than a Conservative practice. It is part of the party system in this country and the only way that a member can get along in the House is to be loyal to it, unless and until he is able to step out and lead the House successfully in some other direction than the one in which the accredited leaders want it to go. You have to follow the leader or take his place yourself. That's what's the matter with the Tories at this minute.

It was a Scotchman who had been eating onions who caused me to make my first speech. I've made three in three years. I've listened to others. A fellow on our side would get up and make a speech and it would sound convincing. It'd have me converted for as much as five minutes—until some other man on the far side would answer it. If the men were evenly matched you'd find that there was as much "for" the bill as "against" it unless you went out into

the corridor and had a smoke so as to coax up your own judgment again and get your own opinion on the thing. But that sort of thing worried me. Platform speeches are all very well but I knew that the speech I would need to make would have to hold water and stand bombardment.

I wrote home and asked Maud about it. She said, "Billy, you make a speech!" but I hung off. I asked the Chief Whip and he said "Sure, Bill! What do you want to talk about?"

"Oh, I don't know," I said, rather uneasy-like. "Any old thing, I guess."

"How'd the Seed Law do?"

"Seed! Why I don't know one plant from another, much less the seed."

"Yes, but Bill m' boy, if a man's going to be a good debater he's got to be able to dig something interesting about anything—rats, or telegraph poles, or head-work for ladies, or railroad construction."

"Oh, I know," I replied, "but I guess I'll leave well enough alone just at present."

So I did. But MacPherson came.

#### IV.

MacPherson is a Scotchman with red hair and a red beard, who lives like a sort of a hermit back in my riding. He sent a dirty piece of

paper into the House one day with his name scrawled on it and the smell of onions coming from it. When I looked up, after the page had handed it to me in my seat, I saw MacPherson's red head sticking through the swinging baize doors behind the speaker's chair, just under the Press Gallery, and the Major—that's the old door-keeper with the side-whiskers, was tugging at him from behind, trying to pull him out without making a scene, for MacPherson's unholy boots were profaning forbidden territory.

"Would you like to see the buildings?" I asked my constituent, after having led him into safer regions. "No," he says, "but I'm wantin' t' meet some of the great men, and I'm wantin' t' know why ye never make any speeches in the House."

He spoke as my moral and physical mentor.

I was up against it. I made up lies for all the Cabinet Ministers excepting Graham—and Graham has such a good sense of humor that I knew he would not mind. He didn't. He told MacPherson some stories, traced up a family connection somewhere or other and gave MacPherson a prescription for his sick horse, which made the party strong with MacPherson for life.

But suddenly the man whisked out a question.

"Why diana' our member make speeches, big speeches?" he demanded.

I tried to laugh it off and Graham sought to help me out by telling how hard I'd been working in the committees. But MacPherson wanted to know about the speeches.

"Y' know, Mister Graham," he said, "This man can make better speeches than I ever heard in my life and I've heard quite a many."

I saw that I really owed it to my constituents, and I saw, too, for the first time that every Member of Parliament is the personal chattel of every voter in his riding.

I made the speech. It was on factory inspection. After that I made other speeches. But every one of them it seemed to me was lame. My stuff was always old. If I left myself go I was sure to forget my most important points and if I didn't I was wooden. The Press Gallery laid down their pencils when I stood up and a tall fellow with a moustache and spectacles near the end of the Tory side of the Gallery used to pass remarks to a little plump fellow with a long nose from one of the Toronto papers. It was evidently something witty, and something about me, but I didn't care. I didn't pretend to make speeches and I was only doing my duty. I sent Hansard copies home to MacPherson and a few others and that was all. I soon dropped out of the habit of making speeches. MacPherson didn't seem to mind, and I saw that unless they were speeches that would cause the other members to follow my leadership there was no use advancing anything in them that was at all at variance with what the Government proposed to do, I might as well jam my head into a stone wall, for not only would I probably lose my own case but I would be lessening my prestige with the party.

(To be continued.)



# The Cast-a-way Horses

By

James Herbertson

THEY have been living like Robinson Crusoe for one hundred years and having a nice time at that. There are only about ten men to the whole colony. They don't care about the men. They are perfectly indifferent to them. They go and come without asking any man's permission and they prosper exceedingly. But they are horses, not women,—which is obvious, and they have not been getting half the attention from the curiosity hunters and lovers of romance that they ought to have had, long ago.

The story begins about one hundred and fifty years ago when the continent of North America was being fought for by the English and the French. A French Transport ship carrying a huge cargo of cavalry horses was wrecked, on her way to Quebec, on Sable Island. The vessel went to pieces: the crew were drowned; but the horses escaped to the island,—or most of them did, and there, upon a mere sand-bar, treeless, hill-less, and more or less homeless, they set up horse-keeping with the aid of grass which the sandbar supports. And ever since, they have flourished. To-day, in the Eastern Provinces of Canada, they are known as Sable Island Ponies. Here and there in Newfoundland, in Cape Breton, in obscure corners of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, or down the coast into the United States, the traveler comes across them, hitched to ploughs or drawing milk wagons,

or doing some other domestic labor, but the great body of them, the original colony, still flourishes on Sable Island, one hundred miles from the coast of Nova Scotia.

They have been the subject of many a plot—or perhaps one might more correctly speak of these as exalted horse-deals. But all the might-have-beens about those horses and all the romance that has been anyway, would fill a book, could it all be found. As it is, the archives of France tell a little of it. The shipping register of Havre, one hundred and fifty years ago, tells some more, and the embarrassment of the French forces in Canada, on account of the loss of these horses, tells still another chapter.

To-day there are fifteen hundred wild horses—sons and daughters of the ship-wrecked—roaming on Sable Island. To Atlantic mariners that island is a dreaded place. The great sand bar, sowed all day long in the surf, has licked white the bones of many a little ship—and some big ones, too. But to the horses it is a place of delight. They roam in bands of twenty or thirty or forty. Each band has its leader, who plans to-day what to-morrow's mischief shall be, because all they have to do is eat and gallop around, except when once a year the agents of the Government round them up into corrals and select fifty of them for export to the markets of the coast. Time was when they were not under Government su-

pervision—those were the days of the plots referred to—but now these horses are being protected from wholesale deportation; new blood is being introduced among them in order to counteract some of the effects of inbreeding; and care is being taken generally to preserve this colony of little French horses who have been so hardened by their life on the naked island that they are known all over the coast of Northern America for their endurance.

Three Musketeers. There were sorrels and chestnuts and piebalds. They weren't a bit romantic. They knew nothing of the world, except in so far as plowing and churning and toting cabbages to market were concerned.

But the horse dealer, who was making a profit on them, had decided to give a taste of real "life." He headed them to Havre. He tied their legs so that they could not make ungrateful protests, and heaved them aboard the transport. The transport sailed. The



TAKING HORSES OFF SABLE ISLAND

It all started with the General who needed horses. He wrote home. The Government of France appointed a rake of a horse-dealer to get together the required animals. Being a rake, he cheated. He went through Brittany and Picton and Anjou and all the other rural districts where they had horses, and he bought up the worn-out skates of the peasants. There were yellow horses, like the one that D'Artagnan's father gave him when he sallied forth to be one of Dunas'

horse dealer received his shiningouis, and the staid, domesticated, horse-loving, cabbage-eating seeds of the French provinces went forth to the wars—and were ship-wrecked.

There is a tradition that just one man was saved with all the horses. He, the story goes, was a dock-rat from along the Seine. He had been employed to assist in tending the horses. But when the wreck came and the ship broke up, so that all were carried out by the breakers, the little wharf-rat

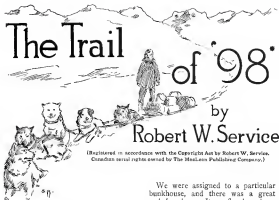


clung, somehow, to the back of a horse and with him was carried ashore. Sailors calling at the island afterwards found him living on things cast up from the wreck, and surrounded by horses, in whose hides the salt brine had dried. It happened that they were British sailors, so they took the wharf-rat prisoner and gave him a good time in the nearest English prison, which ends the story of the rat.

But, years later, in Boston, there happened to be a trusty rogue called Peterson, who had no talent for earning wages, but a considerable talent for "doing deals"—probably a prototype of the modern promoter. At all events, when the war of the American Independence was opened, and the demand for cavalry horses commenced, he and a few choice spirits chartered a Gloucester fishing schooner and proceeded to Sable Island. They took fifty horses off in surf boats and sold them to the British. But on the next voyage the master mind of Peterson decided that the British were not paying enough, and therefore tried to run

his cargo down to a point where he could reach the Americans, but where, as it happened, a British man of war caught him, and confiscated schooner and horses and Peterson.

In the American Civil War other attempts were made to take off the horses, but the undertaking was difficult, and only a few horses were ever removed. Fishing schooners from Newfoundland and the mainland of Canada used occasionally to visit the island and carry away a few of the animals. But eventually the British Government, having established a lighthouse at that point, forbade the export of the animals, except to the extent of fifty a year. So that now these horses, which were originally tame, but have for a century been just as free as the Atlantic, who was cheated of them once, and who, of stormy nights, pounds an impatient fist on the edge of their island, as though he still remembers, are finding their way, fifty at a time, back into the humdrum of ploughs and cabbage-carts and the modern butcher wagon of America.



## CHAPTER V.

ON either side of us were swift hills mottled with green and gold, ahead a curdle of snow-capped mountains, above a sky of robin's-egg blue. The morning was lyric and set our hearts piping as we climbed the canyon. We breathed deeply of the heady air, exclaimed at sight of a big bee ranch, shouted as a mule team with jingling bells came swinging down the trail. With cries of delight we forded the little crystal stream wherever the trail plunged knee-deep through it. Higher and higher we climbed, mile after mile, our packs on our shoulders, our hearts very merry. I was as happy as a holiday schoolboy, willing this should go on forever, dreading to think of the grim-visaged toil that awaited us.

About mid-day we reached the end. Gangs of men were everywhere, ripping and tearing at the mountain-side. There was a roar of blasting, and rocks hurtled down on us. Bunk-houses of raw lumber sweated in the sun. Everywhere was the feverish activity of a construction camp.

We were assigned to a particular bunkhouse, and there was a great rush for places. It was floorless, doorless and in part roofless. Above the medley of voices I heard that of the Prodigal:

"Say, fellows, let's find the softest side of this board! Strikes me the company's mighty considerate. All kinds of ventilation. Good chance to study astronomy. Wonder if I couldn't borrow a mattress somewhere? Ha! Good eye! Watch me, fellows!"

We saw him make for a tent nearby where horses were stabled. He reconnoitred carefully, then darted inside to come out in a twinkling, staggering under a bale of hay.

"How's that for rustling? I guess I'm slow—heh, what? Guess this is poor!"

He was wadding his bunk thickly with the hay, while the others looked on rather enviously. "Then, as a bell rang, he left off."

"Hash is ready, boys; last call to the dining-car. Come on and see the pigs get their heads in the trough."

We hurried to the cookhouse, where a tin plate, a tin cup, a tin spoon and a cast-iron knife were laid for each of us at a table of unplanned boards. A great mess of hash was ready, and excepting myself everyone ate voraciously.



THE HORSES ARE CORRALLED ONCE A YEAR

ously. I found something more to my taste, a can of honey and some soda crackers, on which I supped gratefully.

When I returned to the bunkhouse I found my bunk had been stuffed with nice soft hay, and my blankets spread on top. I looked over to the Prodigal. He was reading, a limp cigarette between his yellow-stained fingers. I went up to him.

"It's very good of you to do this," I said.

"Oh, no! Not at all. Don't mention it," he answered with much politeness, never raising his eyes from the book.

"Well," I said, "I've just got to thank you. And look here, let's make it up. Don't let the business of that wretched money come between us. Can't we be friends, anyway?"

He sprang up and gripped my hand. "Sure! Nothing I want more. I'm sorry. Another time I'll make allowance for that shorter-catechism conscience of yours. Now let's go over to that big fire they've made and chew the rag."

So we sat by the crackling blaze of mesquite, sagebrush and live-oak limbs, while over us twinkled the friendly stars, and he told me many a strange story of his roving life.

"You know, the old man's all broke up to me, playing the damphool like this. He's got a glue factory back in Massachusetts. Guess he stacks up about a million or so. Wanted me to go into the glue factory, begin at the bottom, stay with it, 'Stick to glue, my boy,' he says, 'become the Glue King,' and so on. But not with little Willie. Life's too interesting a proposition to be turned down like that. I'm not repentant. I know the fatted calf's waiting for me, getting fatter every day. One of these days I'll go back and sample it."

It was he I first heard talk of the Great White Land, and it stirred me strangely.

"Every one's crazy about it. They're rushing in now in thousands, to get there before the winter begins. Next

spring there will be the biggest stampede the world has ever seen. Say, Scotty, I've the greatest notion to try it. Let's go, you and I. I had a partner once, who'd been up there. It's a big, dark, grim land, but there's the gold shining, shimmering, and it's calling us to go. Somehow it haunts me, that soft, gleaming virgin gold there in the solitary rivers with not a soul to pick it up. I don't care one rip for the value of it. I can make all I want out of glue. But the adventure, the excitement, it's that that makes me fit for the fool's chase."

He was silent a long time while my imagination conjured up terrible, fascinating pictures of the vast, unawakened land, and a longing came over me to dare its shadows.

As we said good-night, his last words were:

"Remember, Scotty, we're both going to join the Big Stampede, you and I."

## CHAPTER VI.

I slept but fitfully, for the night air was nipping, and the bunkhouse sigh as open as a cage. A bonny morning it was, and the sun warmed me nicely, so that over breakfast I was in a cheerful humor. Afterwards I watched the gang laboring, and showed such an invidious interest that that afternoon I, too, was put to work.

It was very simple. Running into the mountains there was a tunnel, which they were lining with concrete, and it was the task of I and another to push cars of the stuff from the outlet to the scene of operations. My partner was a Swede who had toiled from boyhood, while I had never done a day's work in my life. It was as much as I could do to lift the loaded boxes into the car. Then we left the sunshine behind us, and for a quarter of a mile of darkness we strained in an uphill effort.

From the road, which we stooped to avoid, sheets of water descended. Every now and then the heavy cars

would run off the rails, which were of scantling, worn and frayed by friction. Then my Swede would storm in Berserker rage and we would lift till the veins throbbed in my head. Never had time seemed so long. A convict working in the salt mines of Siberia did not revolt more against his task than I. The sweat blinded me; a bright steel pain throbbed in my head; my heart seemed to hammer. Never so thankful was I as when we had made our last trip, and sick and dizzy I put on my coat to go home.

It was dark. There was a cable line running from the tunnel to the camp, and down this we shot in buckets two at a clip. The descent gave me a creepy sensation, but it saved a ten minutes' climb down the mountain side, and I was grateful.

Tired, wet and dirty, how I envied the Prodigal lying warm and cosy on his fragrant hay. He was reading a novel. But the thought that I had earned a dollar comforted me. After supper he, with Ginger and Dutchy, played solo till near midnight, while I tossed on my bunk too weary and sore to sleep.

Next day was a repetition of the first, only worse. I ached as if I had been beaten. Stiff and sore I dragged myself to the tunnel again. I lifted, strained, tugged and shoved with a set and tragic face. Five hours of hell passed. It was noon. I nerved my strength for the after effort. Angerily I talked to myself, and once more I pulled through. Weary and slim with wet mud, I shot down the cable line. Snuggly settled in his bunk, the Prodigal had read another two hundred pages of "Les Misérables." Yes—I reflected somewhat sadly—I had made two dollars.

On the third day sheer obstinacy forced me to the tunnel. My self-respect goaded me on. I would not give in. I must hold this job down, I vowed, I swore. Then at the noon hour I faltered.

No one saw me, so I grunted my teeth and once more threw my weight

against the cars. Once more night found me waiting to descend in the bucket. Then as I stood there was a crash and shouts from below. The cable had snapped. My Swede and another lay among the rocks with sorely broken bones. Poor beggars! how they must have suffered jolting down that boulder-strewn trail to the hospital.

Somehow that destroyed my nerve. I blamed myself indeed. I fogged myself with reproaches, but it was of no avail. I would sooner beg my bread than face that tunnel once again. The world seemed to be divided into two parts, the rest of it and that tunnel. Thank God, I didn't have to go into it again. I was exultantly happy that I didn't. The Prodigal had finished his book, and was starting another. That night he borrowed some of my money to play solo with.

Next day I saw the foreman. I said: "I want to go. The work up there's too hard for me."

He looked at me kindly. "All right, sonny," says he, "don't quit. I'll put you in the gravel pit."

So next day I found a more congenial task. There were four of us. We threw the gravel against a screen where the finer stuff that sifted through was used in making concrete.

The work was heartbreaking in its monotony. In the biting cold of the morning we made a start long before the sun peeped above the wall of mountain. We watched it crawl, snail-like, over the virgin sky. We roared in its heat. We saw it drop again behind the mountain wall, leaving the sky gorgeously barred with color from a tawny orange glow to an ice-pale green—a regular *puisse cafe* of a sunset. Then when the cold and the dark surged back, by the light of the evening star we heightened our weary spines, and throwing aside pick and shovel hurried to supper.

Heigh-ho! what a life it was. Resting, eating, sleeping, negative pleasures became positive ones. Life's great principle of compensation work-

ed on our behalf, and to lie at ease, reading an old paper, seemed an exquisite enjoyment.

I was much troubled about the Prodigal. He complained of muscular rheumatism, and except to crawl to meals was unable to leave his bunk. Every day came the foreman to inquire anxiously if he was fit to go to work, but steadily he grew weaker. Yet he bore his suffering with great spirit, and, among that nondescript crew, he was a thing of joy and brightness, a link with that other world which was mine own. They nicknamed him "Happy," his cheerfulness was so invincible. He played cards on every chance, and he must have been unlucky, for he borrowed the last of my small hoard.

One morning I woke about six, and found, pinned to my blanket, a note from my friend.

"Dear Scooty:

"I grieve to leave you thus, but the cruel foreman insists on me working off my ten days' board. Racked with pain as I am, there appears to be no alternative but flight. Accordingly I fade away once more into the unknown. Will write you general delivery, Los Angeles. Good luck and good-bye. Yours to a cinder.

"Happy."

There was a hush and cry after him, but he was gone, and a sudden disgust for the place came over me. For two more days I worked, crushed by a gloom that momentarily intensified. Clamant and imperative in me was the voice of change. I could not become toil-broken, so I saw the foreman.

"Why do you want to go?" he asked reproachfully.

"Well, sir, the work's too monotonous."

"Monotonous! Well, that's the rummiest reason I ever heard a man give for quitting. But every man knows his own business best. I'll give you a time-checke."

While he was making it out I wondered if, indeed, I did know my own business best; but if it had been the greatest folly in the world, I was bound to get out of that canyon.

Treasuring the slip of paper representing my labor, I sought one of the bosses, a sour, stiff man of dyspeptic tendencies. With a smile of malicious sweetness he returned it to me.

"All right, take it to our Oakland office, and you'll get the cash."

Expectantly I had been standing there, thinking to receive my money, the first I had ever earned (and to me so distressfully earned, at that.) Now I gazed at him very sick at heart: for was not Oakland several hundred miles away, and I was penniless.

"Couldn't you cash it here?" I faltered at last.

"No!" (very sourly.)

"Couldn't you discount it then?"

"No!" (still more tartly.)

I turned away, crestfallen and smarting. When I told the other boys they were indignant, and a good deal alarmed on their own accounts. I made my case against the Company as damning as I could, then, slinging my blanket on my back, set off once more down the canyon.

## CHAPTER VII

I was gaining in experience, and as I hurried down the canyon and the morning burgeoned like a rose, my spirits mounted invincibly. It was the joy of the open road and the care-free heart. Like some hideous nightmare was the memory of the tunnel and the gravel pit. The bright blood in me rejoiced; my muscles tensed with pride in their toughness; I gazed insouciantly at the world.

So, as I made speed to get the sooner to the orange groves, I almost set heel on a large blue envelope which lay face up on the trail. I examined it and, finding it contained plans and specifications of the work we had been at, I put it in my pocket.

Presently came a rider, who reined up by me.

"Say, young man, you haven't seen a blue envelope, have you?"

Something in the man's manner aroused in me instant resentment. I was the toiler in mud-stiffened overalls, he arrogant and supercilious in broadcloth and linen.

"No," I said sourly, and, going on my way, heard him clattering up the canyon.

It was about evening when I came onto a fine large plain. Behind me was the canyon, gloomy like the lair of some evil beast, while before me the sun was setting, and made the valley like a sea of golden glaze. I stood, knight-errantlike, on the verge of one of those enchanted lands of precious memory, seeking the princess of my dreams; but all I saw was a man coming up the trail. He was receding homeward, with under one arm a live turkey, and swinging from the other a demijohn of claret.

He would have me drink. He represented the Christmas spirit, and his accent was Scotch, so I upitied his demijohn gladly enough. Then, for he was very merry, he would have it that we sing, "Auld Lang Syne." So there, on the heath, in the golden dance of the light, we linked our hands and lifted our voices like two daft folk. Yet, for that it was Christmas Eve, it seemed not to be so mad after all.

There was my first orange grove. I ran to it eagerly, and pulled four of the largest fruit I could see. They were green-like of rind and bitter sour, but I heeded not, eating the last before I was satisfied. Then I went on my way.

As I entered the town my spirits fell. I remembered I was quite without money and had not yet learned to be gracefully penniless. However, I bethought me of the time-checke, and entering a saloon asked the proprietor if he would cash it. He was a German of jovial face that seemed to say:—"Welcome, my friend," and cold,

beady eyes that queried: "How much can I get of your wad?" It was his eyes I noticed.

"No, I don't touch dot. I haf before been schwindled. Py Gott, no! You take him away."

I sank into a chair. Catching a glimpse of my face in a bar mirror, I wondered if that hollow-cheeked weary-looking lad was I. The place was crowded with revellers of the Christmas tide, and geese were being diced for. There were three that patterned over the floor, while in the corner the stage-driver and a red-haired man were playing freeze-out for one of them.

I drowsed quietly. Wafts of bar-front conversation came to me. "Envelope . . . lost plans . . . great delay." Suddenly I sat up, remembering the package I had found.

"Were you looking for some lost plans?" I asked.

"Yes," said one man eagerly, "did you find them?"

"I didn't say I did, but if I could get them for you, would you cash this time-checke for me?"

"Sure," he says, "one good turn deserves another. Deliver the goods and I'll cash your time-checke."

His face was frank and jovial. I drew out the envelope and handed it over. He hurriedly ran through the contents and saw that all were there.

"Ha! This saves a trip to Frisco," he said, gay with relief.

He turned to the bar and ordered a round of drinks. They all had a drink on him, while he seemed to forget about me. I waited a little, then pressed forward with my time-checke. "Oh, that," said he, "I won't cash that. I was only joshing."

A feeling of bitter anger welled up within me. I trembled like a leaf.

"You won't go back on your word," I said.

He became flustered.

"Well, I can't do it anyway. I've got no loose cash."

What I would have said or done I know not, for I was high desperate; but at this moment the stage-driver,

flushed with his victory at freeze-out, snatched the paper from my hand.

"Here, I'll discount that for you. I'll only give you five dollars for it, though."

It called for fourteen, but by this time I was so discouraged I gladly accepted the five-dollar gold-piece he held out to tempt me.

Thus were my fortunes restored. It was near midnight and I asked the German for a room. He replied that he was full up, but as I had my blankets there was a nice dry shed at the back I could use. Alas! it was also used by his chickens. They roosted just over my head, and I lay on the filthy floor at the mercy of innumerable fleas. To complicate my misery the green oranges I had eaten gave me agonizing cramps. Glad, indeed, was I when day dawned, and once more I got afoot, with my face turned toward Los Angeles.

## CHAPTER VIII.

Los Angeles will always be written in golden letters in the archives of my memory. Crawling, sore and sullen, from the clutch of toil, I revelled in a lotus life of ease and idleness. There was infinite sunshine, and the quiet of a public library through whose open windows came the fragrance of magnolias. Living was incredibly cheap. For seventy-five cents a week I had a little sunlit attic, and for ten cents I could dine abundantly. There was soup, fish, meat, vegetables, salad, pudding and a bottle of wine. So reading, dreaming and roaming the streets, I spent my days in a state of beatitude.

But even five dollars will not last for ever, and the time came when once more the grim face of toil confronted me. I must own that I had no little stomach for hard labor, yet I made several efforts to obtain it. However, I had a bad manner, being both proud and shy, and one rebuff in a day always was enough. I lacked that self-confidence that readily finds

employment, and again I found myself mixing with the spineless recluses of the employment bureau.

At last the morning came when twenty-five cents was all that remained to me in the world. I had just been seeking a position as a dish-washer, and had been rather sourly rejected. Sitting solitary on the bench in that dreary place, I soliloquized:

"And so it has come to this, that I, Athol Meldrum, of gentle birth and Highland breeding, must see in vain to understudy a scullion in a third-rate hash joint. I am, indeed, fallen. What mad folly is this that sets me lower than a menial? Here I might be snug in the Northwest raising my own fat sheep. A letter home would bring me instant help. Yet what would it mean? To own defeat; to lose my self-esteem; to call myself a failure. No, I won't. Come what may, I will play the game."

At that moment the clerk wrote:—

"Man wanted to carry banner."

"How much do you want for that job?" I asked.

"Oh, two bits will hold you," he said carelessly.

"Any experience required?" I asked again.

"No, I guess even you'll do for that," he answered cuttingly.

So I parted with my last quarter and was sent to a Sweeney store in Broadway. Here I was given a vociferous banner announcing:

"Great retiring sale," and so forth.

With this hoisted I sallied forth at first very conscious and not a little ashamed. Yet by and by this feeling wore off, and I wandered up and down with no sense of my employment, which, after all, was one adapted to philosophical thought. I might have gone through the day in this blissful coma of indifference had not a casual glance at my banner thrilled me with horror. There it was in hideous, naked letters of red.

"Retiring sale."

I reeled under the shock. I did not mind packing a banner, but a mis-spelt one—

I hurried back to the store, resolved to throw up my position. Luckily the day was well advanced, and as I had served my purpose I was given a silver dollar.

On this dollar I lived for a month. Not every one has done that, yet it is easy to do. This is how I managed:

In the first place I told the old lady who rented me my room that I could not pay her until I got work, and I gave her my blankets as security. There remained only the problem of food. This I solved by buying every day or so five cents' worth of stale bread, which I ate in my room, washing it down with pure spring water. A little imagination and lo! my bread was beef, my water wine. Thus breakfast and dinner. For supper there was the Pacific Gospel Hall, where we gathered nightly one hundred strong, bawled hymns, listened to sundry good people and presently were given smugs of coffee and chunks of bread. How good the fragrant coffee tasted and how sweet the fresh bread!

At the end of the third week I got work as an orange-picker. It was a matter of swinging long ladders into fruit-dropping trees, of sunshiny days and fluttering leaves, of golden branches plundered, and boxes filled from sagging sacks. There is no more ideal occupation. I revelled in it. The others were Mexicans; I was "El Gringo." But on an average I only made fifty cents a day. On one day, when the fruit was unusually large, I made seventy cents.

Possibly I would have gone on, contentedly enough, perched on a ladder, high up in the sunlit sway of treetops, had not the work come to an end. I had been something of a financier on a picaresque scale, and when I counted my savings and found that I had four hundred and ninety-five cents, such a feeling of affluence came over me that I resolved to gratify my taste for travel. Accordingly I purchased a ticket for San Diego, and once more found myself Southward bound.

## CHAPTER IX.

A few days in San Diego reduced my small capital to the vanishing point, yet it was with a light heart I turned North again and took the All-Tie route for Los Angeles. If one of the alluring conditions of a walking tour is not to be overburdened with cash surely I fulfilled it, for I was absolutely penniless. The Lord looks after his children, said I, and when I became too inexorably hungry I asked for bread, emphasizing my willingness to do a stunt on the woodpile. Perhaps it was because I was young and notably a novice in vagrancy, but people were very good to me.

The railway track skirts the ocean side for many a scoreless league. The mile-long waves roll in majestically, as straight as if drawn with a ruler, and crash in thunder on the sandy beach. There were glorious sunsets and weird storms, with underhanded lightning stabs at the sky. I built little huts of discarded railway ties, and lit camp-fires, for I was fearful of the crawling things I saw by day. The coyote called from the hills. Uneasy restlessness came from the sagebrush. My teeth a-chatter with cold kept me awake, till I cinched a handkerchief around my chin. Yet, drenched with night-dews, half-starved and travel-worn, I seemed to grow every day stronger and more fit. Between bondage and vagabondage I did not hesitate to choose.

Leaving the sea, I came to a country of grass and she-oaks very pretty to see, like an English park. I passed horrible tule swamps, and reached a cattle land with corrals and solitary cowboys. There was a quaint old Spanish Mission that lingers in my memory, then once again I came into the land of the orange-groves and the irrigating ditch. Here I fell in with two of the hobo fraternity, and we walked many mile together. One night we slept in a refrigerator car, where I felt as if icicles were forming on my spine. But walking was not much in

their line, so next morning they jumped a train and we separated. I was very thankful, as they did not look over-clean, and I had a wholesome horror of "scam-squirls."

On arriving in Los Angeles I went to the post office. There was a letter from the Prodigal dated New York, and inclosing fourteen dollars, the amount he owed me. He said:

"I returned to the paternal roof, weary of my role. The fatted calf awaited me. Nevertheless, I am sick again for the unwholesome swine-husks. Meet me in Frisco about the end of February, and I will a glorious position unfold. Don't fail. I must have a partner and I want you. Look for a letter in the general delivery."

There was no time to lose, as February was nearly over. I took a steerage passage to San Francisco, resolving that I would mend my fortunes. It is so easy to drift. I was already in the social slough, a hobo and an outcast. I saw that as long as I remained friendless and unknown nothing but degraded toil was open to me. Surely I could climb up, but was it worth while? A snug farm in the Northwest awaited me. I would work my way back there, and arrive decently clad. Then none would know of my humiliation. I had been wary and foolish, but I had learned something.

The men who toiled, endured and suffered were kind and helpful, their masters mean and rapacious. Everywhere was the same sordid grasping for the dollar. With my ideals and training nothing but discouragement and defeat would be my portion. Oh, it is so easy to drift!

I was sick of the whole business.

## CHAPTER X.

What with steamer fare and a few small debts to settle, I found when I landed in San Francisco that once more I was flatly broke. I was arse-firstly seedy, literally on my uppers, for owing to my long tramp my boots

were barely holding together. There was no letter for me, and perhaps it was on account of my disappointment, perhaps on account of my extreme shabbiness, but I found I had quite lost heart. Looking as I did, I would not ask any one for work. So I tightened my belt and sat in Portsmouth Square, cursing myself for use many nickels I had squandered in riotous living.

Two days later I was still drawing in my belt. All I had eaten was one meal, which I had earned by peeling half a sack of potatoes for a restaurant. I slept beneath the floor of an empty house out the Presidio way.

On this day I was drowsing on my bench when some one addressed me.

"Say, young fellow, you look pretty well used up."

I saw an elderly grey-haired man. "Oh, no!" I said, "I'm not. That's just my acting. I'm a millionaire in disguise, studying sociology."

He came and sat by me.

"Come, buck up, kid, you're pretty near down and out. I've been studying you them two days."

"Two days," I echoed drearily. "It seems like two years." Then, with sudden fierceness:

"Sir, I am a stranger to you. Never in my life before have I tried to borrow money. It is asking a great deal of you to trust me, but it will be a most Christian act. I am starving. If you have ten cents that isn't working lend it to me for the love of God. I'll pay you back if it takes me ten years."

"All right, son," he said cheerfully; "let's go and feed."

He took me to a restaurant where he ordered a dinner that made my head swim. I felt near to fainting, but after I had had some brandy, I was able to go on with the business of eating. By the time I got to the coffee I was as much excited by the food as if I had been drinking wine. I now took an opportunity to regard my benefactor.

He was rather under medium height, but so square and solid you

felt he was a man to be reckoned with. His skin was as brown as an Indian's, but his eyes were light-blue and brightly cheerful, as from some inner light. His mouth was firm and his chin square and resolute. Altogether his face was a curious blend of benevolence and ruthless determination.

Now he was regarding me in a manner entirely benevolent.

"Feel better, son? Well, go ahead and tell me as much of your story as you want to."

I gave an account of all that had happened to me since I had set foot on the new land.

"Huh!" he ejaculated when I had finished. "That's the worst of your old-country boys. You haven't got the get-up and nerve to rustle a job. You go to a boss and tell him you've no experience, but you'll do your best. An American boy says: 'I can do anything. Give me the job and I'll just show you.' Who's going to be hired? Well, I think I can get you a job helping a gardener out Alameda way."

I expressed my gratitude.

"That's all right," he said; "I'm glad by the grace of God I've been the means of giving you a hand-up. Better come to my room and stop with me till something turns up. I'm going North in three days."

I asked if he was going to the Yukon.

"Yes, I'm going to join this crazy rush to the Klondike. I've been mining for twenty years, Arizona, Colorado, all over, and now I am a-goin' to see if the North hasn't got a stake for me."

Up in his room he told me of his life.

"I'm saved by the grace of God, but I've been a Bad Man. I've been everything from a city marshal to boss gambler. I have gone healed for two years, thinking to get my pass to hell at any moment."

"Ever killed any one?" I queried.

He was beginning to pace up and down the room.

"Glory to God, I haven't, but I've shot. . . . There was a time when I could draw a gun and drive a nail in the wall. I was quick, but there was lots that could give me cards and spades. Quiet men, too, you would never think it of 'em. The quiet ones was the worst. Meek, friendly, decent men, to see them drinkin' at a bar, but they didn't know Fox, and every one of 'em had a dozen notches on his gun. I know lots of them, chummed with them, and princes they were, the finest in the land, would give the shirts off their backs for a friend. You'd like them—but, Lord be praised, I'm a saved man."

I was deeply interested.

"I know I'm talking in a way I shouldn't. It's all over now, and I've seen the evil of my ways, but I've got to talk once in a while. I'm Jim Hubbard, known as 'Salvation Jim,' and I know minin' from Genesis to Revelation. Once I used to gamble and drink the limit. One morning I got up from the card-table after sitting there thirty-six hours. I'd lost five thousand dollars. I knew they'd handed me out 'told turkey,' but I took my medicine."

"Right then I said I'd learn to be a crook too. I learned to play with marked cards. I could tell every card in the deck. I ran a stud-poker game, with a Jap and a Chinaman for partners. They were quicker to learn than white men, and less likely to lose their nerve. It was easy money, like taking candy from a kid. Often I would play on the square. No man can bluff strong without showing it. Maybe it's just a quiver of the eyelash, maybe a shuffle of the foot. I've studied a man for a month till I found the sign that gave him away. Then I've raised and raised him till the sweat prickled through his brow. He was my meat. I went after the men that robbed me, and I went one better. Here, shuffle this deck."

He produced a pack of cards from a drawer.

"I'll never go back to the old trade. I'm saved. I trust in God, but just for diversion I keep my hand in."

Talking to me, he shuffled the pack a few times.

"Here, I'm dealing; what do you want? Three Kings?"

I nodded.  
He dealt four hands. In mine there were three Kings.

Taking up another he showed me three aces.

"I'm out of practice," he said apologetically. "My hands are calloused. I used to keep them as soft as velvet."

He showed me some false shuffles, dealing from under the deck, and other tricks.

"Yes, I got even with the ones that got my money. It was cat or be eaten. I went after the suckers. There was never a man did me dirt but I paid him with interest. Of course, it's different now. The Good Book says: 'Do good unto them that harm you.' I guess I would, but I wouldn't recommend any one to try and harm me. I might forget."

The heavy, aggressive jaw shot forward; the eyes gleamed with a fearless ferocity, and for a moment the man took on an air that was almost tigerish. I could scarce believe my sight; yet the next instant it was the same cheerful, benevolent face, and I thought my eyes must have played me some trick.

Perhaps it was that sedate Puritan strain in me that appealed to him, but we became great friends. We talked of many things, and most of all, I loved to get him to tell of his early life. It was just like a story; thrown on the world while yet a child; a shoeblack in New York, fighting for his stand; a lumber-jack in the woods of Michigan; lastly, a miner in Arizona. He told me of long months on the desert with only his pipe for company, talking to himself over the fire at night, and trying not to go crazy. He told me of the girl he married and worshipped, and of the man who broke up his home. Once more I saw

that flitting tiger-look appear on his face and vanish immediately. He told me of his wild days.

"I was always a fighter, and I never knew what fear meant. I never saw the man that could beat me in a rough-and-tumble scrap. I was uncommon husky and as quick as a cat, but it was my fierceness that won out for me. Get a man down and give him the leather. I've kicked a man's face to a jelly. It was kick, bite and gouge in these days—anything went."

"Yes, I never knew fear. I've gone up unarmed to a man I knew was heeled to shoot me on sight, and I've dared him to do it. Just by the power of the eye I've made him take water. He thought I had a gun and could draw quicker'n him. Then, as the drink got hold of me, I got worse and worse. I've done things that would have landed me in the penitentiary, but I always played a lone hand. Time was when I would have robbed a bank and shot the man that tried to stop me. Glory to God! I've seen the evil of my ways."

"Are you sure you'll never backslide?" I asked.

"Never! I'm born again. I don't smoke, drink or gamble, and I'm as happy as the day's long. There was the drink. I would go on the water-wagon for three months at a stretch, but day and night, wherever I went, the glass of whiskey was there right between my eyes. Sooner or later it got the better of me. Then one night I went half-sober into a Gospel Hall. The glass was there, and I was in agony tryin' to resist it. The speaker was callin' sinners to come forward. I thought I'd try the thing anyway, so I went forward to the penitents' bench. When I got up the glass was gone. Of course, it came back, but I got rid of it again in the same way. Well, I had many a struggle and many a defeat, but in the end I won. It's a divine miracle."

I wish I could paint or set the man for you. Words cannot express his curious character. I came to have a great fondness for him, and certainly

owed him a huge debt of gratitude.

One day I was paying my usual visit to the post office, when some one gripped me by the arm.

"Hallo Scotty! By all that's wonderful. I was just going to mail you a letter."

It was the Prodigal, very well dressed and spruce-looking.

"Say, I'm so tickled I got you; we're going to start in two days."

"Start! Where?" I asked.

"Why, for the Golden North, for the land of the Midnight Sun, for the treasure troves of the Klondike Valley."

"You may be," I said soberly; "but I can't."

"Yes you can, and you are, old sport. I fixed all that. Come on, I want to talk to you. I went home and did the returned prodigal stunt. The old man was mighty decent when I told him it was so good, I couldn't go into the glue factory yet awhile. Told him I had the gold-bug awful bad and nothing but a trip up there would cure me. He was rather tickled with the idea. Staked me handsomely, and gave me a year to make good. So here I am, and you're in with me. I'm going to grubstake you. Mind, it's a business proposition. I've got to have some one, and when you make the big strike you've got to divvy up."

I said something about having secured employment as an under-gardener.

"Shaw! You'll soon be digging gold-nuggets instead of potatoes. Why, man, it's the chance of a lifetime, and anybody else would jump at it. Of course, if you're afraid of the hardships and so on—"

"No," I said quickly, "I'll go."  
"Ha!" he laughed, "you're too much of a coward to be afraid. Well, we're going to be blindest Argonauts, but we've got to get busy over our outfits. We haven't got any too much time."

So we hustled around. It seemed as if half of San Francisco was Klondike-crazy. On every hand was there speculation and excitement. All the merchants had their outfitting departments, and wild and vague were their notions as to what was required. We did not do so badly, though like every one else we bought much that was worthless and foolish. Suddenly I bethought me of Salvation Jim, and I told the Prodigal of my new friend.

"He's an awfully good sort," I said; "white all through, all kinds of experience; and he's going alone."

"Why," said the Prodigal, "that's just the man we want. We'll ask him to join us."

I brought the two together, and it was arranged. So it came about that we three left San Francisco on the fourth day of March to seek our fortunes in the Frozen North.

(To be continued.)

## A FOOL

He who loves the first time  
Is a God—'tho' he love in vain,  
But a sorry fool is he  
Who loves in vain again.

Again, without being loved,  
I love—for a fool am I;  
Sun, moon, and stars are laughing:  
I laugh with them—and die.

Meredith Starr.



## The Ghost at the Inn

By Katharine Tynan

Author of "Peter the Druggist," "The Honourable Molly," &c.

Illustrated by STAN MURRAY

THE Flying Mercury coach pulled up with a flourish in the inn-yard of the Jolly Postboys at Dunchester, and the guard sprang down and opened the door of the coach with a gallant air. Out there stepped a young lady, Miss Cherry Luttrell, no more than sixteen, with eyes as black as sloes, delicate arched brows, red lips, and a dimple in her cheek.

He lifted out the young lady, who stood looking about her in the inn-yard. Her scarlet cloak had a hood that was over her head and was tied with scarlet ribbons beneath her chin. The shortness of her skirts displayed her black silk stockings and her neat little shoes with silver buckles. A young gentleman leaning over the gallery that ran round two sides of the inn-yard thought it the prettiest picture he had seen for many a day.

Mrs. Greensleeves, the landlady of the inn, ran out, hearing the clatter of the coach as it came under the archway from the street.

"Who have we here, John?" she asked, looking kindly at Miss Cherry.

"Mistress Cherry Luttrell, the daughter of Squire Luttrell, of Goldenwood Hall. She has come with me all the way from Brighting; you are to take care of her for the night, Mrs. Greensleeves, and to-morrow you are to hand her over to Peter Smithers, the guard of the Ajax, who will take

her on to Docking, where her father will receive her. Peter Smithers will know how to take care of Missie. It isn't the first time he, or I, for the matter of that, have taken charge of young ladies like Miss Cherry."

"Come you in, Miss, and have a warm by the fire," the landlady said, beaming kindly. "Be you hungry, little Miss? Why, then, there's a chicken turning on the spit that will make your little ladyship a meal."

Cherry Luttrell followed the landlady into the inn, unconscious of the eyes that watched her from the gallery above. She stopped at the inn door, before passing inside, to wave a hand to John, the guard, and to Samson, the coachman, who had been assiduous in seeing to her comfort.

The inn was a delightful place, dim and old-fashioned in its winding passages, with fine spacious rooms, such as they do not build nowadays. The hall was full of stuffed birds and fishes in glass cases and drets' beads and all manner of stuffed beasts who lurked in the corners, showing white teeth as though they were about to spring out on Cherry. At one side a door with colored glass panels led into the big dining-room of the inn.

"This is bespoken to-night for our Hunt Supper," said Mrs. Greensleeves, with her hand on the door-handle. "Would little Missie like to peep inside?"

Little Missie would like to see anything, being very eagerly curious about the world, which she only knew from the glimpses she had of it as she went to and fro between Goldenwood and her very select ladies' school at Brighting Dene.

She peeped within and saw the long tables set for supper with snowy napery and bright silver and heavy crystal glass, with tankards and beakers and branching candlesticks filled with wax candles. The room was but firelit. The evening fell early this week of Christmas; the light leaped on the fruit in the silver dishes and the wine, ruby and golden, in the decanters. A very pretty sight, Miss Cherry thought it, having led a dull life at Goldenwood, where her father moped since his wife's death, and had no idea of how to make things bright for his one little girl, although he compassionated her loneliness to the degree of sending her to the Misses Primrose's select school, depriving himself of her companionship so that she might be with children of her own age.

Afterwards she saw the spits turning in the big kitchen, each bearing its load of chickens and ducks, with beef and mutton and veal, so that little Miss Cherry called out in wonder and admiration.

"They must be giants," she said, "to eat such a supper!"

"Not giants," said Mrs. Greensleeves, "but healthy, hungry gentlemen. You should see what they will eat it down with—wines, both red and white, our own brown October ale—there is none better in the country—can-de-vie from France, whiskey from Ireland; some will have Hollands and others rum, on which our navy fights so well. You are not to be frightened, little Missie, if you should hear them going to bed late. A good many of them sleep here to-night, including Mr. Anthony Wycherly, of Moece Place, who is the Master of our Fox-hounds. He is in the corridor above yours. Indeed, his room is over yours. You will bolt

your door on the inside, lest any gentleman should mistake your room for his. I have made you as comfortable as possible in the Oak Room, which has a bedroom opening off it. I shall send you your supper there, and you will go early to bed. It will not be a time for you to wander about the inn, as there will be so many gentlemen here."

She chattered all this as she preceded Miss Cherry along the low corridor, lit by a solitary light at the farther end. It was as pretty as the rest of the house, so far as Cherry could see it for the dark, with pictures on the walls and straight-backed chairs against them: a deep carpet underfoot, a tall, slender old clock at the far end that ticked away merrily, an ancient cupboard full of china and other pretty things. The fire was burning up in the Oak Room, where a maid whom Cherry had seen downstairs was setting a table. A door opened into a bedroom which Cherry presently discovered to be hung with rosy chintz, which contained also the windows and the big fourposter bed and covered the chairs and the comfortable sofa. The bed, big enough to have held half-a-dozen Cherrys, was matched by the wardrobe and the huge dressing-table with its long pier glass; but it was all so bright and cheerful, even before the maid had lit the fire there, that Cherry had no thought of loneliness.

She spent her evening in the Oak Room. There was so much to look at, such quantities of old china and curiosities of one kind or another, so many queer old books and pictures, that Cherry was in no danger of finding time hang heavy on her hands.

She had her supper, daintily served, which she enjoyed with a wholesome zest, having been in the open air all day. When she had finished it, and the things had been cleared away, she sat over the fire in the Oak Room with an old "County History" on her lap, listening to the jolly sounds of talk and laughter that came up the stairs

and in at the door, which she had left slightly ajar the better to hear.

Mrs. Greensleeves had looked in, seen to the fires, and said good-night, with a recommendation to Miss Cherry to go to bed early, as she had been travelling all day and would be off early to-morrow. Miss Cherry promised to do so; but a little later she found the "County History," and became absorbed in its contents. She turned up Duncheater and found Mote Place and the Wycherlys. She did not know why Anthony Wycherly's name, dropped casually by the hostess, should have excited her interest. Perhaps she thought it a pretty name; perhaps she associated it with the young gentleman who had leaned over the gallery and watched her as she stepped from the Flying Mercury, and tripped lightly in, holding her skirts high over the cobbles of the inn-yard. No one would have guessed from Miss Cherry's way of entering the inn that she had known the young gentleman's eyes were fixed on her. Apparently she had not lifted an eyelash; yet she could have described him from top to toe. She was aware that he was handsome and looked kind. And she was sure he must be Mr. Anthony Wycherly from something Mrs. Greensleeves had let drop about that gentleman being already in the house.

There was a wonderful description of Mote in the "County History," and a long recital of the honorable and glorious deeds of the Wycherlys in one generation and another for some centuries back. She read every word of it, and having read it went over it again. She wondered if she would ever meet Anthony Wycherly face to face. Mote and Goldenwood Hall were not so far removed as distances go in the country. If only her father were not such a recluse and likely to remain so! Her Aunt Lydia had said that when Cherry was of an age for gaieties he would have a season in town with her; but Cherry was not agog for a season in town. She thought she would have liked her

gaieties in the country, if only they might include Mote and Anthony Wycherly. So far as she could make it out there would be more than twenty miles of country between them. What were twenty miles to a pair of horses? If they considered twenty miles a barrier why they would have no neighbors at all at Goldenwood.

There was a great shout from below, and then the sound of a fine tenor voice singing, "Here's to the lass!"

Cherry had a ridiculous idea that it was Anthony Wycherly's voice, as though she could know anything at all about it.

She opened her door softly and stepped out in the corridor to listen. Then she noticed for the first time, on a fine, dark, mahogany table opposite her door, a number of candles in candlesticks, which had not been there when she came to bed.

A foot coming up the stairs started her, and she scurried back to the Oak Room without hearing the end of "Here's to the lass!" She took up the "County History" again, and began to read the history of Duncheater. Why, there was something about the Jolly Postboys in it.

"This inn dates from the sixteenth century, and is interesting because of some fine oak carving and panelling it contains, as well as for a ghost—"

A ghost! Little Cherry read on with fascinated interest. The ghost attached to the Jolly Postboys was a very unpleasant one, being that of a lady who had poisoned her husband and mother-in-law, and had escaped justice by drowning herself in the horse-pond at the back of the inn. The ghost was supposed to be seen any night leaving the horse-pond, and, with dripping garments, taking her way to the house.

Reading, the hairs of Cherry's pretty head stood up, which was something of a feat since it curled in heavy black rings. She looked about her, scared. The clock in the corridor struck ten, a great hour for Cherry, and she was to be up early, as the

Ajax left the inn about eight o'clock. She closed the book with a shiver, preparatory to going to bed. Of course, it was reassuring to hear all the jolly sounds downstairs. They were roaring "John Peel" now. She thought she had better get to sleep if she could before the house had gone to bed. Once asleep she might hope to sleep till morning dawned.

She turned out the lamp in the Oak Room and went into the bedroom. The fire was burning brightly, and the room ought to be cheerful enough, seeing that every bit of furniture in it was so polished and beeswaxed that it reflected the leaping flames all round the room. The chintz, too, was of the cheerfulness. Why, then, should Cherry have had a dismal vision of the many dead who had been "laid out" in the old four-poster? It wasn't a bit like the child. What a bother that she should have read about the horrid ghost!

They were singing "Tom Bowling" downstairs now. How could one be afraid with all that jolly life so near one?

Cherry undressed hurriedly. She felt very tired, and she was really going to drop off to sleep as soon as her head touched the pillow. Unfortunately, just before she got into bed, she lifted the window-blind and peeped out.

It was a night of broad moonlight. She had no idea of what way the windows looked. As it happened they looked on the pond, the black waters of which were visible in the bright moonlight. To-night would put a film of frost upon them. It was very cold.

She dropped the blind with a shiver and got into bed, but got out again immediately to look under the bed and in the huge wardrobe and into the powdering-closet; anywhere a foe might lurk. Everything was safe. She bolted her door, left the candles lighting in their sconces, and got back into bed. She was not going to risk waking up in the dark.

She went to sleep right enough, but she woke up out of her first sleep with a dreadful feeling that something had happened in the room. As a matter of fact, it was nothing worse than that one of the doors of the wardrobe, which she had not, perhaps, secured properly, had swung open with a click of the half-catch bolt. There was the door staring at her, revealing cavernous depths of darkness beyond.

Cherry never associated the open wardrobe door with the something which had frightened her. She sat up in bed. The fire was nearly out, and the candles had guttered and wasted in a draught. There was not much more of life for them.

She sat up, peering into the gloomy corners of the room with dilated eyes. The house was quiet. She had no idea of what time it was, but she had a sense of the house being in bed. While she sat there the furniture began to do some of the disconcerting things old furniture has a way of doing. The gentleman's wardrobe that flanked the bigger one uttered a groan. Then some shadowy person got up from the sofa and walked across the room, making the floor creak, and, judging by the sound, subsided into the comfortable winged chair by the fire.

Cherry stared about her, pale with fear. She fixed a scared eye on the candles with their long stabilities of grease, and gave them mentally half an hour before guttering out. There was no more coal in the room. She had ascertained that fact for herself before going to bed. All this queer behavior of the furniture was had enough in the light; but with her knowledge of what it might portend it would be terrible in the dark. What was she going to do? She stared at the chintz-covered sofa with a vision of a dripping, drowned woman lying upon it. Then with a wonderful up-lifting of heart she remembered the many candles she had seen on the table in the corridor.





SOMEONE CAME UP, MORE LIGHT-FOOTED THAN THE OTHERS.

It never occurred to unsophisticated Cherry that the candles were placed there for any specific purpose, unless it might be out of the mercy of heaven to her fears.

She took one of the glittering candles in her hand, unbolted the door in a tremendous hurry, crossed the Oak Room and out into the corridor. All was dark outside; but by the light of her own candle she saw that the candles were still there.

She laid hands upon them eagerly. There were some twenty in all. As fast as she could she transferred them from the table in the corridor to the table in the Oak Room. There was not a sound in the house while she did it. Plainly; everyone was asleep. She looked anxiously up and down the dark corridor lest the ghost should approach that way. The clock struck while she was doing it. One o'clock! How cold it was. A sharp wind blew along the corridor, chilling her in her pretty nightgown and bare feet.

Suddenly she was arrested, almost turned to stone, by a sound close at hand. Following it the house-door slammed below, and a babel of jovial voices broke out. The guests who stayed had been speeding the guests who went. She heard one voice above the others, the voice of the landlord apparently. She had caught a glimpse of Mr. Greensleeves yesterday, a man as big as a tun, with a jolly red face.

"Good-night, gentlemen, and pleasant dreams to you!"

Then a door slammed somewhere in the lower regions, and she heard the feet of the revellers ascending.

She stood as though turned to stone. She had transferred the last of the candles, and turned back to make sure there were no more. She stood with the candle in her hand. Horror! Were the gentlemen going to find her there in her nightdress, barefooted?

Someone came up more light-footed than the others, and was in the corridor before she broke through her stupefaction and fled. He had a dim vision of the white-robed creature

disappearing within a doorway. He heard the click of the bolt. He fancied Cherry standing behind her door with a panting heart—the lovely thing! Then he fumbled for the matches which lay in a certain candlestick which Cherry had annexed as well as the candles, with a pious thanksgiving to the kind Providence who had placed them there specially for her help.

In a few seconds the full truth was revealed to Cherry, for such a babel of voices broke out in the corridor; and some strong language was used not altogether suitable for Miss Cherry's ears. Some were calling for the landlord, others for Mrs. Greensleeves; some were objugating the management of the Jolly Postboys; some were abusing other some. They seemed to be all pressing and jostling each other in the dark. Doubtless some of the gentlemen had indulged over-freely in the excellent wine for which the Jolly Postboys was famous. A quarrel seemed imminent when a cool voice broke out over it all. Cherry was certain it was his.

"By some mischance, friends," it said, "our candles have disappeared. There is no help for it but to go to bed in the dark."

Then there was a stumbling up and down steps, collisions with pieces of furniture in the dark, exclamations, oaths. It was quite a long while before the last sound of it died away in the darkness and the trembling Cherry stole off to bed, half-terrified, half-delighted with what had turned out such a prank. The last sound she heard was someone stumbling and recovering himself in the room overhead. Mr. Anthony Wycherly; oh, she hoped he had not hurt himself.

She had a fine illumination through the dark hours. Somehow, she did not feel inclined to sleep, although she derived a certain comfort from knowing that he slept overhead. If she but closed her eyes the ghost was in the room, so the end of it was that she found a book to read. It was "Charissa Harlowe," and she was so fasci-



— A HORSEMAN, LEADING HIS HORSE DOWN THE HILL.

nated by it, seeing the features of the unknown young gentleman in Sir Charles Grandison, that she soon forgot her fears.

She lit the candles by relays during the lonesome hours. About six o'clock, when the cocks were crowing and Mrs. Greensleeves was turning over, preparatory to waking, Cherry slipped out and restored the burnt-out candles to their places, and going back to bed slept the sleep of innocence till it was time to awake.

She ate her breakfast in a bow-window of Jolly Postboys that looked on to the street, while the six horses were being put into the Ajax, for there had been snow in the night, and it would take all six to pull them through the drift that was always at the foot of Crossdown Hill. She listened to Mrs. Greensleeves calling to her husband across the stable-yard.

"John Greensleeves, John, here's Tom, the boots, come downstairs and says the gentlemen are in a fine taking, for no candles nor matches could

they find on there way to bed, and broken shins and black eyes are as plentiful as haws before a hard winter. Strangest of all, Tom reports that the candlesticks are on the table but the candles burst to the socket. What do you make of it, John Greensleeves?"

"That the gentlemen enjoyed themselves too well, wife," came in a genial beflow from the other side of the yard.

Cherry quaked, and to escape from the scene of her exploit was glad to hustle into the coach and hide herself there before it was time for it to start, yet as she ran to the coach-door, looking up to the gallery, she met the eyes of the young gentleman whom she called in her own mind Mr. Anthony Wycherly. She looked up at him and he looked down at her, and their eyes met, and she was suddenly as red as her name and thankful for the shelter of the coach.

That Christmas eve is yet remembered in those parts for the accident to the coach, for as it thundered down

## THE GHOST AT THE INN.

Crossdown Hill—and a mercy the snow acted as a natural brake, or matters had been worse—a wheel suddenly came off. The horses feeling the thing dragging behind them, got from under control. For a second or two the coach, full of terrified people, swaying hither and thither, was dragged behind the horses. Then, amid screaming and shouting, and Barnaby, the driver, and Peter Smithers hanging on to the reins like Trojans, the coach turned clean over in the big drift at the foot of the hill.

Then there was a commotion. The passengers on top of the coach were flung hither and thither in all directions. There were a good many of them travelling home for Christmas, but they were all men on the top, and they didn't say much, but either lay stunned or picked themselves up slowly, feeling all over their bodies to make sure no bones were broken.

Peter Smithers was lying very still, with the off-leader partly across his body and his horn lying on the snow a yard away from him; old Barnaby was feebly endeavouring to get the harness cut so that the near-leader could struggle to his feet. From the body of the coach, where there were five women besides Cherry, the screaming and crying were enough to deafen a man. No one seemed to know what to do, else there were plenty of men to do it.

Into the commotion came a horseman, leading his horse down the hill—Mr. Anthony Wycherly. He tied his horse to a gate; then took charge. Wonderful what one clear head will do! He sent one grave look towards poor Peter, lying under Blucher.

"First the women, gentlemen," he said.

The women were pulled out through the window of the coach. The door-handle had twisted and the door refused to budge. But first came an old woman, holding on to a basket, somewhat cut about the face with the glass of the window. Next a gentle-looking person like a lady's maid, protesting that her chances in life

were all gone because she had a long cut across the cheek and the old woman's basket had blackened one eye. Next, a girl from a London shop, who screamed when her arm was touched; then a fine madam in a tip-top of fur over black satin, and a painted and powdered face rasped all over with the glass as though the teeth of a harrow had done it. She was fainting, and as the men dragged her through the window it was as though she were a pot of essences. Lastly came Cherry, white and trembling. The other women had fallen on top of her and nearly crushed her little life out, but she had lain in the back of the coach, clear of the windows, and once she could recover her breath she was uninjured.

Meanwhile someone had gone back to the village for help. The injured were laid out on the snow. Cherry, from a distance, where she had gone obeying Anthony Wycherly's kind, imperious bequest, saw what they were doing, how at last they got the horses up and poor Peter free of Blucher. Men were coming with mattresses and shutters to carry away the injured. They passed by Cherry, carrying their groaning burdens, going uphill to the inn. Cherry bore it better when Anthony Wycherly had found time to come and tell her that no one was killed, though Peter's shoulder was badly crushed.

Afterwards they walked up together to the inn, where Anthony Wycherly ordered for Cherry as though she had been his sister. For a while, in the pleasure of being so taken care of and the fascination of watching Anthony Wycherly's face, the good looks of which were marred by a great bruise that extended from his cheek-bone over his temple to the forehead, that she forgot to think of her father's anxiety when no coach came. But at last she remembered and wrung her hands.

"I have thought of that," said Anthony Wycherly quickly. "I am going to take you home. You shall ride behind me on a pillion. Indeed, you

must, my dear, for every inn is full here."

Cherry never thought of disputing it, so off they went in the clear, cold afternoon, Cherry sitting behind on Trumpeter, one little arm clasping Anthony Wycherly's big body.

And so out into the white country, where the red and orange of the skies faded in the dusk, and presently it was purple dark and all the stars came out.

It was a somewhat slow journey, and it might have been a dangerous one if Trumpeter were not so sure-footed and his rider so careful. It was to Anthony Wycherly's credit that he did not cease to be careful, despite the allurements of the little, soft, warm person so close to him, with the little hand clasping him where he might stoop and kiss it in its glove.

And so they rode up to Goldenwood Hall just about the time that Squire Luttrell was growing frantic with his fear for his child. Be sure he was deeply grateful to Anthony Wycherly for what he had done; and as all the country was impassable it must needs

be that he stay and spend Christmas with them.

A good many things had been said during that ride which it might have taken a month to say if it were not for the intimacy of the pillion. Confession had been made, and pardon given, for the spoiling of Anthony Wycherly's beauty, which was due to walking into an open cupboard door in the darkness at the Jolly Postboys.

"Besides which, sweet Mistress Cherry," said Anthony Wycherly, "you owe me amends for the suspicion which fell upon me of being intoxicated by more than the vision of beauty which met my eyes for a second that night as I came upstairs. Will you make them?"

Cherry consented to make amends—after the desired fashion; and so went no more to school, but at the age of seventeen became Mistress of Mote, where if you happen to visit you shall see her picture painted by the great Rubens himself, with the hood of a red cloak over her black locks and a sprig of Christmas holly in her hand.



## OUR FRIENDS

(In Imitation of Omar Khayyam)

We must haste on, we must forever flee  
Along the path whose end we may not see

We travel on the road whence none return;  
Gone are our friends: and gone we soon shall be.

For, one by one, their feeble footsteps fall,  
And one by one they pass beyond the pale

Of Sea and Sky, and lie forever hid  
Behind a thick, impenetrable Veil.

As they, so we the mountain-slope descend;  
As they, so we with clay shall blend;

As they, so we shall reach the Silent Bourn  
Whither the footsteps of Creation trend.

A moment's rest this giddy whirl among;  
A minute's peace, laboriously won;

From Strife and Toil: and then the night descends:  
The Lute is still: the Poem has been sung.

Meredith Starr.

## Ten Thousand Dollars

By

Thomas L. Masson

WHIPPLETON had been expecting the settlement of his uncle's estate for so long, that it had become an old story. He had almost forgotten to think about it.

Suddenly, one morning, shortly after he had entered his office, he received a telephone message from his uncle's lawyers. He dropped everything and went down to see them.

Fifteen minutes later he was on his way back, in his pocket a certified cheque for one hundred thousand dollars. Such is the celerity with which, in these days, business affairs are conducted.

When Whippleton arrived at his office, almost bursting with joy over his good fortune, he found his old friend Salter waiting for him. Salter looked worried.

"Dropped in to see you this morning," he said, "on a matter of great importance to me. Don't suppose it's any use, but I am really in a bad way."

"What's the matter?" asked Whippleton, his voice full of sympathy. At that moment he was feeling kindly toward all the world. He hadn't had time to readjust himself to the new conditions. Besides, he had known Salter for years, and had every confidence in him.

Salter explained that, owing to an unexpected turn in his business affairs, due to the failure of a mill, he was temporarily embarrassed. He could pull through, he said, if he had ten thousand dollars.

"Of course I know," he concluded, "that you probably can't do anything for me, but I thought perhaps you could suggest some place where I could get the money."

Whippleton smiled. It pleased him intensely to be a good fairy.

"My dear boy," he said, with a wave of his hand, "I think I can help you out. I'll give you a check."

Salter gasped.

"You don't mean it?"

Whippleton was writing it out.

"Yes I do. Here it is. You can deposit it to-day, but don't try to cash it until to-morrow, as I must make a deposit first."

"I don't know how to thank you."

"Nonsense! Delighted!"

"Let's see. How long—"

Whippleton waved his hand again. "Oh, that's all right," he said carelessly. It was really a pleasure to help his friend, in addition to the fact that it tickled Whippleton's vanity immensely.

"No hurry," he exclaimed. "You can send me a demand note if you like, as a matter of record."

"I'll do it! Old fellow, you have saved my business. I can't thank you enough."

"Don't mention it," said Whippleton, in an off-hand manner, as if he were in the habit of dealing out ten-thousand-dollar checks to his friends. Brimming with gratitude, Salter went out, and Whippleton hurried over to his bank to make the deposit.

He was acquainted with the cashier, a man who enjoyed the confidence of the community.

Whippleton told of his good fortune, and inquired about investments.

"Here is a bond selling at ninety-eight," said the cashier, "that I can thoroughly recommend. It is a first mortgage, and a lien on all the property."

He gave a short description of the bond and its possibilities, and explained about the condition of the market. Whippleton listened attentively, and said:

"Very well. I am satisfied. You may buy ninety thousand dollars' worth of these bonds at the market price."

"That will be around ninety. Very well. I will notify you when they are delivered."

When Whippleton got home that night, he wore a quiet smile, which was not utterly lost on his wife.

"You seem pleased with yourself," Whippleton explained, losing nothing in the telling.

"Yes," he said; "I had the pleasure of buying ninety thousand dollars' worth of bonds to-day, and—"

"I thought you said the check was for a hundred thousand," said Mrs. Whippleton sharply.

He hadn't intended to mention the Salter transaction, but his joy had made him rather careless.

"What did you go with the other ten thousand?" she pressed him.

"I lent it to Salter," said Whippleton, with an assumption of indifference which he did not feel.

"Lent it to Salter?"

"Yes. Wasn't it lucky I could help him out? Needed it badly to tide over his business. Mill failed. I knew you'd be tickled to death to think I could help him."

Mrs. Whippleton was not so easily fooled by this statement. She knew it proceeded from weakness—and fear of herself.

"Um!" she exclaimed. "You ought to have a guardian. You'll never see that ten thousand again."

"What do you mean? Salter is as honest as the day is long."

"Of course," replied Mrs. Salter sarcastically; "he means to pay it back, but you wait. Just think," she went on; "you had one hundred thousand, and now you haven't but ninety."

Somehow, during the next week, that cutting phrase sank into Whippleton's consciousness more and more.

"You had one hundred thousand, and now you haven't but ninety."

By return mail, he had received from Salter a note which stated formally that the sum of ten thousand dollars was payable on demand.

On demand.

That was temporary consolation. But the feeling of security proceeding from it soon lost itself.

Whippleton found himself inquiring in various quarters about Salter; and the more he inquired, the more uneasy he became.

His wife did not spare him.

And he might have had that hundred thousand intact!

It was a distressing thought. It gathered impetus. It came to possess him utterly. He determined to get that money back. He cursed himself inwardly to think he had been so weak as to give it up so easily. And then he experienced a revengeful feeling towards Salter to think that that innocent gentleman should have taken advantage of him by appearing on the scene at such a critical moment.

Twenty-four hours more and he would have regained his balance—gotten back, as they say in books, to his normal self.

He determined to get that money. He would vindicate himself with his wife.

At the end of a week he dropped in to see Salter. That gentleman greeted him effusively.

"You did a great thing for me," he said. "Can't tell you how I feel about it."

"Oh, that's all right," said Whippleton feebly. He had come along with the intention of being firm, but his

friend's manner unmanned him. He resorted to prevarication.

"The fact is," he whispered, "when I let you have that money the other day I was feeling flush. Since then things have gone rather against me."

Salter's eyes almost filled with tears. He was teeming with gratitude and affection for his friend.

"I'm sorry to hear that," he exclaimed. "I suppose you would like to get that money back."

His face grew solemn.

"I don't know just exactly—" he began.

Whippleton stopped him.

"Oh, it isn't quite as bad as that," he said. "I wouldn't put you to any inconvenience. Only—"

He began to grow confidential again.

"You see, I am looking ahead a little, and am going to make certain arrangements in the future, and I thought if we could arrange on a date, it would be easier for both of us."

What Whippleton really meant was that he wanted to pin Salter down, but didn't want him to know the real reason.

"How would three months from now do?" Whippleton asked with an appearance of vagueness.

"I think I can manage it then. Why, I must manage it then, of course," said Salter. "After what you have done, old man, I certainly wouldn't put you out. All right." And he wrote out another note, making it three months from date.

"You can destroy the other one."

Whippleton went away somewhat relieved. He wished, now, that he had made it two months. Every moment until he got back that ten thousand seemed precious. Still, three months was better than no time set. He tried to be philosophical about it, even though his wife continued to rally him on his incompetence.

"Like to see you let me have ten thousand to lend to any friend of mine," she said tauntingly. "Why, you'd laugh in my face."

As the day of settlement approached, Whippleton grew more and more nervous—especially as there had been an ominous silence from Salter.

Promptly at ten o'clock on the morning when the note was due, however, Salter appeared in the office. It had been a great effort on Whippleton's part to restrain his anxiety, and he had been tempted to call up his friend a number of times. Now he was glad that he hadn't.

Salter's face was worn and haggard. He looked like a ghost.

"Old man," he said. "I wouldn't have disappointed you for anything, and I have that money; only—"

He gazed at Whippleton despairingly.

"Must you have it now?" he whispered.

Whippleton was now almost as abnormal as he had been on the morning he had loaned the money—only it was in the opposite direction. It seemed to him he couldn't wait to get his hands on that ten thousand dollars.

"I really don't see how I can get along without it," he replied. "Of course"—taking refuge in a cowardly misstatement—"if you had let me know a week or so ago, I might—"

"I thought I might pull through, but the last day or so some complications have arisen. Oh, well, I won't bother you with my troubles. Here is the check. Deposit it at once, will you? And I can't tell you"—Salter's voice quivered—"how much obliged to you I am."

Whippleton hated to take the money but he thought of his wife.

"I certainly wish," he said, "that I could let you have it longer. Maybe by and by—"

"Oh, that's all right," said Salter. "It was a bargain. Besides," he exclaimed, "don't you suppose I know you would do it if you could? Didn't you let me have it on the instant before? Oh, I know you've got to have it, or you would insist on my keeping it!"

He wrung his friend's hand.

"I shall always remember it," he said. "Now, don't you worry about me. It's all right."

After he went, and Whippleton saw the check lying on his desk, he experienced a feeling of remorse. He would hurry after him and give it back. But no! He really had done Salter a favor. And then, if he waited, there was no knowing whether or not he would ever get his money back. Salter might be deeply involved. It might be a kindness to him not to let him have the money.

Thus Whippleton quieted his conscience, as he went around to the bank to make the deposit.

"I suppose you've noticed the way those bonds have gone up," said the cashier, his hand on Whippleton's shoulder. "Always glad when a customer makes money on our advice."

To be candid, Whippleton had not thought much about the bonds. He had been so concerned about his ten thousand that he had thought of little else.

"Why, I saw the other day they were three or four points higher," he said.

"Well, they have gone up six points in three days. Something extraordinary! But, then, the conditions are right. Why not sell out and take your profit, and then reinvest in something else a little later?"

Whippleton figured on the back of an envelope.

"Why, it's over ten thousand profit," he said. "They've gone up twelve points. All right. Sell 'em out."

In ten minutes the transaction was completed.

Whippleton hurried home, his exultation rising with each step.

At last his revenge on his wife had come. For months she had had the laugh on him.

Ha! And so he needed a guardian, eh? Well, well!

When they were alone over their coffee at the dinner table, he said smilingly:

"So you think I don't know anything, do you?"

"I sometimes think you make a fool of yourself. There was that money you lent to that man. And, by the way, isn't it time for him to pay it back? Of course, you'll never get it. Not now!"

"Oh, of course not," replied Whippleton, with a slight touch of satire in his voice. "Oh, of course not! And yet, strange to say, he not only paid me—by a genuine certified check—but I have also made a little extra money. That sum left to me, my dear girl, has swelled to one hundred and ten thousand dollars. Of course, I'm not a business man, and I may make a fool of myself lending money to a man whose word is as good as his bond; still, I do know a little something."

"Is that really true?"

"Here are the figures. I have just sold out, and cleared over ten thousand and from some bonds. You see, my dear, you don't know it all."

"How could you?"

"What do you mean?"

"He paid you, did he?"

"Certainly; this morning—as he promised."

"How could you take it?"

"How could I take it? Why, haven't you been making all manner of fun of me for months because I lent him the money? And now you talk this way!"

Ignoring his remark, Mrs. Whippleton arose and picked up the evening paper lying on the table.

"How could you," she repeated, "especially when you knew he was going to fail!"

Whippleton jumped as if he had been shot.

"Fail?" he cried. "What do you mean? I haven't seen it."

"Well, I happened to. The name attracted my attention."

She pointed to a small paragraph which said that Salter & Company had assigned for the benefit of their creditors.

"I suppose you think," continued Mrs. Whippleton, "that you were lucky to get your money back; and yet—you were his friend."

"But I didn't know he was going to fail. He didn't say anything about it. He merely asked if I had to have the money."

"And"—scoffingly—"you told him you had to, when you had just made a profit equal to the whole amount, from your old bonds. What despicable creatures you men are!"

Whippleton turned white in his pain.

"Why, hang it all!" he cried, "if I had been allowed to obey my own instincts, I should have let him have twice that amount. But you made fun of me, and sneered at me, and told me I was a fool."

"Well, I wouldn't go back on a friend," she said. "Dear me, you never will understand a woman, if you live to be a thousand years old. I—"

Whippleton waited to hear no more. He ran from the house, and in half an hour he was at Salter's.

"My dear fellow," he exclaimed, "why in the world didn't you tell me. I had no idea it was so bad."

He grabbed him by both shoulders, with manly affection.

"I didn't want to trouble you," said Salter. "I knew, of course, you would have helped me further if you could. I just got that check up to you before I assigned, so you wouldn't lose anything."

"And it finished you up, didn't it?"

"It was your money."

"But look here, I can help you out. Why, my dear friend, I can let you have twenty thousand to-morrow, if you say so. You must get on your feet again. Don't you worry. I'll stand by you even if—" Whippleton was reckless. He didn't care now.

"Even if it's thirty thousand!"

Salter's eyes glistened with new hope.

"You don't mean it!" he said. "But how can you do it? That's what I don't understand."

And Whippleton leaned over and whispered in reply:

"I didn't think I could this morning. But since then I've confided in my wife, and she says she can help me out."



## CHILDREN

Oh, little people from the hills of Dawn,  
What set a-straying hitherward your feet,  
Still rosy from your wanderings on her peaks,  
Still dewy from her vales of asphodel,  
And all the lucent of God's unweaved morn  
Still shining in your confident, clear eyes?

Was it some new-spied flower farther down  
The western slope, whose gaudy tints allured?  
Some nodding, dusty daisy whose frank glance  
Outvied the hreathless, airless purity  
Of asphodels that, like unmarked stars,  
Slow whiten on the windless fields of dawn?

So soon the dust upon the tender feet  
That slow and slower trudge, the straining eyes,  
The reaching hands, grown tired of picking now,  
Yet clasping to the end some wayside weed.

Charles T. Roberts.



## A Garden of Eden

By Mrs. C. N. Williamson

EVERYBODY who comes to the Riviera visits Lord Hilary's wonderful garden, La Vista, and most people who do not come have heard of it, because it is world-famous. Lord Hilary is an old man now, and a bachelor, whose greatest joy is his Italian garden. Those who have slight acquaintance with him and his history speak of it laughingly as the "one love of his life"; but we who are his neighbors know that there was another love once. If he had not lost her, he would never have turned his back upon his native land, and made this garden, to which for thirty years he has given most of his time and attention. But then, a man who had had no romance in his heart or life could never have imagined or created such a garden.

There is a house in it, of course, a beautiful house, though it is of the garden that one always speaks in asking strangers, "Have you been to La Vista yet?" It is a very old house, so old that there is a well in the big entrance hall, made in case of a siege by Saracens. Lord Hilary lives at La Vista from October till June, or later, and then disappears, few of his friends guess where, except that he is never seen in England. But we know that he goes always to the same place, the place where the Romance began in joy, and that he avoids England because it ended there in sorrow. So we never say to him when he comes back, as the uninitiated do sometimes, "Where were you last summer?"

He is one of the handsomest men you ever saw, though he is over sixty; and certainly he is one of the kindest.

He is "at home" to his friends every second Saturday all winter, and the garden is open to the public two days each week. One of the days is Sunday, because those who work six days of the week can find peace and pleasure on the seventh at La Vista from morning till sunset; and though there are hundreds of visitors, each one who asks is given a rose, or some other flower to carry away.

You need only murmur to Lord Hilary "such and such a person is very poor, or in trouble," for him to exclaim instantly, "Eh? What can I do for him?"

It was owing to this pleasant peculiarity—I am afraid it is a peculiarity—that I had the courage to try and interest him in Betty McNaughten. "A charming girl, and so clever about gardens," said I. I knew that would strike the right note! Then I went on, as we walked up and down under the famous pergola curtained with bankia roses, and told him all about her. How she was twenty-four, and had left school at sixteen to take care of her father, Major McNaughten, when her mother was killed and the Major had his back broken, in that dreadful railway accident which everybody in England must remember, between seven and eight years ago. How the girl's desire, ever since she was a child, had been to grow up and be a "lady gardener." How her parents, though not exactly understanding or wholly approving an ambition which to them seemed "very queer," had consented to let her go to a college for gardening, or whatever the place ought to be

called, and then the tragedy had happened. Betty had to turn nurse just at the age when most girls are looking forward to "coming out," and had had no life at all except in the sick-room. Nevertheless, I told Lord Hilary, she had gone on learning things concerning plants until scientific people pronounced her quite a wonder. I had to be rather vague, you see, because, though I love flowers, I'm absolutely ignorant about them myself, except that I know what I want in my garden, and am desperate when the gardener can't understand if I demand it under the category of a "lovely purple what-you-may-call-'em."

"They'd have taken her for something or other at Kew Gardens, when her father died and left her almost without a penny," I hurried to add, by way of proving that my swan really was a swan, and not a goose, "only there was a girl, a perfect beauty of a girl, who had more influence than Betty, and simply snatched the place out of her mouth. After that, a fearful cousin who lives in Bayswater and cares for nothing but an elderly pug and bargain sales, took Betty for an unpaid companion. Pretended it was an act of sweet charity, of course, but used the child as if she'd been engaged as lady's maid, and nearly starved her, too. She'd be there still, only she broke down from over-work and general misery—had anaemia or something—so she had to spend her poor little pittance going into a nursing home for a rest cure. That's where she is now, and I'd have her out with me, only, in our little chalet we've no spare room, so—"

"I wonder if she could catalogue my family?" said Lord Hilary. (He always speaks of his trees, and plants, and flowers as his "family," the dear man.) "If she could, and would like the work, I should be very glad to engage her to do it. My curator is kept too busy, and I've often thought I must get somebody, but have put it off until I should hit on the right person."

"I'm pretty sure Betty would be the right person," I assured him, pretending to believe his amiable fiction. I'd expected some kind proposal or other, but this seemed too perfect, and I could have hugged the old angel.

"She might come any time that suited her," he went on. "I shall be going off—er—for the summer in a fortnight now, and the house will be shut up. But your Miss McNaughten could live in the cottage, and old Margarita would look after her. She'd have no expenses, for there are more chickens and eggs and milk and vegetables and fruit than anybody knows what to do with. I'd pay her fare both ways, of course, and give a hundred pounds for the cataloguing work. Oh, you needn't look grateful. It's a big work, and I should be getting it cheap at the price. I dare say, if she were smart, she might finish in two months, but she wouldn't find it too hot at La Vista, even if she had to stay through August. I should never go away myself to escape the heat, only I have—er—got into a sort of groove in the summer."

"Too hot! Why it would be a paradise for the girl!" I exclaimed. "She'll think she's dead and gone to heaven."

"Rather a lonely heaven," said Lord Hilary, with the wistful look that comes into his eyes sometimes. "Everybody'll be gone; hotels shut up, villas empty, the village shops barred; no one stirring outside the garden, except the fishermen down in the harbor and children at play in the olive woods. But Antonio's an intelligent fellow, and will do anything he can. I shall tell him to give Miss McNaughten all the help in his power, and he'll be delighted."

"Who's Antonio?" I asked in a silly, absent-minded way, because already I was planning the letter I'd write to Betty.

"My curator," said Lord Hilary, looking surprised at the question, as well he might, for I ought to have remembered. But usually he speaks of the curator by his surname, Florio,

which is so suitable I think, for a gardener-sort-of-person. Exactly what a curator is, beyond being a head gardener, I'm sure I don't know, but I do know that I was once warned not to call Florio (he speaks a little English, and understands more) a mere gardener, for fear of offending him. But I don't think he would be offended, really, if I did make a mistake, for Italians are never snobbish, or put on airs, no matter to what class of life they belong.

Well, it was all arranged incredibly soon, for when Lord Hilary makes up his mind to do a thing it is as good as done. We decided to stay on late at the chalet, so as to settle Betty in before leaving for England, and the old angel had the curiosity to linger on, too, though Betty was delayed, and didn't arrive until several days after his usual date for disappearing into space.

I hadn't seen Betty for two years, though we had always corresponded since our first meeting at Southsea, where she and her dying father dragged out their long martyrdom together. His death and the Bayswater episode had changed her astonishingly. I had described her to Lord Hilary as a pretty girl, with a sweet manner, perfect complexion, and glorious golden hair. It was quite a shock, meeting her at the railway station nearest our place, and seeing how she had faded. She had no complexion to speak of—she, who had been all lilies and roses!—and the golden gleam seemed to have gone out of her hair. When I saw her last, I'd thought she looked even younger than her age; now she might have been twenty-eight. I really felt obliged to apologise for her to Lord Hilary, as if I had fibbed about her to arouse his interest and sympathy.

"She was pretty, truly," I said, when I was alone with him after leaving Betty to the tender mercies of Margarita, the widow of a former head gardener. Margarita takes care of that little genus of a "villana" in the

woodiest part of the great garden, where Lord Hilary has often brought convalescents to stay.

"Don't worry, my dear; she'll be pretty again. I've a good opinion of my garden as a tonic, and my 'family' as doctors," said the dear old man. "I wish I could stop and see her even a fortnight from now; but I must be off—I must be off. Who knows but this may be my last summer? At my age one thinks of these things, that each time may be a good-bye."

The same night he went away—to the shrine which is a mystery to all save a few. But I was anxious about Betty, she looked so ill; and, as the weather was perfect, we determined to postpone our flitting still further.

The day after Betty came I wasn't able to call, though our chalet is only a short mile from La Vista. Friends were leaving for England, and we had to see them off. But the next morning I went over, and found her walking in the garden with Antonio Florio, the curator. They were coming down that marvelous avenue of cypresses about which all the artists rave, and I thought how tall and protecting the big, young Italian looked. It had never occurred to me before that Florio was a handsome fellow, but he had quite a noble air that morning, in the garden that he loved, pointing out everything to the English Signorina. Perhaps it was partly the contrast between them that struck me suddenly with admiration for him; he is so dark and enthusiastic, glowing with health, bright-eyed and sunburnt, his neck a bronze column rising from the turned-over collar of his blue linen blouse; she so small and fragile and fair, moving daintily by his side in her white dress, under the immense, solemn trees. But then, of course, there was another contrast, Betty being a lady, and Florio not a gentleman by birth.

As soon as I came near, I could have cried out with joy and surprise at the improvement two days had made in the girl. It was excitement, of course, that had given her back for

the moment a little of her lovely color, but her hair no longer looked dim and lustreless. It glittered in the sunshine like pale gold, and her eyes shone. Already Lord Hilary's prophecy was coming true. She was growing pretty again, and she'd slipped back from twenty-eight to her own proper age—twenty-four.

After acknowledging my greeting in his pleasant, respectful, though far from servile, Italian way, Florio took himself off, reminding the Signorina that he would be at her service again whenever she wished.

"He's such an intelligent man, and somehow not at all common, though of course he doesn't make the slightest pretension to being one's equal," Betty said of the Curator, when we'd talked for awhile of things in general, and had come back to her work in the garden. "He's so willing to help, and he talks so interestingly about the flowers; it's a pleasure to listen."

"Are you as happy as you expected to be?" I asked.

"Oh"—and she looked rapturous—"I'm a hundred times happier! The place is lovelier than I fancied from your description. As I said to Antonio, no description could do it justice."

"You call him Antonio?" I remarked.

"Oughtn't I to? I heard Lord Hilary call him that, and so does old Margarita. One wouldn't call a man in his position Signor Antonio, I suppose?"

"His surname is Florio, not Antonio," I explained. "But no, one wouldn't address him as 'Signor.' I don't think I've ever called him anything except 'you.' Go on calling him Antonio—why not? You'll find that he'll never take the slightest liberty. Lord Hilary thinks a great deal of him, and all the twenty-five gardeners treat him with the utmost respect. I dare say they 'Signor' him."

"I'm sure he'll be a great comfort to me," said Betty. "I do so want to do my work well, and show Lord Hil-

ary how grateful I am to him for opening the gates of this Garden of Eden to me."

"An Adamless Eden," I laughed. "Unless we rename Antonio Adam?"

"Then there'd be no Eve for him, so it wouldn't be worth while. I may as well go on being Eve without an Adam. Indeed, I don't want one! A girl who could lack anybody or anything in such a haven of rest, such a Paradise of peace, would deserve to be driven out."

As the days went on, Betty grew more and more radiant. By the time she had been at La Vista a fortnight, and we were beginning to think we must go back to England (it was past the middle of June) she was prettier than ever. She did not look a day over eighteen. She had developed a dimple which had been a mere suggestion before. She was always smiling. Her eyes sparkled; her hair was a halo, as she walked under pergolas that were catenae of flowers.

Every morning from eight to twelve she and Florio worked together, for, as he said, and I remembered, Lord Hilary had ordered him to assist Miss McNaughten in every way possible. At twelve, old Margarita gave the girl a lunch in the cool little dining-room of the "cottage," where curtains of rose vines pressed against the half-closed green persimmons. While she ate, Betty generally read some book which Antonio lent her, for, among other things, he was teaching her Italian. That helped on her work, of course. And she renaid him by giving hints about his English, at which she laughed a little sometimes, when he used some particularly quaint expression. But he never laughed at her Italian. Whatever she did, he admired her respectfully with grave brown eyes, clear as the depths of Devonshire brooks. And the literature he lent was worth reading. As Betty said, he was extremely well read and clever for a man in his position. He loved Virgil and Dante, and quoted both, not pretentiously ever, for there was nothing pretentious

about simple, pleasant Antonio, but quite as a matter of course, just as I might quote Browning or Tennyson, if I could ever remember half a line when I wanted it!

After lunch Betty would rest; then she would insist on working till tea time, and in the cool of the day would go poking about among obscure-looking plants, with Antonio, picking off bits of leaf or examining petals or stamens in the most learned way, vying with the Curator in jabbering scientifically. If I were with them, I couldn't understand a word, and felt quite "out of it," but naturally I was seldom there. It wasn't as if Betty needed a chaperon, with a kind of head-gardener, told off to help her, like a superior sort of servant. And so, at last, I contentedly left the girl, happy in the garden, with Antonio for a watch-dog, and Margarita for cook and maid.

"Be good to my little friend," I said to Florio, as I was starting away to catch the train we would take for Paris.

"It is indeed, a great pleasure to be good to her, Signora, if one can call what I do being 'good,'" he answered in Italian. "She is a heavenly young lady, the most heavenly I ever saw. To see her is like watching a new star in the night sky or finding a wonderful flower never discovered before, growing in the garden."

The look in his eyes when he said this brought a queer, startling thought to my mind. But I said to myself that it was nonsense. Italian men were like that, rather exaggerated in the expression of ordinary sentiments, perhaps; and as for an Italian's eyes (a good-looking, young Italian, even the poorest peasant) they always shine as if they saw visions, when their owner is thinking of so more romantic subject than to-morrow's dinner. It was impossible that Florio—but I wouldn't even finish out the idea. He was little more than an intelligent peasant, who had been educated, and who had a kind of genius for gardening. He had an uncle who was a

priest, I'd heard; but that means nothing in Italy or France, and though I'd begun to consider him rather handsome in his garden, I could imagine that all his charm might go in "best clothes," if he tried to "dress himself up like a Signor," as Margarita would no doubt express it.

I was perfectly sure Betty had no thought of any such stupidity on Florio's part; but I did wish that she could meet some really suitable man of her own class with a little money. She was so sweet—(I said to myself in the train)—it seemed a pity that, penniless as she was, and homeless, she would have little chance to marry, for even the prettiest girls need a "background," and Betty had lost hers, if she had ever had one. Besides, I realized that she wasn't what you could call a beauty—the sort of beauty to whom King Cophetua is glad to stoop and give cloth of gold instead of rags.

I heard regularly twice a week from Betty in the Garden of Eden. She had no news to tell, except about the flowers and the splendid progress she made with her cataloguing, thanks to Antonio, who was always kind. But at last came a letter which I knew, even when I first caught a glimpse of the address, would be somehow different. The address looked nervous and hurried. "Something's happened!" I thought. I opened the envelope with my heart beating, but the first words told nothing, except that the work was finished, a little sooner than Betty had expected, and so she was coming home.

"Lord Hilary has sent me a cheque for a hundred pounds, over and above the advance he made," she said. "I don't feel as if I ought to take it, but he insists. I should be broken-hearted at leaving Paradise, and going back into the work-a-day world to look for something to do by which I can decently keep soul and body together, only—something has happened."

"There! I told you so!" I interrupted my reading to exclaim out aloud.

"Isn't it too tragic, poor Antonio has been foolish enough to fall in love with me, or think he has," the letter went on, "and I am so sorry and miserable about it, that it's spoiled everything. As the time drew near for me to go, I saw that he was unlike himself, and that sometimes, when he thought I wasn't looking, his face was very sad. But I thought perhaps he had some private worry, and I do assure you it was the greatest shock when the truth came out. We had been such excellent friends, and, as you prophesied, he seemed really perfect in his part of guide and philosopher, never presuming on my appreciation of him. I do believe he would have kept his secret if I hadn't been silly enough to moan a little about leaving the Garden of Eden. Then he burst out with what he's been hiding; how he worshipped me, and how, if I would stoop to him, he'd give his life and soul to make me happy. He knew, he said, that he was far beneath me, only fit to touch the hem of my dress, and a torrent of things like that, which almost broke my heart. For a while I could no more have stopped him than I could stop the mountain torrent in the gorge. I need never go away from the Garden of Eden, he urged, if only I could make up my mind to marry him. And he would ask nothing of me, nothing at all that I didn't wish to give. It would be enough happiness just to have the right to call me his wife. You can imagine how grieved and upset I was! I couldn't help crying a little, and he turned deadly white under his brown sunburn. Suddenly his eyes—they are beautiful eyes, you know, if he is only a gardener!—looked a thousand years old. And all the youth and joy of life seemed to fade out of him slowly as he stood listening, silent, unprotesting, while I told him I didn't care for him in that way, and tried to explain, without hurting his poor feelings, that it would never do, that I couldn't really make him happy, that we weren't suited to each other as husband and wife, and that

he must forget he'd ever thought of me except as a friend who was very, very grateful to him for many kindnesses. I was just as nice and gentle as I knew how to be, but I'm afraid he understood some things I didn't want him to understand. If there's anything loathsome on God's earth it's a snob, and I'd go into a nursery if I believed I were one; yet imagine how father would feel if his daughter even dreamed of marrying somebody's head-gardener! And can't you see Cousin Charlotte's face if she heard I'd been proposed to by one? But it's awfully sad, and I don't think my poor Antonio can be more unhappy than I am because of making him unhappy."

A few days later Betty arrived in London, and I went to see her at a dreadful house which called itself Dorcas Mansions, inhabited only by females. Men were strictly forbidden, even as afternoon visitors. If you were driven to roost there because you were, unfortunately, a woman, and poor, you could have a whole circle to yourself, and board, for fifteen shillings a week. But there was a rule for every hour of the day, and probably would have been for the night, if you weren't expected to sleep from ten to seven; anyhow, you had to be in by nine at latest, or they'd know the reason why. And you brought your own napkin ring. Nevertheless, I quite saw when I called on Betty that it was better to be one of the Dorcas than a companion to Cousin Charlotte. What I didn't see so clearly was whether, after all, it wouldn't have been better to—but that was when she'd shown me the dining-room, and I'd noticed spots on the tablecloth. Besides, Dorcas Mansions was in the neighborhood of Lisson Grove, and I couldn't help seeing a picture of the Garden of Eden "behind my eyes."

Betty was fairly cheerful, however, with a strained, conscientious cheerfulness, and said that she had a chance of teaching botany in a kindergarten



with colored charts. By and by she would get something better.

I felt bristly to leave her Dorcas while we went off to enjoy ourselves in a perfect house by the river, where the river's at its loveliest. But the visit was a long-standing promise; and what can one do, anyhow, with a girl who is obstinately independent?

After staying at Marlow we went up to Scotland, and didn't get back to town till October. Betty hadn't written often, because (she said when she did write) she was learning typing and shorthand, so she was very busy, and usually rather tired by evening.

I flashed off in a taxi to the grisly Mansions as soon as I could manage it, and it was all I could do not to cry when I saw Betty. She was more conscientiously cheerful than in the summer, and smiled a great many smiles, but the smiles were so hard you could have knocked them off her little thin, white face with a hammer, as if they'd been bits of a badly-fitting death-mask. She had gone back to a state worse than before La Vista, and when she wasn't smiling one of those painful smiles her eyes seemed to hold all the sadness that had ever been in the world.

"I'm well enough," she said, "and getting on nicely. I'm typing a big botanical book for a wise but cross savant. Oh, you needn't pity me. I'm all right. It's only that—I suppose the contrast's too sharp after the garden. I dream of it every night, and that I'm there in the sunshine, among the flowers. It's rather bad waking up, but, like Cousin Charlotte on Sundays after lunch, I think of my mercies. I'm afraid La Vista has spoiled me for—for most things. I mean, the kind of things I'm likely to have in life, after this. But I ought to rejoice that I've got such beautiful memories. Maybe I shall when I'm a little older, and my heart's a little cooler. Just at present I'm not sure it wouldn't have been better for me—if I'd never seen—never gone there at all. I shouldn't have this ache of homesickness and hopelessness, and

the waking up after the dreams that never, never can come true."

She choked, and pressed her hand against her breast, as if to push the ache away behind her heart. Then she laughed, with tears in her eyes. "I am the silliest thing! Don't mind me, I'm dull and bored, that's all the matter. Tell me at once about yourself, and don't dare even to speak of me, or I shall scream and kick."

So I told her about the Scotch visits, and made the most of the funny parts. And I wanted a week before inviting her to come to the Riviera when the new wing of the chalet should be finished. She turned red and then white when I asked her.

"Thank you very much, but I could not possibly," she said. "I have my work to do. I've been unsettled enough as it is."

Then I knew, what I had only dimly dared to suspect before.

In November we migrated as usual to the South, and found Lord Hilary already at La Vista.

"Your Miss McNaughton was a great success with her cataloguing, and I'm glad she seems to have been happy," he remarked. "But—what has she done to Antonio? She's taken his soul, and there's a shadow over the garden, even in this blue and gold weather."

"There's a shadow over her, too," I murmured. "She dreams of the garden and her happy days. Perhaps she hardly realized when she was living there, how wonderful they were, and all that made them wonderful. But I think she realizes now, when it's too late."

Lord Hilary looked at me thoughtfully, and I looked back at him. We didn't say anything more about Betty or the Curator.

Four or five days after that I went again to La Vista with some friends, just out from England, who had never seen the garden. While they were having flowers gathered for them by the man next in importance to An-

tonio, I asked Lord Hilary where was Florio. I hadn't seen him since returning to Italy.

"I've sent him to London on business," replied the old angel. "He's gone to look up something for me, at Kew Gardens."

"Oh!" I said. "I wish him luck."

"So do I," said Lord Hilary. Just then a footman came out to him from the house with a telegram. When he had read it, smiling, he handed it to me. It consisted of one word, an Italian word, which means "Success."

"Now we can talk about it. Oh, joy!" I exclaimed.

"You're really pleased then?"

"Yes, I really am. I shouldn't have thought at first I could be. But I've been seeing clearly lately. He's one of Nature's gentlemen."

"Yes," said Lord Hilary, "and one of the best fellows living. He's worthy of any fate, and"—laughing—"he looked all right in his tweeds when he started, although he did buy them ready made in Genoa; otherwise, the gilt may have been off the gingerbread—girls are so frivolous, the best of them."

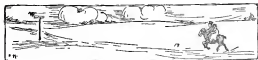
"Not after they've been Dorcas," said I. "But we might have known. An Italian, with such eyelashes, can look well in anything, because he's not self-conscious. It doesn't need a Miss Blouse and a garden round him to keep up the illusion."

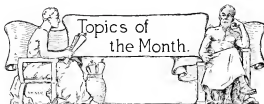
"But she'll love the garden, won't she? And I shall write to Antonio that I'm going to give him the cottage for a wedding present. He knows already that his salary's raised,

otherwise I don't think he'd have had the moral courage to go, in spite of the hint I gave him about young ladies sometimes changing their minds."

"For weeks I believed it was the garden I missed so agonizingly," said the letter which Betty must have written to me the day Florio sent his telegram to Lord Hilary. "But, gradually, I discovered that it was Antonio. I saw that in my silly, conventional pen I'd thrown away a treasure which can come only once in the most fortunate life—a great, unselfish love. And I longed for it, when it was too late. I longed for Antonio, even more than for the garden, for I began to see that it was he who had made the garden radiant. Now, it seems too good to be true that I should have my chance given to me over again. This time I said 'Yes—yes!' the instant he asked me. And I'm so happy; I want to pinch myself to know if it's true. I was so afraid you'd told him that I repented, and made him feel he ought to call when he was in England on Lord Hilary's business, but he says he didn't meet you after you got back, and it was at Kew that he found out my address. No more dreadful wakings up after dreams of Eden! I shall be in Eden! And it won't be an Adamless Eden any more. It never was, really."

Some people might doubt the success of a match between such an Adam and such an Eve. But I don't. Eden and Paradise will be one for them; and there'll be no flaming sword—unless it's Cousin Charlotte's. She has cut Betty. But it's a long cry from Bayswater to their garden.





### THE "BIRTH" OF THE CANADIAN NAVY.

PAPERS all over Canada are talking of the "birth" of the Canadian navy. The thing that provoked them to such a figure of speech was the fact that the Niobe—unarmored cruiser—had arrived at Halifax and the Rainbow (ditto), at Victoria, B.C.

Certainly it was a birth, but whether of a real navy or not, is a matter which has yet to be decided. Canada has hitherto owned a few little boats, each carrying a brass cannon, and employed to keep fish-poachers out of Canadian waters. The poachers, being wise men, have purchased vessels in their business which can travel faster than these game-warden boats, with the result that, on the Pacific coast particularly, poaching has gone merrily on to the extent of 25,000,000 pounds out of 35,000,000 pounds of halibut a year.

That means work for the Rainbow. It is her bounden duty to stop the poaching. She may not like it. It may be a hard business for a boat used to the high society of the "Home Fleet" in the Channel. But she has been bought with a price. She has the honor of being one of the first pair of twins in the Canadian Naval family, and she must do it. We're poor just yet, but we hope for big things, and although Commander Stewart may not like the idea of soiling his hands on American fish poach-

ers, still he must remember that he is starting at the foot of the ladder in this new navy of ours.

With the Niobe it must be the same. She may prance into Halifax and out again, holystone her decks regularly, and keep bristling just as though there might be a war, and just as though—if it came—she wouldn't think of making full steam for Montreal and hiding behind one of the big Government docks. Maybe she wouldn't. It may be that we are misjudging the gallant vessel, and yet the old adage about discretion and valour, and that sort of thing ought not to be ignored even by the Niobe. Meanwhile, she too may be comforted by pondering on the rewards which have come to those who "started at the bottom of the ladder."

That phrase, applies to pretty nearly everything in Canada—"started at the bottom." It applies to every great man Canada has produced, and to many of the other great men. It is, however, perhaps unfair to console the Niobe and the Rainbow with such a hackneyed expression. We should be frank and lay aside all shame, all deceit. They may as well know now as any time that they are already at the bottom of the ladder. Ships cannot climb, unfortunately. The twins—born 5,000 miles apart—are merely second-raters, and nothing on earth could make them more. No matter how excellently they haul in the halibut poachers; no matter how many of

the officers grow moustaches, and succeed in laying the foundations for a future naval "élite" in Canada, the ships will remain on the bottom rung—pioneers, true, but cut off from ambition.

### THE IMPERIALIZATION OF HUDSON'S BAY.

"YOU might as well argue with an archbishop against the recognition of the church by the state as try to convince a farmer publicist in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta that there is any just impediment to the imperialization of Hudson's Bay. It is probably true that the publicist farmer is more concerned for a six cents a bushel swing on the carriage of his wheat from the Saskatchewan Valley to Bristol and London than he is about improving the safety of the Britisher's food supply. His six cents a bushel is an Imperial asset, nevertheless; which he will recognize more and more the closer it comes to him—partly because it will come through the investment of British capital in opening the bay."

This is an excerpt from an article by Mr. Arthur Hawkes, in the November issue of the *Nineteenth Century*. Mr. Hawkes, a noted English journalist, who has come to be known as one of the most able and best-informed writers on Canadian topics, has endeavored to interpret to England the meaning of the Hudson's Bay scheme.

He links the ancient romance of "The Bay" with present-day affairs by recalling how the explorer, Herne, one of the quiet heroes of Canada's earliest days, reached the Bay, and how Earl Grey, just this last summer, traversed the same country and sailed from the mouth of the Nelson River to Cape Breton, thereby demonstrating the navigability of Hudson's Bay.

"In truth," writes Mr. Hawkes, "there is no discussion in the west about the Hudson's Bay route. All the talk is as to how the business shall be handled. The situa-

tion has a peculiar interest for the British investor who is nervous about uncertainties in Governmental finance, because Sir Wilfrid Laurier has been urged to build and to operate the road as a Government enterprise.

"Government ownership has been preached in Canada by a few zealots during the last decade until in some quarters it has acquired a Mesopotamian charm. But Sir Wilfrid Laurier is a statesman as well as a winner of votes, and he has lent only a polite ear to the appeal for a Government-built, Government-run railway that has come from one series of farmers' organizations.

"There is a Government-owned and Government-run railway in Canada—the Intercolonial. It was built as an inducement to the isolated Maritime Provinces to come into Confederation with Quebec and Ontario. It has been a political engine for the production of votes and deficits. Mr. Graham, the present Minister of Railways, has quickly changed some of the methods of management. He has declared that under present conditions the Government would never think of repeating the Intercolonial. Sir Wilfrid Laurier has consistently opposed the principle of Government ownership of railways, as he showed when he refused to extend the Intercolonial to Georgian Bay several years ago by purchasing a railway that might have fed it very well."

Mr. Hawkes is clearly of the opinion that the demand for Government "operation," as well as ownership and control, will not likely be acceded to. In the west, Sir Wilfrid was repeatedly told that the farmers wanted a Government "operated" road. This, however, may have been due to the desire of the Conservatives to embarrass the Premier, as it seems generally understood—and, indeed, the Premier admitted—that he did not approve of Government operation.

That the Canadian West insists upon the Hudson's Bay Railway is quite clear. But what the Canadian "East" thinks of it remains

to be seen. Certainly the successful operation of the route for four and one-half months in the year would have its effect upon the internal currents of trade in the Dominion. Montreal might miss some of her import and export business.

On the other hand, it is apparently the belief of the Government that the opening of the proposed route would only be keeping in step with the growth of the country. The increased business would make up to the eastern part of Canada for the diversion of some of the trade. Carriage tariffs would undoubtedly be affected for the benefit of east, as well as west, and finally—as Hon. George Graham points out—the new railway from the Pas to “The Bay” would open up a new country for the benefit of Canada, even if it never did anything more.



#### THE RECIPROCITY NEGOTIATIONS.

THE Reciprocity negotiations between this country and the United States will soon be under way. Just recently the white-haired Minister of Finance, Honorable Mr. Fielding, stepped out of his sick-room and boarded the train from Halifax for Ottawa, with his little black satchel under his arm. He was on his way to prepare for the coming negotiations. It will presently be announced that the negotiations are to be taken up at Ottawa or at Washington and that such and such will be the representatives engaged. The Press on all sides will carefully discuss the matter, each from its own point of view, and each will arrive faithfully at its own conclusion, just as a toboggan in a wooded toboggan-slide is more or less bound to reach the same end as it always reaches.

The conference will take place and the newspaper correspondents will try to find what has happened within the closed doors of the Council-chamber, before it has happened. They will more or less fail and in due time the



HON. W. S. FIELDING

Representing Canada in the recent Tariff negotiations



MR. HENRY M. HOYT,

One of the American representatives in the recent Ottawa Tariff discussion

doors will open and the two nations will be told what they have given one another. Whatever it is, part of the country will rejoice and the other part will lament. The Liberal papers will find in the new arrangement a delightful theme for a hymn of praise for the Government. The Conservative papers will feel differently. The same divisions of opinion will happen in the United States and if a Canadian and an American meet in a railway train each will solemnly tell the other that his country sacrificed itself for the sake of the neighbor nation.

All that one could wish to point out is that this country has taken the elevator and if the elevator falls then there can be no help for it. It is in the hands of their respective administrators. They are sane administrators. They want re-election. They are human. They are probably influenced by three considerations: the wealthy manufacturers, the railways and the people. The people come last. According to the amount of noise, and the kind of noise that the people make the administrators will temper the concessions to the first two interests. The Spirit of Prudence which should watch over all governments, but which sometimes does not,

will probably cause the Governments to give a color of popularity to whatever is done.

Meanwhile the Protectionist academicians will cite the United States as a sample of the need for a higher Canadian tariff. The ardent Imperialists of Toronto will fume over every encroachment on the British Preference. The Free Trade scholars, like Dr. Michael Clark, of Red Deer, will point to England as a sample of prosperity, and while the Protectionists point to her unemployed problem, Dr. Clark in turn will point to the trusts which hold the people of the United States in their hands.

Meanwhile, while waiting for the conclusion, all that an ordinary man can hope to do is to keep from getting rattled. The expert juggling of figures and terms by the debaters would make most men dizzy unless they can find some underlying fact to which to cling. For ourselves, we have chosen two: first, the American bases his laws for moral living on “I.” He won’t commit a crime, as a rule, because it acts against the worldly success of himself, but he may do a sharp

trick, as for instance in a tariff negotiation. After an agreement has been reached there are always little quibbles or technicalities on which to escape the spirit of the agreement. That is the first. The second is the recollection of the fact that the possession of raw materials is of little use to Canada if Canada is merely to be a warehouse for supplying American factories with material. Canada needs to keep her raw materials, as much as possible, for her own factories. That is all we have capacity to grasp. It is simple. It is neither the producers’ standpoint nor the consumers’ standpoint. It is Canadian.



#### MONEY IN POLITICS.

“WHY a political party needs money” is the title of an article by Herbert Parsons in the Outlook. In Canada there are a great many people who believe that no party ever needs money and that it would be quite immoral for any party to have a bank account. In fact, campaign funds in Canada have come to be associated always and only with proceedings for the upsetting of elections. But the fact remains that Canada’s political parties have their campaign funds just as other parties have, and this campaign fund cannot help but have its effect upon the conduct of the country’s legislators touching matters of moment to the people who contributed to that fund. An article dealing with this subject has been arranged for an early issue in the new year. It will be written by a careful writer who will select facts from the most reliable sources. It will not be written as an attack upon any party. It will show the expenses of a party, will explain why they are necessary in some instances and unnecessary in other, and will try to indicate whence the funds are drawn to defray these expenses.



PRESIDENT BRAGA  
of Portugal



KING MANOEL—  
the dethroned

# A QUIET LITTLE AFFAIR.

PORTUGAL has had, as the Byssander expresses it—"a quiet little revolution," just as the neighbors might speak of "Mrs. Jones' tea last week." Taken all around it was a very pleasant affair, conducted in a business-like manner, without any undue fuss, and yet with a proper dignity. It was just as though the narrow little nation of Portugal had turned over in its sleep and in so doing knocked the little King off his throne, and pitched him into exile on the floor beside the bed. At all events it got rid of him, and the only question now is whether or not, having turned over, the nation will fall asleep again, or will get up and don a man's garments, and do some work along with the other nations.

Meanwhile the boy who lost his position as King, and his Royal Mother, who was extremely clever in spending money, are in England. England was surely the best place for them to take for refuge. Kind old England has the faculty of minding her own business and not asking unkind questions when people are in trouble. Hail

Manoel and his mother gone to America they would have been made the sensation of the hour. Had they gone to France they would have been the butt of all the wits. Had they gone to Germany they would have been scorned as people who failed. But the old Mother of Parliaments has a wide sympathy. She has had her own troubles; she has had her own successes, and she understands just how the two fugitives feel. Among the palaces of England they will probably continue to drag along their lives. In time they will attend functions. In time the boy king will perhaps be seen walking in Green Park of a morning. In time he may try to get back his throne or will give it up and be content to putter his life out among the more fortunate aristocracy of other lands. But England will ask him no questions, will not embarrass him. The Mother of Parliaments is the mother of real courtesy.

With the exception of His Most Excellent Majesty King George the Fifth, whose position as King is, in the people's hearts, different than that of almost any other monarch, the average King must feel a faint sort of a feeling, a "gone" feeling, so to



A room in Manoel's Palace after the  
bombardment



The Royal bedroom in which King Manoel  
may sleep no more

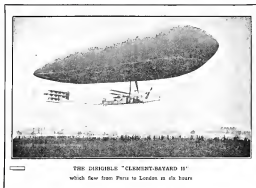
speak, when he recalls what has happened in Portugal, and when he sees King Alfonso of Spain clinging to his throne like a landsman to the deck of a drunken ship. The average King must feel: "Well, us Kings never can tell what's going to happen next these days. It's bad times for our business." And it must be with envy that he regards William of Germany, who has the natives frightened to death, and George of England, who has been in training for years to lead the nation in the direction of the people's best impulses.

It is noteworthy that the world has taken the revolution very quietly. It is sorry that a man who held such an opportunity as that of King of a decadent nation, did not have a better chance to improve it. But the world has come to look upon affairs of this kind as being in the interests of humanity at large. It does not weep for a dethroned King. It welcomes the chance of improvement in the house-keeping of one of the neighbor nations. Students of international affairs have not as yet begun to ask, "Will the monarchy ever be restored in Portugal?" but they are coming over the reasons "Why did Portugal fall?"

While this question must be answered if only to make complete the writings of the historians, it has in this case another relation; for the same fate that befell Manoel has at times appeared imminent for Alfonso of Spain, and if it can be seen that the same factors of trouble are at work in Spain as caused the revolution in Portugal, then the world may have obtained a basis for estimating how much longer Alfonso is to reign or what he must do to ensure for the little Prince of the Asturias a kingship.

A GREAT many people have been telling their neighbors going down in the street cars in the mornings, that, of course, they knew what caused the revolution. They had known it for a long time, they hint. In short, Protestants have been of the belief that the Church of Rome was to blame for the conditions in Portugal, which brought about the Republic, and only our Roman Catholic fellow citizens have refrained from discussing it as the possible reason.

But there are two articles in the current reviews which seek to correct this impression. One is an unsigned



essay in the *Quarterly Review*, and the other is by Francis McCullagh in the *Nineteenth Century*. The former speaks of the Roman Church in Spain, and the latter deals with the part which that Church played, among the other causes, in the Portuguese revolution.

"From all I can learn," says the writer in the *Nineteenth Century*, "this (the clerical) question was largely artificial. I once knew a lady suffering from epileptic fits who imagined that the attacks were due to her wearing glasses which were a shade too strong for her sight; and I have frequently met neurasthenics who were convinced that the irritableness and the other unpleasant symptoms of their complaint would disappear if they wore a larger size in boots or made some trivial change in their habits. The Portuguese, a proud people with a great history, are keenly sensitive to the fact that now, in the twentieth century, they do not occupy the same relative position in Europe which they occupied in the fifteenth century. They have declined, and are, in consequence, irritable and despondent. Suddenly they are told that this decline is due

to clericalism. The statement is repeated in a hundred different forms. The cry is taken up by fanatics, who are as much opposed to Catholicity as the Jesuits are devoted to it. These anti-clericals are as well organized and as self-sacrificing as the Jesuits themselves. Their propaganda is carried out with great skill, persistence and courage. Finally, the Portuguese people believe them, just as the average man in the street comes in time to believe the persistent advertisers who scream at him from every hoarding and every station on the Underground that their pale pills cure cramp! . . . This is the principle which lies at the root of all quack advertising, either in medicine or in politics, and it accounts in part for the success of the anti-clerical cry in Portugal. That cry was popular because it flattered Portuguese pride and Portuguese indolence. They were still a great nation, but they were bent double under the burden of Monasticism. Let them but throw off that incubus and they would at once tower head and shoulders over all the other nations in Europe. Such was the



Military guards were placed in the French Depots



French soldiers awaiting to train during recent strike

remedy, so simple, so attractive. No need for an elaborate diagnosis, for long years of self-discipline. Put out the monks, and all will be well. This cry appealed, moreover, to Southern impatience and impulsiveness. Nothing needed, but one short angry upheaval, one delirious week of rioting and convent-smashing. How perfectly delightful! I do not think that the departure of the monks will make much difference to Portugal. There are proportionately more monks in Germany than there were in Portugal, yet Germany prospers. Whether or not the clericals injured Portugal in the past is another matter. Probably the Inquisition did injure the country, but the Inquisition was more Governmental than clerical. In the middle of the last century it was in the hands of the Marquis de Pombal, who expelled the Jesuits, and whose brother, the head of the Inquisition, even burned a Jesuit at the stake."

The *Quarterly Review* confirms this. It says that the Roman Church has emphasized the natural, easy-going nature of the Spanish by teaching the doctrine of world-renunciation, but

beyond this it claims that Church was only "one of the Hydra's heads." It says that the root of the trouble with Spain lies in the fact that the provinces of that country are held artificially together; the nation is an artificial one, which was forced together by Castile. This explains, in part, it says, why the Spanish have local patriotism, but no nationalism. The trouble is that the people are indifferent to national politics until a war or a heavy tax rouses them. The result is that the Government is left in the hands of the professional politician.

#### THE AMERICAN CHANTECLER.

AS this last form goes to press, it appears that Theodore Roosevelt is beaten! The words are worth weighing. The phrase is one of those short, curt quartettes of words which gives one shout and conveys a fact worth missing a meal to consider, just as when across the wires of the world flew the message a few months ago—The King is dead! There were four words in that and four in this one about Roosevelt.

Roosevelt looked so undefeatable! The tumult which he raised passed for the "still small voice" of a wise man because people thought he was going to win. As the voice of a Victor—no, not the machine—his voice was eloquent. As the voice of a man who was going along to defeat it was—vulgar. Just now Roosevelt is in a state which, as we go to press, can best be described vulgarly.—He has been beaten to a frazzle.

There were three issues in American politics and it appears as though Mr. Roosevelt neglected the best one. He shouted again Privilege. He took all the axioms of ordinary, every-day honesty and belabored them forth like the revelations of a prophet. It sounded like gospel. It was rather popular because Truth seldom walks naked in these days. Men hide its classic lines in Demi-Ready garments, highly colored.

Roosevelt introduced the issue of State rights against Federal rights. This has been one of the bones of contention in the United States ever since



AND AFTER!  
—By Otto Sauer

the War of Independence. In fact, it was the principle of State rights against Federal rights that brought about the war. It was the same principle that was violated when the North interfered with slavery in the South. Americans believe in "The sovereignty of the State." It means as much as half a prayer-book to most of them, and when Roosevelt introduced his "New Nationalism," giving the Federal powers more authority, he bid fair to shake the whole nation. He did. But the wrong apple fell.

It may be that although he sought to temper the natural American resentment towards Federalism by making out that he was going to wipe out privileges for the Few, this New Nationalism defeated him. But it seems much more probable that it was the resentment of the American people for a tariff that makes sixty dollars a fair price for a suit of clothes in Canada the woolen manufacturers cry day and night for more protection; but Canadians buy their clothes fairly



ROOSEVELT: "If they are looking for trouble they will get it."

cheap. In the United States the woolen men have excellent protection—it is a wall over which few foreign clothes can climb; but Americans pay fancy prices for their clothes. It may have been privileged that the American people wanted righted. It may have been privilege that the American body to have more power over the States; but it looks more as though it was that sixty dollars for a suit of clothes that has been annoying it. If Theodore had promised to bring that down to "twenty-eight fifty" per suit, or even if he had made his platform the shooting-up of the woolen manufacturers, he might have won. But instead, he didn't. It looks now as though he were beaten. Sixty dollars is too much.

We are not denying that Roosevelt is more or less of a hero. He has his mission. The United States needs a big noise to penetrate the low, monotonous hum of materialistic progress. But he should not imagine that he, like Chantecler, in Rostand's play of the barnyard, is indispensable to the dawning of righteousness in the public affairs of the United States. Chantecler thought that by his crow the Dawn was summoned. It was a very

pretty delusion, but there was no shaking his faith in himself until the Pheasant Hen succeeded in tucking his head under her wing one morning when the pair were out at a scandalous hour, so that the Dawn rose without the rooster's crow. So, then, with Roosevelt. Some day some great reform shall come without his being able to herald it. He may have a sore throat or mumps and be unable to sing it in. When that day comes he shall be, like Chantecler, a sadder and a wiser rooster and much more valuable to the American Barnyard.



#### "THE NEW IRISH OUTLOOK."

"THE New Irish Outlook" is the heading under which James Boyle, in "The Forum" takes occasion to argue that the Home Rule question has lost much of its bitterness and—which is apparently more to the point in that writer's opinion,—that Ireland is drifting toward an alliance with the Conservative Party rather than the Liberal Administration in Great Britain.

"There is now," he says, "a New Ireland—an Ireland which is practic-



PROPOSE!  
—From Harper Weekly



A REMARKABLE FLASHLIGHT TAKEN IN THE AFRICAN JUNGLE

ally unknown to the vast majority of the Irish race in America. . . . The cause of Catholic Agitation in Ireland was religious discrimination; and the back-bone of the demand for Home Rule has been alien ownership of the land. The first grievance is now practically only a memory of the past; and the second is within sight of removal. . . . It is a momentous fact that the Catholic Church, as such, in Ireland, has no substantial fault to find now with the British Government or the British connection. Heretofore, the demand for Home Rule, based on political justice, national aspiration, and economic considerations, has been given an intensity and a piousness of enthusiasm by a sense of wrong through religious discrimination: there has always been the feeling that in fighting for Home Rule, Catholics were striking a blow for faith as well as for fatherland. But now the situation has changed. There are already indications of the development of a re-alignment, if not of an actual separation, of the old relations as between religion and politics in Ireland. On the one hand, we see the clergy and dignitaries of the Catholic Church indulging freely in criticism of the Nationalists,—that is, of their tactics—quite apart from the questions of violence and boycotting, which the

Church has always condemned. And on the other hand, we see many Irish Nationalists protesting against their Party being made a close corporation religiously, and the Independent O'Brienites in Parliament, who are such a thorn in Mr. Redmond's side, give as one of the chief reasons of their organization their objection to the fact—as charged by the 'insurgents'—that Protestants are barred from participation in the regular Nationalist movement. So strong is the feeling on this score, that the followers of O'Brien call the Redmondites "Catholic Orangemen" and "Molly Maguires."

. . . It is quite in harmony with the statements of Messrs. Redmond and Dillon . . . to say that . . . neither the masses of the people nor the leaders look at the National question in the old bitter spirit; and even the opponents of Home Rule are now beginning to admit that an Irishman can favor the abolition of the alien 'Castle Government' without entertaining designs against the Empire. Indeed . . . were the British people,—the English and the Irish Protestants particularly,—thoroughly convinced that Home Rule did not mean, ultimately, separation and the destruction of the Empire, and, were satisfactory guarantees given for the pro-

SURPRISED!  
A lion's flash-light

tection of the loyal minority, the chief objections to Home Rule would be swept away. One of the most encouraging phases of the present situation in Ireland is the spirit of tolerance, as regards both politics and religion, which has spread over the country among all classes."

Mr. Boyle then takes up the position of the Irish Nationalist party in the British House of Commons. He first states that Mr. Redmond will not be able "to elbow Home Rule gently through the House, as a mere incident of the battle over the budget," and then proceeds to argue that the Nationalists are bound to ally themselves eventually with the Conservatives of England rather than the Liberals. Already the Nationalists are split in two parts, he claims, and they are sure in time to join the Conservatives.

He gives two reasons for this. The first is that, in his opinion, the Irish are historically "Protectionists." He declares that the bulk of the Irish people are in active sympathy with the "Tariff Reform," or moderate protection policy of the Conservatives.

The second reason he gives is the opposition which Ireland feels towards Socialism and which must in time tear it away from the Socialistic Liberal Party. The Irish peasants

will prefer the Tory policy of cutting up the large estates into small farms to be owned by the tillers, rather than the Liberal tendency to support a system of tenant farms with Government ownership of the land. This Government Ownership Mr. Boyle looks upon as characteristic of the Socialistic leanings of the present administration.

The Irish people, he goes on, have an "intense dislike and fear of the advancing English, Scotch and Welsh Socialism."

Although the leaders of the Liberal Party deny that their organization is favorable to 'definite' Socialism, yet it is a matter of cold fact that the whole drift in their party for several years has been steadily toward Socialism. On the other hand, the Conservative Party are specifically and aggressively opposed to Socialism.

After full consideration of the new outlook on Irish affairs, the enquiry will naturally be made: do the changed conditions mean that Home Rule is near at hand, or do they indicate that as a political question it is gradually to fade away, leaving only the memory of a sentiment engendered by past injustice,—which injustice, however, no longer exists? It would be one of the greatest ironies of history if, just when the English people were getting ready to grant Home Rule, the Irish people ceased demanding it! But even though this extraordinary situation developed



A LIONESS TREKING A JUNGLE PATH



**LORD ALVERSTONE:** The man who sentenced Crispin to hang, and who is remembered by Canadians in connection with the Alaskan Boundary Awards

it would not by any means follow that Ireland would not possess real local self-government in the same degree enjoyed by the other parts of the United Kingdom."

#### THE AEROPLANE'S REVOLUTION OF WARFARE.

**W**AR is man's oldest game. Aviation is his newest, says Frederick Palmer in *Harvard's Magazine*. War began when Cain killed Abel. From Cain's day to ours—from the primitive weapon which he used to the latest pattern of smokeless, noiseless, long-range rifle—from the first hide shield to modern battle-ship armor—the fighting expert has ever asked the inventor, "What is your latest aid to slaughter my enemy?" and "What is the best means of defense if he uses it against me?" . . . What will war do with the aeroplane? Or better, what will the aeroplane do with war?

War will end only when war becomes a two-edged sword which man will be as loth to draw as he would be to summon chaos.

In modern times almost the sole occupation of the cavalry is to scout for information. All the extended tentacles of contact are ever feeling for vulnerable spots; reconnaissances that cost thousands of casualties may be made unhesitatingly in order to get exact information about a redoubt. This work the aeroplane will now do. *If the Russians had had a single capable aviator at the battle of Mukden they would have won and Japan might now be a second-rate power.* . . . The Japs completely deceived the Russians. One aviator, flying above the Japanese encampments, could have noted their lack of strength. He might have sent word to the Czar that Russia need only hold out a little longer for a turn in the tide. The Russian ambassadors at the Portsmouth conference might have said: "We want Port Arthur back and you must evacuate Korea, or we will keep on fighting till you are exhausted, as you soon will be."

And so it comes to pass that all the elaborate Oriental spy system, so baffling to the Occidental, seems to have been read into antiquity by brothers Wilbur and Orville, bicycle repairers, of Dayton, Ohio.



**THE DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT.**  
Wife of Earl Grey's coming successor at Ottawa

#### THE BRITISH AND AMERICAN WORKINGMAN.

**"T**HE British workingman is ill-employed, ill-paid, and poor if compared with his exceedingly prosperous American colleague." This is the conclusion reached by "Politics" writing in the *Fortnightly Review*. He compares the figures of production and the figures showing the consumption of necessities and luxuries by the English workingman and the American workingman. He then brings their wages down to a basis of comparison and makes the announcement of his finding.

Now, some English Free Trader will take the same figures and work

the problem out backwards to prove the reverse. He will either inform us that the American workingman—which may be fairly considered to be in the same condition as the Canadian—is starving while his English brother is growing fat.

Whatever happens, there is still unemployment in England, and still—trains in America.

#### AN APOLOGY FOR ANARCHY.

**M**R. W. JETHRO BROWN is a Professor in the University of Adelaide, and he has written an article which he calls, "The Message of Anarchy." So far as can be learned, he is not an anarchist, but a re-



spectable academician. In fact, from his article in the *Hibbert Journal*, he seems to be a man of peace.

The people of this country are likely to have little patience with the very heading of the article. The ordinary man with a fairly comfortable position in this world and few things to blame the Government for, is apt to dwell in the belief that no respectable person wants to hear any "messages from Anarchy." We are apt to associate with the term "Anarchy" the murder of President McKinley. We are apt to regard the average exponent of the philosophy as an Emma Goldman, banned from the country.

But Professor Brown sets out to explain the real message of Anarchy, stripped of its violent features.

Few of the great causes which have inspired human devotion in the past have suffered so much as anarchy from the unrelenting depreciation which confuses essentials with accidental associations. . . . Those who, under the pretense of the end justifying the means, commit or plot murder in cold blood, have much to answer for. Yet we can no more reject anarchy because ill deeds have been done in its name, than we can reject liberty for the same reason; or than we can repudiate Catholicism because of the Inquisition. In actual fact, anarchy did not originate as a theory of violence; and those who have advocated violence have done so as a temporary means and on the ground of an overwhelming necessity. The appeal to violence originated in Russia, where men, opposing force to force, struck in blind fury of protest at a despotism which seemed unassailable by any other weapon. . . . No statement of popular misconceptions about anarchy would be complete without reference to the illusion that anarchy is hostile to law in the sense of rules of conduct generally observed among men. Although some exponents express the strange opinion that men can dispense with rules of conduct, each man doing as he thinks best under the particular circumstances, anarchists in

general are not guilty of so puerile an assumption. "Imagine," exclaims Mr. Bernard Shaw, "leaving the traffic of Piccadilly or Broadway to proceed on the understanding that every driver should keep to that side of the road which seemed to him to promote the greatest happiness of the greatest number." The protest of anarchy is not against rules of conduct, but against the enforcement of such rules by the might of society, without regard to their approval by the individuals upon whom they are enforced. We can only excuse anarchy of lawlessness if we limit the term law to state-enforced rules."

#### MARTYRS OF SCIENCE.

By Arthur B. Reeve in "Technical World."

IF peace hath her victories no less renowned than war, then Dr. Milan K. Kassabian, who died in Philadelphia on July 12, was a hero perhaps of even greater calibre than the heroes of many wars. For Dr. Kassabian died of skin cancer brought on by X-ray burns in his marvellous work as one of the foremost specialists in America.

In America the early history of the Roentgen rays was marked by the death of two men well known. One was Charles Dally, chief assistant to Mr. Edison, and the other was Dr. Louis Weigell, of New York. For seven years Mr. Dally was a martyr to dermatitis caused by the constant exposure of his hands and arms to the rays.

Thirty years ago a doctor in Louisville wrote a book, which he called "Yellow fever heroes, honors and horrors of 1878." In it he gave a list of ten thousand victims and the martyrs' death roll of volunteer physicians, nurses, ministers and others who had died in fighting the epidemic.

Such a thing can never happen again. Never again will yellow fever call for such widespread heroism.

For the heroism of another, smaller, group of devoted men has destroyed our fear of the most fatal epidemic disease in the western hemisphere, destroyed in its favorite home port. The name of the man who did it is perpetuated by a small pension granted by Congress to his widow and is borne by a military hospital in Washington—Walter Reed. To-day his name should be enrolled with those of Jenner and Lister and Morton.

Reed entered the army as assistant surgeon and first lieutenant in 1873. When the Spanish War broke out and camps were devastated by typhoid he was made head of a board to study the fever and after a year spent at it, patiently and accurately studying hundreds of cases, he made a report that is the basis of our recent study of typhoid. It contained among other original and valuable work the discovery that the common fly carries typhoid, as well as contaminated water,—a fact we are only now realizing pointedly.

In June, 1900, Reed was ordered to Cuba as president of a board to study infectious disease, with Acting Assistant Surgeons James Carroll, Jesse W. Lazear, and A. Agramonte. The situation was peculiar. Here after a year or so of sanitation health had been improved and the death rate lowered but yellow fever remained practically the same. What was back of this mystery? Fever was getting higher and hundreds of valuable lives of non-laborers were being sacrificed.

Dr. Reed applied to General Wood, who was military governor of Cuba, for leave to experiment on non-laborers and for a liberal sum to compensate volunteers. General Wood promptly granted what was asked and, to the everlasting glory of the American soldier, volunteers offered themselves fearlessly and promptly.

Reed had a shrewd idea; he believed that sanitation alone was not enough. It had been proved that malarial fever was transmitted by mosquitoes and Dr. Carlos Finlay, of

Havana, had advanced the theory that mosquitoes did the same for yellow fever.

Dr. Carroll allowed himself to be bitten by a mosquito which for twelve days had fed on the blood of a fever patient. He suffered a very severe attack, the first experimental case, but he recovered. Dr. Lazear also experimented; was bitten by a mosquito in the wards of the fever hospital and with calm precision noted each symptom of the disease as it broke out. Dr. Lazear had it in its most terrible form and finally died—the first of these martyrs to science. There was no other fatality among the heroes, though many of them came out of the ordeal shattered in health and with lives materially shortened.

Reed's experiments will always remain as models in the annals of scientific research both for exactness and directness toward the point to be proved and for the precautions against visiting by failure and error. Small wonder that when he returned to the States Reed was honored by medical schools and learned societies. He died in November, 1902, of appendicitis.

A most remarkable case of human vivisection has recently come to a successful end. The object of the experiment was to determine the functions of certain important nerves. The subject of the experiment was Dr. Henry Head, a physician in the London Hospital. Accidental cases for the study of this problem were rare and only indirect studies had been made, so Dr. Head offered his hand for purposes of experiment. In 1903 the necessary operation was performed which was the dividing of an important nerve, the excision of a small portion of it and the uniting of the two ends with fine silk sutures. Then followed a series of experiments performed by the most competent nerve specialists it was possible to obtain. For five years Dr. Head gave himself up to absolute quiet at Cambridge, and now the experiment is said to have been completely successful.



MADAME CURIE  
At work in her laboratory

#### MADAME CURIE'S LATEST ACHIEVEMENT.

**F**IRST, Madame Curie and her husband discover radium and now this widowed woman scientist, poring over her test-tubes and retorts has succeeded in reducing radium from "an elusive radio-active element" to a particle of solid matter. "This is an important discovery in physics," says *London Nature*, "since hitherto only salts, such as bromides and chlorides of that mysterious metal have been obtainable."

It is difficult, says *Current Literature*, referring to an article on the subject in *Paris Cosmos*, to describe the details of the process by which Madame Curie obtained radium. . . . One of the radium salts was decomposed by electrolysis, the cathode being a small quantity of pure mercury. By this means an amalgam of radium was formed. This was placed in a small tube of quartz and was distilled in hydrogen at high

pressure. The heat was brought to a tremendous degree and then all the mercury disappeared. The tube was now found to contain a sparkling coat of metal. This metal rapidly blackened in contact with the air and so was immediately placed in a glass tube in a vacuum and hermetically sealed. Only the smallest quantity, the size of a diminutive pea, has as yet been isolated and few experiments have been made to discover the properties of the metal. . . . It will immediately eat through paper. It adheres firmly to iron and quickly decomposes water.

An additional interest is given to this story of the discoverer of Radium by the fact that with all the great position which she holds in the regard of the wizards of chemistry, and despite the fact that when she and her husband discovered the secret of radium salts they gave it to the world instead of keeping it a secret to themselves, Madame Curie could scarcely secure enough of the precious pitch blend

from which the radium salts are obtained, to make her experiments.

Madame Curie tried to get someone to "lend" her the element. The premium of insurance upon it which she was asked to pay made it impossible for her to secure it from the Joachimsthal Laboratory where quantities of it are stored by the Austrian Government. Thereupon, continues *Current Literature*, she applied to the Minister of Public Instruction to know whether the French Government would bear the cost of the insurance demanded by the Austrian Government. It was, she thought, too high. But it was proposed that since she and her late husband kept none of their laboratory operations secret and worked for the whole world, the Foreign Office in Paris might feel justified in appealing to the Emperor of Austria. The appeal went through the French Ambassador in Vienna. His Majesty expressed deep interest in the scientific work of Madame Curie and promised that she should have the salts of uranium needed to complete her demonstrations. These salts contain uranium and are a product of pitchblende.

As the Emperor of Austria owns the mines that contain the precious substance, he seemed master at Joachimsthal. The reality does not correspond with the inference. Madame Curie in due time received a catalogue of the Joachimsthal chemicals with radium and uranium salts set down at a far higher figure than before. However, notwithstanding her narrow means, she has been able to buy an atom of the substance so precious for her purposes. The Department of Public Instruction in France is building for its safe keeping a little edifice completely isolated from the sun. The walls are everywhere lined with sheets of lead. Were they not so, the precious atom would make its way through them as water flows from a sieve.

Some time ago the Austrian Government entrusted Sir William Ramsay with about half a gram—one fifty-fifth of an ounce—of radium.

#### CENSORING MOVING PICTURE FILMS.

**A**S Charles V. Tevis relates his experience in the "judgment room" of a motion picture factory, in *The World To-Day*, to act "judge" in such a "court" ought not to be an unpleasant duty.

"It seemed," he writes, "to be a quite informal reception, at first. On one side of the room several ladies were gaily chatting about the weather with several gentlemen, and on the other side several gentlemen were pointing out the merits of a number of art-prints to several ladies. The writer's initial impulse was to glance out of the window to see if the sun were still shining. Then a pole of blank slips on a long table in the centre of the room caught his eye. They had a cold, businesslike appearance.

All at once the lights went out. Somebody came softly into the room and screamed the windows. The buzz of conversation gave way to a b-r-r-ring sound, and, upon a white background, which had been dropped from the ceiling at the end of the room, there appeared a round blot of light which slowly evolved into the announcement that "The Judgment of the Mighty Deep" was about to be depicted.

"Her Life for Her Love" came next. . . .

Far eastern costumes, camels and picturesque tents predominated in the first scene. After one minute's wait, the tents had metamorphosed into a sixteenth-century castle with a modern Queen Anne back porch, and the dress was of almost every period and country in the European calendar.

"Do we condemn on account of historical incongruity or inappropriate

and inartistic stage settings? No," explained the censor. "If, when the maiden loses her life for her love, there is any gruesome detail of crime accentuated, we will take notice at once. They can call a present-day bungalow a medieval castle for all we care. Or they can dress all the characters as American Indians. See—now the plot thickens. She is impersonating her lord, and the band of desperadoes ought to be coming along soon. There they are, lurking behind that stone wall. They are starting to follow her."

A bold, bad-looking crowd it was, indeed. One might have belonged to Captain Kidd's crew; another to a member of the Jesse James gang; another a Farisian Apache; another a seventeenth-century knave; and the captain surely had stepped out of the pages of the "Three Musketeers." None in any moving-picture audience any part of the United States could have for a moment mistaken their identity.

They overtook the disguised maiden in a secluded part of Central Park—no, it was somewhere in the domain of her fascinating lord—and there they fell upon her in relays, and, as one of the committee expressed it, "did her to dreadful death."

Then they arose from the prostrate form, and each wiped his dripping blade upon his mantle, doublet, overcoat or shirt—whatever sort of garment he wore. Horrors! The committee, as one person, sat up stiffly and took a long breath.

"That will have to be changed," declared a member in no uncertain tone of voice.

"The knife-cleaning business especially," suggested another.

"And those horrible grins!" exclaimed one of the ladies. "They seem to think that murdering a girl is the finest kind of sport."

"Over the Cliff" was a meaty film from the viewpoint of the critics. In the first place, the heartless villain, a wicked-looking French sailor, made

the mistake of kidnapping the pretty girl in a manner quite taboo. When the "coast was clear," he stole up and ruthlessly enveloped her in a large, dirty sack, very plainly choking her cries by means of a throttle hold upon her throat. This was exceedingly careless of him, or the manufacturers. He should have waited until she had wandered behind the scenes, for an intimation of a kidnapping is about all the committee will allow to pass through its hands.

Then he made another mistake. He climbed upon a high cliff in plain view of the audience, and, sneering fiendishly at an inoffensive little cloud in the northwest, flung the sack and its human freight into the sea far below. One could almost hear him say some thrilling French curse-word. The exclamations of the ladies in the audience were quite plain, though.

Luckily, the child did not sink for a good five minutes, and the little boy who went to her rescue was able to reach and carry her to safety.

Since March, 1909, this sort of work has been going on five days in a week, every week in the month. Prior to that date effort had been made by the managers of the show-houses in New York to organize such a committee, but internal dissension among the producers hurt whatever success they might have had. Then the manufacturers of films, trust firms and independents, took the matter up and formed a permanent organization.

Chosen members from fully a score of charitable, religious and educational institutions in the metropolis were sent as delegates to the manufacturers to make up a committee which should sit in judgment on their work. The men and women were from the Young Men's Christian Association, the Young Women's Christian Association, the Children's Aid Society, the People's Institute, the Women's Municipal League, the different branches of the city's associated charities, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, the Purity League,

the Women's Christian Temperance Union, a number of denominational societies and many other civic and private organizations. There was no remuneration; the services of the members were donated in the interest of public morals. There was even no law to direct the forming and working of such a body. It existed purely on invitation of the manufacturers. Yet, since its inception, not one verdict of the committee has been set aside.

Mr. John Collier, the member of the committee representing the People's Institute, who has made several years' study of the matter of moving-picture morals, has expounded some of the unwritten "don'ts" according to the lights of the censors.

"All obscene subjects are strictly taboo. If manufacturers put them out, the local boards and police authorities all over the country will place the ban on them.

"All crime pictures, showing gruesome details or tending to teach the technique of crime, are voted against. The suggestion is too strong, even where the picture brings out a strong lesson. The minds of the young today are too fertile to trust such pictures to. And we believe that the same lesson can be shown as effectively in other ways.

"All suggestive crime, that is, crime like arson or suicide, is taboo. We do not object to a Shakespearean suicide. But we do object to a picture which shows a man or a woman jumping off the Brooklyn Bridge into the East River. That picture would possibly be the cause of several people trying such a leap for themselves.

"Unsanitized sensationalism and malicious mischief we do not believe should be exploited. We are not prudish in this direction, however. We even encourage innocent mischief.

"Nothing that is in any way offensive to any religious sentiment is allowed to pass. Biblical pictures and

stories we do not object to, and we do not demand historical accuracy in them. We are not censoring for theological seminaries. And, if they want to make George Washington the discoverer of America, why, as far as we are concerned, they may.

"We discourage pictures dealing with the subject of marital infidelity. But in some cases we do not condemn them. We believe that the problem play is all right, if it is presented in a proper manner.

"Kidnapping pictures we do not like and seldom pass. In New Jersey there is a law against producing them. Also pictures which show wanton cruelty to animals, even hunting scenes, we cut out, except in remote cases where there is a moral pointed that could not be shown in any other way.

It really does not need the word of the censor committee now to convince the manufacturers that by an extra care they are saving themselves money. One film, a very well-known one, made an elaborate dramatization of "Michael Strogoff," Jules Verne's novel of life in Siberia. It was passed without a single question by the committee and duly scheduled and sent out upon the road.

Almost with its first appearance in Chicago objection was made to it by the authorities and it had to be taken off the boards and altered to meet this city's requirements. It was said that the scene where "Strogoff's" eyes were burned out was too gruesome for public display.

In the picture the man impersonating "Strogoff" sat with his back to the audience and when his captors apparently passed a hot iron across his eyes, he blew out a large mouthful of cigarette smoke. The illusion was complete. Members of the censor committee remarked the cleverness with which this scene was accomplished and passed the film upon a passing showing. The Chicago police held it up on its first try-out.

## THE WHYFOR OF THE FOOTBALL CRAZE.

H. ADDINGTON BRUCE in the *Outlook* says: "There can be no doubt that, excluding the games common to childhood, football is far and away the most popular of outdoor sports. No other is played by so many peoples, and, while it is the 'national' game of no country, all so-called national games, when brought into competition with it, tend to take a subordinate place. In the United States not even baseball, splendid game that it is, arouses the enthusiasm and attracts the crowds that through to football matches; in Canada, despite the national devotion to lacrosse, its 'drawing' qualities are admittedly inferior to those of football; in England, where cricket is supposed to reign supreme, football appeals to the mass of the people in a way that cricket has never done."

It is no uncommon thing for an English workingman, seemingly so stolid and unemotional, to devote full fifty minutes of his precious noon hour to watching with intense interest a game of football. Championship contests in England and Scotland are attended by fifty, sixty, and sometimes more than seventy thousand spectators, whose ardor is unabated by the most adverse weather conditions. The same indifference to sight but the same is evident wherever football is played. I well remember one game in Canada in which I participated, when, before the first half was ten minutes old, a heavy snow-storm set in, with a keen, cutting wind. The storm progressed throughout the game, two inches of snow falling, and the wind steadily increasing. Yet scarcely any one left the exposed stands until the referee's whistle had blown for the last time; while above the wind could be plainly heard the wild cheering of the spectators, urging the snow-blinded players to greater effort.

But, as a display of unrestrained, exuberant enthusiasm nothing is quite

comparable with the spectacle presented at the great college games in this country, particularly the Harvard-Yale and Yale-Princeton games. Here the impelling influence and strange fascination of football are most impressively revealed. On an average, thirty to thirty-five thousand persons annually witness each of these principal inter-collegiate struggles, and probably as many more would attend if seating accommodations could be had.

It should be noted, too, that football has achieved its wonderful popularity in the face of bitter opposition. As everybody knows, there has been of recent years a clamorous demand in some quarters for its suppression. It has been picturesquely described as "a prize-fight multiplied by eleven," and denounced as a brutal, inhuman practice, unfit for civilized men to countenance. Such denunciations, however, are no new thing. As long ago as 1424 the playing of football was prohibited in England by royal proclamation, and in 1533 that rigid Puritan of Tudor times, Philip Stubbs, condemned it in his "Anatomic of Abuses," in which it received the pleasant designation of "a bloody, murdering game." In the following century, during the regime of Stubbs' coreligionists, earnest efforts were made to put a complete end to it; but it has instead grown more and more popular, until to-day, more than ever before, it has a firm hold on the esteem of the sport-loving public.

Manifestly, this can be accounted for in only one of two ways: Either the man of the twentieth century is a brutal, debased, degenerate creature, or else, to an extraordinary degree and alike for players and spectators, football meets a real human need. No thinking person will accept the former alternative, so that the conclusion is forced that there is something in football which mankind cannot readily afford to lose. . . . What and why is play? There are three principal theories: One, formulated by Herbert

Spencer, declares that play is simply the utilization of surplus nervous energy in activities having no serious end but serving the excellent purpose of giving needed exercise to growing muscles. Distinct from this is a theory launched by the well-known European scientist, Dr. Groos, by whom play is defined as an instinct implanted in the young as a means of aiding in the development of every faculty—the mental, as well as the physical—for future serious use. Childhood thus exists mainly to prepare the young, through play, for the business of adult life. Hence the fondness of the boy for games which mimic the activities of his elders, and of the girl for dolls and other toys and pastimes imitative of the duties of motherhood and housekeeping.

But, as an American psychologist, Professor G. T. W. Patrick, has recently pointed out, neither of these theories, as it stands, is adequate to explain why people like to witness games as well as take part in them. Professor Patrick accordingly advances a third theory, differing markedly from the foregoing and based on certain discoveries of anthropology. In play, summing up his theory in a few words, we have a temporary reversion to the life of primitive man.

"To use a biological term," explains Professor Patrick, "it is known that the child 'recapitulates' the life history of the race. Just why he does so biologists are not able to say; but the evidences, particularly in embryology, are striking enough. So far as concerns the plays of children, the explanation may not be far to seek. If we look upon the history of man as a development of the will, as an advance by means of effort, attention, and concentration, it is easy to see that these later and more difficult achievements are ill fitted to the immature child. He must, to be sure, be physically and mentally active, but his activity will be along the lines of least effort—that is, of old race habits. The child is 'the heir of all the ages,' and inherits

at birth the old time-worn brain paths whose use makes little draft upon his easily-fatigued nerve centres. By-and-by he will have to check these primitive tendencies, and by education and effort to bring the newer and higher centres into use. So, without will, effort, or fatigue, he follows the manner of life of his savage or half-savage ancestors."

Now, the argument continues, this tendency to revert to the ways of primitive man persists beyond the childhood period, and for much the same reason as in the case of the child—namely, use of the older brain paths in order to allow the newer and higher centres to rest. Accordingly, we should expect to find those games the most favored—from the point of view of both player and spectator—which are most strongly reminiscent of the life of our early ancestors. This is what actually occurs. Football, for example, that most popular of games, and the one with which we are immediately concerned, with its running, pushing, hauling, and kicking, its lively scrimmages and its restless moving up and down the field, recalls more strongly than any other game that stage in the evolution of man when his existence depended on his brute strength, fleetness of foot, and ability to cope with his fellows in hand-to-hand conflict.

We are so constituted that, although we may, and actually do, store up some of this surplus for use in times of emergency, we cannot retain all of it. We must get rid of part, work it off in some way. And the obvious way is through play, especially through play outdoors, because we are thereby not simply disposing of unneeded energy, but are also drawing upon the mind and body building resources of nature to fit us better for our daily tasks, whatever they may happen to be.

Note well, also, that if we do not resort to play we may be tempted to expend this energy surplus in ways most harmful to us and to society. For play is not the only avenue open

for the liberation of excess energy. Undue use of intoxicants and drugs, gambling, sexual vices—all these are means by which too many strive for and attain the same end, though at the cost of moral, mental, and physical wreckage.

Football is the game of games to "take a man out of himself." His attention is held keenly and constantly concentrated on the struggle in progress. There are not the frequent recurring and tedious waits incidental to baseball. It embraces a greater variety of play than do those other noble games of action, lacrosse and hockey. It is far "snappier" than cricket. In the spectacle of its numerous contestants all energetically engaged, it possesses a massive effect, stimulating to the imagination in an incomparably higher degree than such two, three, or four-men games as tennis and golf.

Football obviously is an excellent game to strengthen the muscles, and, although perhaps less obviously, it is an effective help in equipping the player for life's duties and responsibilities. In many ways it disciplines his mind, training, for instance, his faculties of memory, observation, and decision.

#### "THE HAVOC OF PRUDERY."

THERE are two kinds of "respectable" people who introduce what might be called "risqué" topics into a general discussion. They are emancipated women striving to be wits, and real philosophers. The philosophers are usually careful to study their audience before changing the ordinary course of the conversation.

But when a magazine takes up a "delicate" subject and puts it under the heading "The Havoc of Prudery" and parallels the article itself with editorial comment, people are apt to ask whether the magazine is perfectly sincere in the publication of such

matter, or whether it hopes to gain circulation and notoriety thereby.

Pearson's Magazine for November publishes the article above referred to. It is written by a physician, William Lee Howard. It deals with what that writer calls "The Black Plague." He declares that "prudery" is to blame for "the most insidious enemy to the social life of the whole community."

Reading it, one is convinced that the author is sincere and that the magazine is sincere. It is not necessary to go into the detail which Pearson's affords. One may summarize the physician's conclusions by saying, first, that there does not exist a "black plague" which medical men all agree is the worst of all plagues; that it wrecks men and women and children and homes; that the innocent are as much its victims as the wrongdoers; and—that it spreads because of ignorance.

The writer of the article claims that information concerning the plague is not placed where it could be had by everyone. He says that children are not given the teaching they ought to have. He says that through ignorance, people fall into evil afflictions and, through prudery, hesitate to go to a good physician and therefore go to quacks. He would abolish public drinking cups and towels. He would regulate public conveniences. He would prevent criminals afflicted with disease from rearing families and would require candidates for marriage to produce medical certificates of good health.

In short, he is radical. It would take years to educate the public to the standard he sets. Yet if the figures he gives of the terrible ravages of the disease are correct the abolition of false modesties should be commenced at once, and if not—if the figures are not correct or the case is misstated, then the writer and the magazine are traitors to the privilege of addressing the public. But we don't think they can be.

#### THE HOPE DIAMOND.

A mere paragraph of a cable despatch appeared in the Canadian papers not long ago to the effect that the "Famous Hope Diamond has again appeared and is being offered for sale by a large firm of London dealers. They hold it at a price of \$500,000." The current number of the *Wide World Magazine*, which had apparently gone to press before the fact became known that the jewel was again in the public eye, gives an account of this amazing gem, but concludes with the statement that it has long since "disappeared." The cable from London therefore adds new interest to the article which is already interesting enough in itself. Despite the fact that ill-luck is said to go with the possession of the stone there have been, it is understood, many bidders for it.

Its last owner, says John G. Rowe, in the *Wide World*, was a diamond merchant named Habbu, who was drowned in Rho Straits, near Singapore, in November of last year, in the ship-wreck of the French Liner, *La Seyne*. He had the diamond with him, at least so it was believed.

The original owner was Jean Baptiste Tavernier, a Frenchman, who secured it, together with twenty-five other famous diamonds, during his journeys in the Orient. This was early in the seventeenth century. He sold them to Louis XIV. and they became part of the Crown Jewels of France. Meanwhile Tavernier lost all his money in speculations and died on his way to the Orient to look for more stones.

King Louis' favorite, Madame, the Marchioness de Montespan, begged to be allowed to wear it and succeeded, but after that her influence with the King waned and she was passed aside by Madame de Maintenon. Then one of Louis' Ministers asked to be allowed to wear it at an entertainment which he was giving. The King became jealous of him and ordered an

investigation of his stewardship which resulted in the Minister being cast into prison where he died in 1680. After that the stone was relegated to oblivion for a time among the other Crown Jewels. Nevertheless its malignant influence was apparently to be seen all through the reigns of Louis XIV and Louis XV. The Dauphin, the only legitimate son of the first-mentioned monarch, died in 1711, four years before his father, and the young Dauphiness, Adelaide of Savoy, was attacked by malignant fever which carried her off. Within a week her husband followed her to the tomb; and a month later their eldest son, the Duke of Brittany, died. Meanwhile, under Louis XV., the French lost both Canada and India; the people were wholly alienated from the throne, and the seed was sown of the awful upsurge of revolution. In 1774, Louis XV. was attacked by smallpox and died. Then the ill-starred Marie Antoinette came to share the throne of her equally unlucky spouse, Louis XVI., of France. She saw the Blue Diamond, was charmed by its beauty, and Louis XVI. gave it to her. Thereafter she indulged in childish follies, and a ruinous extravagance that brought upon her the greatest obloquy. Her great friend was the equally young and lovely Princess de Lamballe, for whom the first Gainsborough hat, it is said, was made. The Princess saw the Blue Diamond, admired it, and was lent it on more than one occasion by Marie Antoinette. Before Louis XVI. perished at the guillotine, the Princess de Lamballe had fallen a victim to the mob of Paris.

It is said that a diamond-cutter of Amsterdam, named Wilhelm Fals, was commissioned to cut this particular stone, and that his son stole it from him. The old man Fals was ruined, and the younger, after passing on the stone to a Frenchman belonging to Marseilles, committed suicide. The Frenchman, whose name was Francis Beaulieu, brought the diamond to

London, but fell ill, and was reduced to utter destitution. In this plight he sent for a London diamond dealer named Daniel Eliason, to whom he offered the stone for a small sum.

Eliason closed with this offer and purchased the diamond from him at his figure, but Beauclieu had waited too long before disposing of it. It is alleged that he actually died of starvation the very day after selling it.

About the year 1830, the diamond sold for eighteen thousand pounds to the Hopes, bankers of Amsterdam. The new owner of the gem met with no ill-luck, so far as is known, and from this time onward the stone was known as the Blue Hope Diamond. Mr. Hope lent it on various occasions to public exhibitions, and on his demise it descended, along with the Deepdene estate and his art treasures, to his grandson, Lord Francis Hope. This was in 1898. Lord Francis Hope married in 1894, the theatrical star of the nineties, Miss May Yohs, but divorced her in 1902. It is to be presumed that she wore the unlucky stone at some time or other. The year before the divorce decree was granted, the Blue Diamond was sold by Lord Francis to a syndicate.

A London diamond merchant purchased the gem, and he parted with it forthwith to an American jeweler named Simon Frankel, whose place of business was at Maiden Lane, New York. Frankel tried in vain to sell the stone. It became a perfect white elephant on his hands, and its malign influence once more asserted itself, for he became financially embarrassed. In 1908, however, the diamond came into the hands of a French jewel merchant, M. Jacques Colot, who is reported to have given three hundred thousand dollars for it.

M. Colot found a fresh purchaser for the diamond in the person of a wealthy Russian, Prince Kanlovski, and a few days after the sale went out of his mind and committed suicide. The Prince was infatuated with a

beautiful actress of the Folies Bergere named Lorenz Ladue, and he lent her the ill-fated stone to wear. Ladue wore it the following night on the stage, and the Prince drew a revolver while she stood before the footlights with the jewel on her bosom and shot her dead. The murderer does not live to be tried for his crime. He was stabbed two days afterwards by revolutionists.

A Greek jeweller purchased the stone from the Prince's heirs, and he found a ready purchaser in Abdul Hamid, the ex-Sultan of Turkey, who had a great passion for collecting precious stones. Immediately after he had parted with the Blue Diamond Moorharides is stated to have come to his end by falling over a precipice with his wife and two children while out driving. The Sultan entrusted the stone to one Abu Sabir to be polished. Even this fellow did not escape the jewel's ill-luck, for he was thrown into a dungeon, where he remained until the recent revolution of the Young Turks. The Blue Diamond was kept in a special treasure-vault, and early one morning the guardian of this vault was discovered at his post by the door, stiff and dead. He had been strangled by some person. In the daytime the ill-omened stone reposed on the bosom of the favorite of the Sultan's harem, Salma Zubayba, to whom her Royal master gave it. She was wearing it, so the story goes, at the moment when the revolutionaries broke into the palace, when the Sultan was with her. It is alleged that the Sultan drew a pistol, turned on Salma, and shot her dead.

Kulub Bey, the new guardian of the stone, had meanwhile been hanged in the streets by the mob, and, as history records, Abdul Hamid was de-throned and kept in durance vile, in daily fear of his life.

The diamond was sold by the Young Turk party to the diamond dealer named Habib.

## THE WINDOW BOX

EVERYONE knows the charm of a window box, and what relief it gives to eyes weary of the colors of the mere brick and mortar. But not everyone knows what to do with the window box at the end of the summer. Luke J. Doogee, in *The Garden*, gives hints not only as to how to dispose of it, but how to prepare it for the spring:

There are two ways of avoiding the usual emptying of a window box in the fall, at the moment when, very likely, both the bloom and the foliage of the geranium, ivy, vinca, ageratum, fuchsia, and so on are at their best. The plants can be taken out, potted, and placed in a sunny window for the winter, or they may be packed in a box and stored in the cellar. In the former instance it will be necessary to trim the plants, so that they will not be too ragged, for the window. This trimming not only shapes them, but induces a thickening of growth.

For cellar storage, the cutting back must be much more severe, the plants being reduced to mere stumps before they are packed in boxes, with a little loam around them. So long as there is no frost and no furnace gas, and only enough light to tease the plants into sufficient growth to keep them just alive. This may seem rough treatment, but it is astonishing how well plants do after months of that sort of cold storage.

When the plants have been taken from the window box, the remainder of the old soil is removed, and fresh loam with a liberal mixture of coarse sand used to refill it. Then plant tulips, hyacinths, narcissus, or any other bulbs that you may prefer. Plant them about two inches deep, fairly close together, and put the window box in a cool, dark place, to remain there for from eight to ten weeks to make roots. At the same time plant some bulbs in pots and store them.

Towards the latter part of January the window box can be brought into

the light, and it will not be long before the bulbs will rush into flower. If kept longer in the dark, the potted bulbs will lengthen the show for weeks, these being substituted as fast as the ones originally planted in the window box fade. When one of the latter has gone by, bring out a potted bulb, remove it from the pot, and plant it in place of the other.

By this plan the bulb display can be kept up until well into spring, and when the potted stock gives out there are other things that can be used to advantage. Pansies may be planted very effectively, and, as they like the cold, the window box can be moved out-of-doors with safety even in March. Of course, it is necessary to watch out for cold snaps; if they come, use a covering of paper. In April either *Arabis abrids* or *Phlox subulata* may be substituted for the pansies.

Meanwhile the plants stored in the cellar will have required some attention. Pot them in February, and bring them up to the light.



## LICENSE THE STOKER

"LICENSE the Stoker," says Clanton Rogers Woodruff in *The World To-day*. For years the shibboleth of the business man was that smoke meant prosperity and that the resultant nuisance could no more be avoided than the dirty hands of the boilerman. Indeed, until quite recently "Chicago's Dirty Hands" were a source of boasting and Pittsburgh's grime was considered synonymous with wealth and progress.

Evidence is accumulating with refreshing rapidity to the effect that business men are seeing that this position is a false one, and that a smoky chimney, to use the words of the Peabody Coal Company, of Chicago, "is no longer considered a credit to the owner." This concern, by the way, in a striking brochure, by A. Bement, on "A Clean Chimney," asserts that the efficient use of fuel is a

matter of great economic importance in any industrial enterprise. The burning of bituminous coal without smoke is a great benefit to the community in general, and a clean chimney, to the owner, has not only an esthetic value, but one that can be measured in money.

One trouble—and one that has received far too little attention in this country, according to *The American Contractor*, which was quoted—is the proper stoking of furnaces. Given properly constructed furnaces, not an ideal one, but one of the many now on the market, adequate chimney drafts and regular and intelligent stoking, and the smoke nuisance would disappear, or, at least, be reduced to comparatively nothing. It was pointed out that they order this important matter much better in Germany.

In this country any strapping fellow willing to work is good enough to stoke a furnace. In Germany, on such qualifications alone he would no more be permitted to stoke a furnace than he would be to run a locomotive on a limited express. In that country, before he is permitted to take charge of a furnace, he must learn the theory and practice of economical, scientific firing, whereby the coal is so distributed over the grate furnace as to secure the most perfect obtainable combustion. This ought to be made the rule in this country. Stokers should be licensed after passing a searching examination. While this would, temporarily at least, throw many ignorant men out of employment, it would make to the real interest of stokers, insuring to those who qualified themselves, better pay and stability of employment. In the meantime employers would save money through a reduction of their coal bills, while the public would be relieved of the present almost intolerable smoke nuisance. A recent consular report states that the Prussian Government pays traveling instructors to educate men who have charge of furnaces.

Even well-trained engineers, as the *Engineering Record* points out, have generally given far less attention to the theory of furnaces than to the thermodynamics of engines, yet if one reflects upon the matter it is to the furnace that one often has to look for improvements in economy. There has been and still is general loss, at the boilers, of an amount of energy that is really serious. A plant must be judged by its performance, and the ultimate criterion is not the steam required per horse-power hour, but the cost of the coal and firing necessary. One can save more money by learning how to use cheap fuel economically than by attention to the last final item of steam economy.

And, by and large, it is a fact that fuels differ far less in absolute theoretical evaporative power than in case of practical utilization. Less than 20 per cent. separates the first-class Welsh steam coal from lignite, so far as actual heat of combustion goes.

It is of fundamental importance that the fuel should not only be completely burned, but burned with the minimum amount of air that will actually suffice completely to burn it. The average man does not stop to think that every pound of coal burned requires practically from fifteen to twenty pounds of air for its combustion. Too much air or too cold air causes loss just as certainly as to little air and is quite likely to produce smoking.

Smokeless combustion, then, is not at all a mystery, as all modern authorities declare, but depends on rather simple things. The fuel, if rich in volatile matter, must be so burned that the gases will come off at a uniform and not too rapid rate; they must have plenty of very hot air for their complete combustion; and they must not be chilled by contact with cool surfaces before combustion is complete. With a good mechanical stoker the evolution of gas from the coal may proceed at a regular rate, so that a carefully adjusted air supply may at the time be effective.

The second consideration also points to the use of mechanical stokers, so that the process of combustion may go on behind closed doors and in a combustion chamber never chilled. The third requirement implies a furnace of ample dimensions, so arranged that the air and gases may be thoroughly mixed and burned before they are cooled by the heating surfaces of the boiler proper.



### "WHEN NOBODY WANTS TO BUY."

EVERY man in the world is selling something—his labor, his wit, his advice or his soul or the result of somebody else's labor. Every man's prosperity, therefore, is related directly to the demand for the particular thing he has to sell. The following article by C.M.K. in *The World's Work* deals, it is true, with selling bonds. But it has its application to everybody—brokers and all.

One day in June, the junior member of a well-known bond house in Wall Street sat looking out of the window of his office, watching the shipping down the Bay. It was the most profitable thing he could find to do. He had just finished reading a novel, and was wondering whether he would come to business next day or go out to the country and play golf. He had just reached the melancholy conclusion that it would pay better to play golf, if the rain would only stop.

The office-boy brought in a card, bearing the name of a man and his address, a town up-state in New York.

"He says he wants to buy bonds," said the boy, "but he didn't know whom he wanted to see."

Collecting himself after the shock, the junior partner so far forgot himself as to follow the boy to the rail of the customer's room. An old man stood beside it, holding a yellow, leather "grip."

In answer to an invitation to come in and sit down, the old man came in-

to the inner office with the junior partner, who introduced himself.

"I came down to buy some bonds," said he.

"Yes. Well, do you have any particular bonds in mind? Have you seen any offerings that you like? I don't believe you ever dealt with us before, did you?"

The junior partner was puzzled. He had not quite recovered from the shock of finding somebody who said that he wanted to buy anything.

"No," said the old man, "I never did. I have always dealt with Bank & Co., but the man I knew and trusted in that firm died six months ago, so I thought I would move. I have investigated your house, and I like your record."

The banker quietly looked his visitor over, with curiosity. When you tell a banker that he has been investigated he is always at least mildly curious as to results. The scrutiny revealed nothing.

"And about how much would you like to buy?" he asked, figuring that here was the first outlying scout of the army of "small investors" that the papers said, was on the march to the rescue of the moribund market in Wall Street.

"I reckon about two hundred thousand dollars," said the old man, quietly.

Before the junior partner could make up his mind to reach for the telephone and call the police, the old man had opened his satchel and begun to pull from it rolls of bills with white bands around them. The pile of bundles grew. On top of them, finally, he laid a check. The junior partner picked it up and glanced at it long enough to see that it was a cashier's check for \$200,000 drawn by a New York bank in favor of the man whose card he had.

With the pile of money between them, the two got down to business. It took the rest of the afternoon to get the order on the books; and the junior partner learned before he got through that there was at least one customer

in the world who knew what he wanted. The list, as he scanned it afterward, included the names of thirty-one separate bonds and four guaranteed stocks.

The gist of this tale lies in an answer that the old man made to a question which the junior partner asked him during the afternoon.

"Why do you make this investment now? You seem to have liquidated all these estate-investments a year ago. Why do you reinvest now?"

"Young man," he said, "I've been in the law business for nearly forty years in the same place, and every second man that dies in my county puts me in his will as executor. I always come in to buy in person, and won't do business in a crowded office."

The junior partner looked out into his customer's room, and saw the point.

The thing the old man knew is the secret of successful scientific investment on a conservative basis.

He had to be conservative because his record of forty years, the capacity in which he served his neighbors, and his own personal honor demanded it. He had to be scientific, or he would have become, long since, simply one of the army of lawyers looking for country clients. And he had to be successful—for so, alone, may one grow rich and powerful.

This same secret, the secret of the time to buy and the time to sell, underlies all business, whether it be in wheat, or sugar, or cloth, or bonds.

The time to buy is when nobody else wants to buy, and when the public is selling. If a man has decided to buy a home, has accumulated a certain amount of money in the bank, and feels reasonably certain of his ability to carry through any obligations that he will have to incur, he usually waits the time when prices are "a little bit off the top." Whenever there is a decided slump in the prices of property in good residence-sections around New York, for instance, the real-estate men know that there will

be a procession of wise men seeking homes.

Very few of the private buyers of investment securities, on the contrary, await the call of real opportunity. When they have funds in the bank, they do not like to wait. The investment buying is most eager when prices are highest, and falls off decidedly when prices are low.

There are many good reasons for this. One of them is the fact that, when prices are breaking, the conservative dealers in bonds and other standard securities are apt to run out of goods, so to speak. They do not buy large quantities of standard bonds. They stay out of the market and wait for the lowest prices. Consequently, at times when bond prices are low, the dealers are not pushing their wares to any great extent.

If you study the financial papers where good investments are advertised, you will find that during periods of high prices and booming markets the volume of investment advertising is very great; while in periods of low prices for the standard bonds, the advertising is light. Instead of large offerings of specific bonds, the dealers run a little card stating that they are in the banking business.

This is not a criticism of the methods of the bankers. Their method is sound business. In the financial papers, the advertise mostly to gain new clients of the larger class—savings banks, trust companies, etc. These institutions buy only when they have funds, and they have funds, usually, when the money market is easy—that is, when money is lending at low rates, and consequently when stock and bond prices are high.

I had occasion, in June, to go through the list of half a dozen of the large bond houses in New York looking for a certain class of bonds. These lists were, at that time, the lightest that I have ever seen. That means that these standard houses owned less bonds, of fewer varieties, than at any other time when it was

my privilege to search through them. In the offices they talked of "stagnation," of the "dead market," of "public indifference." They were selling from time to time small lots of bonds to private investors; but the business was so scattered as to be negligible.

One could hardly help but think, in the light of this fact, that the education of the public in the art of buying investments has hardly begun. For, in comparison with a year ago, for instance, or in comparison with the end of 1906 or the summer of 1904, or any other period of great public demand for good investments, the prices this summer have been almost bargain prices.

It seems lamentably true that the investing public is an institution designed and potent to buy securities only when they are too high in price for any one with skill and science to buy them.

"The public will not buy when bonds are cheap," is almost an axiom in Wall Street.

It is too true. At times when the standard securities, particularly high-class corporation bonds, are cheap, the public follows strange gods. It locks into "get-rich-quick" games. This last summer was a rich harvest-time for the swindling promoters, the thieves of the wireless, the apostles of prospective, wonderful mining gambles in Cobalt or in Colorado, the vultures who sell the stocks of new inventions to widows, orphans, and clergymen. New hydro-electric bonds of the most speculative class, new irrigation issues, new real-estate companies designed to bring to the promoters the funds that the banks had refused—these and a hundred other false gods lured the minds of the public from the field of sound investment.

The chart that runs in this circle is a mere sketch to focus on the mind the relative position of the bond market at the time this is written, as compared with other periods. It shows the average price of twelve selected bonds, representing five different

classes of bonds ranging from the most gilt-edged to the speculative industrial, but all of the kind that the investing public buys. The two periods marked 1904 and 1906 and the prices in the summer of 1909 were periods when the public was buying.

When you have looked at it long enough to find out just what it means, ask yourself whether you are one of the foolish public or one of the wise.—By C. M. K., in the *World's Work*.



#### MAKING GENEROSITY PAY.

IN a New York instalment furniture house, one clerk is detailed to clip certain items from the local newspapers. These items are not clippings indicating prospects for new business. Quite the reverse. They give the news of all the accidents which have happened during the past twenty-four hours to people who reside within the selling range of that house.

"These items," explains Rufus H. Gillmore, in *System*, "sift through the bookkeeping department; later on, one or two of the many clippings may be found upon the manager's desk. One of these tells of a New York fireman severely injured while attempting to save lives at a fire on the East Side. This fireman is indebted to that instalment furniture house for carpets and furniture; an instalment is due from him on the first of the month. The manager calls a stenographer and dictates a brief letter to the fireman; he regrets to learn of his accident; he trusts that it will not keep him long upon the sick-list—and, when this letter goes to the fireman, it encloses a receipt for the fireman's next payment."

This manager's letter contains no fulsome praise of the fireman's bravery, nor does it make any reference whatever to the receipt which accompanies it. The fireman does not realize that the house has voluntarily remitted his next payment until he discovers that the receipt is signed. But



from that moment, he and his wife and all their friends, become self-constituted press agents for this particular instalment furniture house. In short, at an expense of, say, eight dollars and seventy-five cents, this house has secured many times that amount of valuable advertising.

The motive behind this action may be either charity or business enterprise. But the result is both. The dollar benefit is greater to him who gives than to him who receives. In fact, the policy is so entirely satisfactory to the house which instituted it that it is guarded as jealously as a new chemical formula. The manager refuses absolutely to admit that his house practices any such course; but his competitors know of it and, if they had only thought of it first, they would very likely express a much higher opinion of its value. As they didn't, they are inclined to treat it with that fatuous disdain which is the early portion always of any change in trade methods. Their views are manifested in some such sneering phrase as, "The man who tries to mix charity with business is an old woman—he ought to wear a nightcap with a blue ribbon run through it." But just as soon as they themselves begin to adopt this or some similarly generous policy, they will say no more of the night-cap.

Generosity pays—almost always. The bootblack on the corner who devotes that extra time and care to polishing your shoes is making sure of either your steady custom or extra nickels—perhaps both; and the butcher who sends a brace of quail or partridges to your home with his compliments will get his reward on earth. The Recording Angel may make no record of his action, but his own book-keeper soon checks up value received. You can't carve them for your guests without feeling flattered; you can't feel flattered without talking; and you can't talk without handing that butcher the most profitable kind of advertising.

## NEW THINGS FOR MOTOR DRIVERS.

**I**MAGINE motoring with never a turn of the crank to start the engine, with no removal, repair and replacement of a damaged tire in its clincher run on the road, and no laborious pumping up, afterward," begins Harry Wilkin Perry, in "Motoring Without Labor" in Harper's Weekly, "picture yourself driving until nightfall and then turning on the head-lights, side-lights and tail-light by a simple turn of a switch or lever on the dash, while the car is rushing along at full speed; anticipate the delights of a tour over an unfamiliar route with every turn to be made indicated automatically on a dial always directly before you, to which your attention is called by an automatic signal at the right instant or on which prominent landmarks are shown to reassure you. In short, think of automobiling day after day throughout the season with most of the major and minor annoyances left out, and you will conceive of *fin-de-siècle* motoring as rendered possible by the latest efforts of a small but active number of inventors, designers, and manufacturers.

In the minds of many, motoring has been inseparably associated, since the period of its most imperfect development, with a train of supposedly concomitant evils which included a long list of tire troubles; exhausted batteries; short-circuited coils; faulty vibrators; oily, sooty kerosene-lamps; ill-smelling, dirty gas-generators to be cleaned and recharged; clogged gas-burners; cracked front glasses and lens-mirrors; matches extinguished by wind and rain; folding road-maps blown out of hand or torn; route-books rendered unreadable by vibration or by darkness; carburetors clogged or flooded as a result of dirt or water in the gasoline; and real manual labor at the starting crank, not always unattended by a sprained wrist or bruised arm as the result of a back-kick.



THE MOTOR CLIMBING A HILL.

## THE MOTOR IN THE ARMY.

**I**T remained for Canadian soldiers to be the first in the Empire to use the gasoline power truck in army manoeuvres. The record was made in the Thanksgiving sham-fight of the Toronto corps. The fight took place on Monday, and on the previous Friday a three-ton truck of 24 horsepower at 650 revolutions (capable of developing up to 50 horse-power at a

higher speed) carried 17,300 pounds, in addition to its own weight, 21 miles in 2 hours and 15 minutes. The roads were soft with a recent rainfall. Several stiff hills had to be climbed, but no hitch occurred. Once, in attempting a long hill, the truck had to stop in order to let a down-coming team pass. It had to descend to the bottom of the hill to get its start again. But in view of the fact that the truck



THE STARTING POINT

was so over-loaded, the officers considered this as no discredit to the machine. The load consisted of 8,300 pounds on the truck, and 3,000 pounds on each of two wagons which it hauled. The wagons weighed 1,500 pounds unloaded. In ordinary army experience sixteen horses would have been required to carry this load, and they would have averaged about two and a half miles per hour, instead of twelve miles per hour, as the truck made.

In the actual sham-fight, the truck carried a heavy wireless telegraph outfit and twenty men, and towed a wagon containing telegraph and telephone wires and equipment. By its aid four miles of telephone and telegraph wire were laid, and by them and the wireless, the engineers were in constant communication with the base of operations.

#### INFANTILE PARALYSIS.

**I**N a ward in the Hospital for Sick Children in the City of Toronto there are, or there recently were, ten little children suffering from infantile paralysis. Some were dying. A few were recovering. Those that will, must be afflicted for the rest of their lives with the mark of the disease: a paralyzed limb, an affliction of the organs of sight, or hearing, or speaking—some mark.

In the streets of Montreal a little girl was playing tag this summer. Suddenly she was seen to take no interest in the game. She lay face down on the ground, crying. She did not know why she was crying but she felt "sick." They took her home and nine days afterward she was dead. People said it was infantile paralysis.

The mother of twins on the same street read about it and took every pains to see that the twins should not be exposed to contagion. They were still in arms and had never been out of the house, but one of them stiffened with the disease and died—infantile paralysis.

The same story has been told in almost all the large cities in Canada, and in the country places too. Grown people have been attacked and have died. The victims have been of the rich and the poor, healthy and sickly, country people and city people. Where the germ originally comes from is a mystery. How to take precautionary measures has been only guessed at. In view of these things, therefore, John B. Huber's article in the *American Review of Reviews* on "Infantile Paralysis a Menace," should be read by everyone.

Before 1907, he begins, epidemics of infantile paralysis were rare in this country. There was one in New Orleans in 1841; and again, about thirty years ago, the disease was pronounced, but it was otherwise not especially noted until the beginning of the present century. There was a marked epidemic in Sweden in 1905; two in Australia in 1903 and 1908; and an extensive epidemic in Prussia in 1909. It is not likely that other European countries have wholly escaped. The disease has for several years past been prevalent in Scandinavia.

During the past four years infantile paralysis has prevailed throughout this country and probably but few localities have been altogether exempt. In a single epidemic which visited New York City in 1907, 2,500 cases were reported. The southern Hudson region, with the surrounding lowland sections, suffered also. There were in that year, moreover, cases in 136 of the 354 cities and towns of Massachusetts, the infection having been relatively much more prevalent in small towns than in cities and large towns. The disease in its epidemic form is emphatically one of hot weather, prevailing most in July, August, September and October. Cases have been noted to develop after a hot, dry 'spell.' Nevertheless it seems warm countries do not suffer as much as those more northerly.

Epidemics are bound to subside with the first sharp frost.

Dr. Simon Flexner, who has made brilliant and pregnantly beneficent researches regarding this disease, observes that about the beginning of 1907 there arose a pandemic (a world-wide, or at least a very general) spread of infantile paralysis; and it is significant to him that the original foci of the epidemic disease of the summer of 1907 in the United States were along the Atlantic seaboard, the two communities most seriously affected having been in and about Greater New York and Boston. Now these two great centres receive first and in the most concentrated way the northern and eastern European immigration; and since the last established endemic (or indigenous) forms of epidemic infantile paralysis, recorded in the last decade or more, have been developed on the Scandinavian Peninsula, it is most suggestive that (after New York and Boston) the second large isolated outbreak of the disease among our people occurred in and about Minnesota, a middle-west region receiving very many Norwegian and Swedish immigrants.

**T**HE Census Bureau at Washington has recently stated its finding, that in 1909 there were reported 369 deaths from infantile paralysis in the death-registration area of the United States (which area comprises above 55 per cent. of our total population); of these 369 deaths, 332 were of white and only 17 of colored persons. The deaths thus reported were widely distributed, indicative of epidemic prevalence in many parts of the country. These data, be it emphasized, relate only to registration sources; in the non-registration States the deaths thus reported are only for the registration cities contained therein.

The Department of Health of Pennsylvania reported on September 17 last, 658 cases of infantile paralysis in 45 of the 67 counties of that State; 79 of these cases were in Philadelphia

On September 3 last, it was reported from Springfield, Mass., that the steady increase in the number of cases of infantile paralysis had become a matter of deep concern throughout that State. The first case this year in central New England was, it appears, reported on May 21; and this patient was promptly quarantined. The middle of June saw thirty or more cases in Springfield; and early in July an epidemic was established. By September 3 central New England reported 290 cases and the deaths to that date aggregated 100; it was then felt that the sufferings of those in this region were unequalled anywhere else in the Union. It would seem that Springfield has been the centre of this epidemic; outside a radius of twenty-five miles from it the number of cases has been inconsiderable. Hartford, twenty-six miles from Springfield, with a larger population, has reported only a few cases. Since gatherings of children were regarded as dangerous, playgrounds were practically deserted during the past summer; and Sunday-school sessions were discontinued. The opening of the Springfield public schools was postponed to September 19; in other towns like postponements were made. Even then the attendance was much curtailed, many parents having sent their children from home.

**B**UT of what nature is the disease infantile paralysis, or acute anterior poliomyelitis? It is an infection characterized by inflammation especially of motor neurones in the anterior horns of the spinal cord, though the medulla and pons above and even the cerebrum may be involved. A very succinct definition is that of Drs. Chapin and Piskie: It is "an acute inflammatory process taking place in the anterior horns of the spinal cord, accompanied by a sudden and complete paralysis of various groups of voluntary muscles, followed by a rapid wasting of the affected mus-

cles." The motor neurones are the nerve or ganglion cells (telegraph stations, as it were), concerned in muscle development and muscular movements; in this disease these neurones, if the inflammation proceeds without arrest, degenerate, liquefy and shrivel up; the nerve fibres emanating from them and which in health convey their messages to the given muscles, degenerate and atrophy. This process may go on to complete destruction of these precious tissue elements; or it may happily be arrested at any stage. If checked early, repair may ensue, and the neurones, with their fibres (their telegraph wires), will regain fairly well their normal condition and function. If unfortunately the inflammation is progressive, the size and shape of the spinal cord at the points involved are contracted and pathologically so altered that the muscles concerned become paralyzed, atrophic, degenerated and incapable of their proper and normal function. When recovery does take place these muscles are apt to remain small, perhaps throughout lifetime.

The little patients suffer also retarded bone growth, deformity of the joints involved, "drop-foot," sometimes lateral curvature of the spine, sluggish circulation, and generally impaired bodily nutrition. From 8 to 15 per cent. of these patients die; and three-fourths of those stricken who survive are more or less crippled for life. The disease is generally acute, and by far the greatest number of its victims are infants and children from one to five years of age—though not all; deaths from infantile paralysis at sixty and sixty-three have been recorded. The outlook is thus fairly good as to life; yet the severity and fatality of the infection fluctuate widely in various epidemics and localities; and, taking it all in all, infantile paralysis is sufficiently disastrous and melancholy to give the medical profession anxious consideration, as it should give the public grave concern.

During the incubation period of this

disease (from the time of having incurred the infection to the development of the paralysis) the patient may have prodromes, difficult to detect in little children, who may not be able to indicate the nature of their sufferings; such premonitions will be changed disposition, restlessness and irritability and, perhaps, on the other hand, apathy. The distinct invasion then begins suddenly with a high temperature; sweating; a pain in the back and limbs; neckache and headache; the child will not be able to sit up and hold up its head; in many cases there are digestive disturbances; very shortly there supervenes paralysis (perhaps ushered in with delirium), especially in the leg muscles. Or a definite group of muscles may be involved; or but one extremity or the trunk or the weaker extremities. Permanent paralysis usually affects the legs, rarely the arms. Perhaps such paralysis is preceded by muscular twitchings, and sensitiveness when handled. Other symptoms, such as squint, will vary according to the part or parts of the nervous system affected; blood changes are marked in this disease. Infantile paralysis has been mistaken for meningitis and for rheumatism.

AS to the causation of infantile paralysis: Before 1907 physicians concluded (though they could not quite prove it) that in perhaps two-thirds of the cases infantile paralysis is infectious, the remaining third being attributed to such factors as falls, antecedent enervating diseases (such as measles and the like), or hemorrhage into the spinal ganglia. Inferences as to infection in infantile paralysis were furnished by endemicity in the disease, the nature of its clinical course, the fact that oftentimes more than one child in a family was attacked, and especially the age-incidence; for almost all acute infections (measles, scarlet fever, whooping cough and the like) are

generally childhood diseases; adults and the aged rarely succumb to them because such attacks in infancy are likely to have conferred lifelong immunity upon the individual.

But in the light of our knowledge up to date it is extremely likely that such factors as falls, antecedent diseases, and the like are not essential to the development of infantile paralysis, but have been predisposing agencies, making the tissues involved vulnerable to a specific virus. And besides these predispositions there are others which physicians have come to consider antecedent to infantile paralysis, and still others which accompany it and emphasize its serious nature. Such are wounds, insect bites, sore throat, coryza, tonsillitis, pneumonia, earache and "running ear," diarrhoea and other digestive disturbances.

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THERE are other considerations of causation: Data collected in Scandinavia indicate especially well that the virus can be carried by intermediate persons (not themselves ill) to the healthy from the stricken, and from patients not frankly paralyzed but suffering from slight (so-called abortive) attacks of the disease. The incubation period in infantile paralysis has been found to vary from five to thirty-three days, the average being eight to ten days; there has thus obviously been opportunity for the transfer of the disease across the Atlantic, before its detection in quarantine was possible.

Physicians in Massachusetts and elsewhere who have studied the disease, have concluded that the virus may be conveyed by the bite of insects; and, in the light of our recent knowledge of insect transmission of many infections, time will, no doubt, establish the correctness of this observation concerning infantile paralysis. Dust seems to be provocative. In one epidemic of 190 cases, investigated by Dr. R. W. Lovett, of Boston, 64 of the patients had been swimming

or wading in sewage-contaminated water before coming down with the disease.

In Massachusetts there were some instances in which there was sickness, paralysis, and death among domestic animals and fowls, coincident with the epidemic outbreaks among human beings; in 34 out of 87 families this phenomenon was observed. In Washington the Public Health and Marine Hospital Service has been examining a number of dead chickens furnished by Dr. J. L. Lewis, of that city, who had been attending a case of infantile paralysis; I have not yet seen the results of this examination, which was to ascertain whether the disease was communicated to the patient from the chickens, which were taken from his farm; they had taken sick, and the patient was caring for them immediately before he came down with the poliomyelitis. The patient is a breeder of chickens; these fowl died and the breeder then himself succumbed to what was diagnosed as infantile paralysis. It is here noteworthy that in the experiments of Dr. Flexner, presently to be considered, attempts to implant the virus in such available warm-blooded animals as guinea-pigs, rats, mice, dogs, cats, sheep, cows, goats, pigs, chickens, pigeons, and the horse, were not successful; only in the monkey was the transfer of the virus successful.

In the epidemic in and about Springfield it was observed that the disease did not especially flourish among the poor, since there were no cases in the most congested tenement districts; it was considered that many well-to-do children escaped, because they were taken from home during the summer. On the other hand, it has been held that the poor do suffer most, and that the cases among the well-to-do have been in districts bordering upon areas of congested tenements, which the poor occupy.

Thus in infantile paralysis we have to deal with an infection of a contagious sort (contact infection); the

virus is present in the secretions from nose, throat and mouth, especially in the pharynx; possibly also it exists in the discharges of patients. Dr. Flexner observes: "Nor can it be affirmed that still other avenues of infection (as the skin, the organs of respiration or the digestive tract) do not exist, for the entrance of the virus into the central nervous system." It is probable that the infectivity does not extend beyond the acute period (when the fever and other symptoms are intense).

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OUR evidence thus far has been circumstantial; and, indeed, up to within the last several years a completely scientific demonstration of the infectious nature of infantile paralysis was not forthcoming. But early in 1909 Drs. Landsteiner and Popper, in Germany, successfully inoculated two monkeys with the spinal cords taken from two fatal human cases of poliomyelitis; in both these animals spinal cord lesions akin to these in the human being were found on autopsy.

In September, a year ago, Dr. Simon Flexner and his colleague, Dr. Paul A. Lewis, of the Rockefeller Institute in New York City, obtained from physicians the cords of two children that had unfortunately died of acute anterior poliomyelitis; in these cords the anterior horns exhibited the characteristic gross and microscopic evidences of the disease. Transmission was then made to monkeys, a creature more nearly related to man than others. After ether anesthesia, inoculation was made in the brain of these simians through a trephine opening; the injected material consisted first of emulsions in salt solution of the two human cords; and later of emulsions of the spinal cords of the monkeys that had developed paralysis after injection of the first emulsion (that from the human cords). The spinal cords in six series of monkeys thus inoculated seriation showed with-

out exception lesions similar to those of human poliomyelitis.

One must here note that a single successful inoculation with human virus resulting in experimental poliomyelitis could not establish the case for science, because the result might have been due to a transferred toxic body; but in the superb experiments of Flexner and Lewis the transfer of the active, essential, specific virus of infantile paralysis was regularly successful. Hence by these and other equally conclusive experiments, one cannot now doubt the infectious nature of acute anterior poliomyelitis; the pathogenicity of the disease is established.

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BUT now as to the nature of this virus which is responsible for infantile paralysis or acute anterior poliomyelitis. It is at present invisible or at least indistinguishable under the microscope (that instrument which now discerns with ease objects 1-30,000 of an inch in thickness). A filtrate of the inoculated fluid discloses under the dark-field microscope innumerable bright, dancing points, devoid of definite size, not truly mobile, of rounded, oval form; but one cannot certainly affirm these are the pathogenic germs.

The microorganism responsible for infantile paralysis is neither a bacterium nor a protozoan, such parasites (respectively vegetable and animal) as have been isolated as the infective agents in most of the infectious diseases; yet it must be considered a living organism from the fact that infinitely minute quantities of it suffice to carry infection through an indefinite series of animals—25 generations at least, representing 25 series of monkeys. The infective agent of infantile paralysis belongs to the class of the minute and filterable viruses that have thus far not been demonstrated with certainty.

Nevertheless, the smallpox virus, for example, is just such a virus; al-

though it still remains indistinguishable under the microscope, a vaccine has been evolved from this virus by which that dreadful scourge has been practically banished from the face of the earth; wherefore there is no reason in logic or in science why a similar immunizing and curative agent against the disease which has caused such pitiful suffering and death in very good time be forthcoming. Every man and woman of normal mind and heart will rejoice in such an outcome.

Infantile paralysis has been made a reportable disease in Pennsylvania, as it certainly should be throughout the Union. The Iowa State Board of Health has ruled that all cases of infantile paralysis, or suspected cases, shall be reported by the attending physician or the parent to the local Board of Health; it recommends the quarantine of all cases for at least two weeks after the beginning of the disease, and thorough disinfection of infected premises after the termination of the disease; and, noting that the infectious material is found in the secretions of the nose and mouth of infected persons, it recommends the use of sprays or gargles of one per cent. hydrogen peroxide solution to prevent the disseminating of the disease, and that all a patient's discharges be disinfected by means of mercury bichloride or carbolic acid.

With increased knowledge of the disease earlier diagnosis will be made; this is especially desirable in infantile paralysis; for when an immunizing agent has been perfected, the earlier in the disease it is administered the more effective it will be (as in diphtheria and in infections generally).

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#### DO MEN LIKE TO WORK?

PEOPLE who are acquainted with the labor problem in Winnipeg and the urban west generally will tell you one thing; that it is hard to get labor that takes a real interest in its work. They will explain to you

that the ease with which money has been made by land speculation, and the general restlessness, often makes a man neglect his work and act with an independence which makes it hard for the factory or office manager to organize his staff satisfactorily.

In *Industrial Engineering and The Engineering Digest* the question is asked in the heading of an article "Do Men Like Work?" and the answer to it may have some bearing upon the attitude of the average factory or office worker in the City of Winnipeg and in Canada generally, toward his work. This article quotes what Mr. Stephen Gwynn, an eminent English Member of Parliament, has to say in discussing the psychology of the Labor problem in the columns of the *London Daily Mail*.

America has long been regarded as one of the most progressive countries in the world. The development of labor saving machinery, the willingness to scrap that machinery when something better was available, and the general rearrangement of our workshops so as to make for economy of production, have marked the progress of the country for the last seventy-five years. Everything has been studied in a scientific way, even to the labor problem. On the other hand, Great Britain is one of the most conservative of countries. Years after this country had developed blast furnaces of 500 tons daily capacity, with marked economy of labor and fuel, England clung to the small furnace of 30 to 100 tons capacity, and permitted this country to wrest the supremacy of the iron and steel industry from her. In other lines it was the same.

One of the most recent developments in the industrial situation in this country is the scientific study of the labor problem. It is a comparatively new science, even here, although in the last few years it has made great strides. It is to be expected, therefore, that in conservative Great Britain this method of handling a situation which is even more acute

there than here would not have made great, if any, headway. It is with a great deal of interest, therefore, that we read in the *London Daily Mail*, of September 10, the views of an eminent Englishman on this subject under the title "Do Men Like Work?" The method of handling the subject by the author, who, by the way, is Stephen Gwynn, member of Parliament, and who is evidently impressed with American methods, is so interesting that we are pleased to reprint his remarks together with some comments of our own.

Mr. Gwynn says:

"In *The Daily Mail* of August 26 there appeared an article of mine discussing the view that to most factory hands work is a mere drudgery, and expressing my own opinion that such a condition of things, if it exists, is a danger to society. H. L. Gantt, an American mechanical engineer, who has devoted more than twenty years to the problem of labor management, on reading the article while referring me to a book of his which would, he said, convince me 'that men can be taught to like work even in a cotton mill.' He added—and I agree with him: 'The nation that first realizes this fact, and as a nation acts on it, will get a lead that can never be done away with.'"

Mr. Gantt's first statement is somewhat startling, even to us in America, where the opinion is sometimes entertained that men work simply for work's sake. It is true, however, that when the element of competition has been introduced between certain men or groups of men on the same kind of work, the work takes on the semblance of a sport. The question of liking the routine labor day after day in a mill or factory is a very different question, and at first thought it would seem as if a difficult proposition had been propounded when it is required to develop a liking for this routine work. Let us see how it is done. Continuing, Mr. Gwynn says:

"The way to do it is to foster a man's natural pride in his work. What

Mr. Gantt has enabled me to realize is that under factory conditions pride in the individual work cannot be attained except as part of a whole—each worker is dependent on another, to borrow one of his metaphors, like members of a football team. But the essence of successful co-operation is that the individual's work should be studied, measured, recognized, directed, and rewarded. The last is not the most important, but since the simplest point in the relation between employer and employed is the "cash nexus," let us see how Mr. Gantt deals with that.

"As things stand in America—I leave English readers to make their own application—workmen are paid generally over a class by time. Where piece-work exists the energetic and skillful worker soon finds his rate reduced if he earns much more than the average. In either case the good workman gets less than he is worth, and is consequently alienated.

"In the former case, since he cannot increase his own wage without increasing that of his class, he is naturally prompted to apply all his intellectual ability to finding a leverage by which he may shove up the class-rate. Mr. Gantt's object is to avoid strikes; but he does not blame the workmen for their occurrence. They are to him the natural result of a system of management which can see no way of reducing expenses but by keeping down wages. Here is a pregnant observation:

"Most shops (i. e., factories) have expert financiers, expert designers, expert salesmen, and expert purchasing agents for everything except labor. The buying of labor is usually left to people whose special work is something else, with the result that it is usually done in a manner very unsatisfactory to buyer and seller."

The co-operation is enforced by the fact that if a series of men are dependent on one another for the material with which to work, the failure of one man to do his work properly will tie up the rest for lack of material.

Their output thus being made to suffer will lead them to discipline or cause to be disciplined the offender. While the day and piece work methods of payment are still common in this country, they are rapidly being supplanted by premium systems, task and bonus systems, and other schemes whereby the workman receives an increased compensation for more and better work.

The paragraph relating to the purchase of labor is only too true. This is the most important commodity bought by any establishment. Iron, steel, wood, brick, rubber, and the numerous other materials used in a factory are usually subjected to rigid chemical and physical tests, and imperfect material is rejected before entering the factory. Labor is hired on an entirely different plan, the expression "How cheap" rather than "How good" being the governing one. Mr. Gwynn continues:

"The method for which Mr. Gantt stands is a duplex system of payment; a minimum day rate and a bonus on attaining a specified production. A main business of management consists first in accurately determining this specified quantity—so that it should be attainable with certainty by a skilled worker having all appliances in good order; and, secondly, in encouraging and instructing workers to qualify for the bonus. This will obviously be to the interests of workers, since they will earn more in the same time; it will also be to the interest of management, because the output can be increased without increasing plant, and therefore, without needing extra capital and extra space; further, it is found that skilled worker's output is better in quality; lastly, it can be counted on with more certainty.

It goes without saying that any manager or owner would be only too willing to largely increase his output without increasing his plant, even at the expense of a somewhat greater labor cost. The extra wages will be much less than the interest charges on the large plant, and extra help

would also be required to operate the extra machinery. However, the wage system is not the only requisite to success in endeavoring to increase output with the same plant, as the following will show:

"But this double system of payment is only one phase and not the essential phase of the method. Its essential characteristic is scientific study and a developed system of instruction. In the first place, the fixing of the quantity which must be accomplished to qualify for bonus payment is not left to a foreman.

"For this job the best expert mechanic available is employed—a man, as a rule, not such as would be chosen for a foreman. 'He is generally so absorbed in the mechanical operations themselves that the improvement of them becomes a pastime with him, and nothing pleases him more than to see machines operating at their highest efficiency, the result of his work.' What he is asked to do—and paid well for doing—is like fixing the 'bogey' score at golf; but it has to be done on the assumption that instruments are right. He may have to point out rearrangements that will be necessary before a task can be set by which the management may stand. For it is absolutely against Mr. Gantt's principle that the workman should be tempted to increase his efficiency and then have his rate reduced.

"When the task has been determined, and the mechanical conditions for its performance ensured, the next business is to 'standardize' the operation; that is, by detailed study of the methods and movements of the best worker to reduce the whole to something capable of being taught—like drill manoeuvres. The more workmen earning bonus the better for the employer, and, therefore, the foreman is paid an extra rate—say three-pence—on each worker in his gang who earns it—and a higher rate, say five-pence, if all earn it. If the machines are not ready for the workers to begin on, if they fall out of gear, if

there is a hitch anywhere, the producing workers will lose, but so also will those responsible for preventing the hitch; and, conversely if there is no hitch there will be a gain all round. The efficient workman secures increased pay for himself; but he also benefits other people."

Here we see the value of team work, and also the methods adopted to insure the team work. By making those responsible for the conditions of maximum output enjoy the benefits of maximum output, and suffer with the others when the standard of production is not attained, we ensure that the conditions will always be right.

The fact that men may be taught to like work is granted by Mr. Gwynn in what follows:

"What I like specially about Mr. Gantt's plan is, first, that it is only designed to pay specially and permanently for efficiency, but that it lays out money to enable workmen to qualify for this special rate; and, secondly, that it commits itself in advance to definition of what efficiency is. I cannot believe, from a general observation of human nature, that you will ever secure content and economic stability by paying equal wages to the more and the less efficient; but it should be a principle that the efficient worker improves instead of depressing the interests of his class. Under this system, if he earns his bonus he merely shows other men what they can do; he does not interfere with their day wage, and he does not tempt the management to impose his standard of exceptional efficiency as the normal measure; since if it be the manager's main interest to secure efficiency he will be thankful to pay increased wages to all who can earn them."

"Until some such interlocking of interests can be accomplished I do not think that any national or international agreements between masters and workers can ever bind. A class-rate is the result of conflicting pressure, and in human affairs constant equilibrium is impossible: one side or the

other will be spying its advantage to push the line up or down. Also, while it is maintained, the good workman will lack the difference in wages which should be the outward and visible recognition of his excellence; and he will be urged by class feeling to limit his output for the sake of the weaker brother. The system does its best to kill pride of work in him.

"Pride in their work is the one factor which can be relied on to keep men contented; it is a factor grievously neglected under modern industrial conditions in the calculations both of labor leaders and the directors of employment."

#### HOME TRUTHS FOR MARRIED PEOPLE.

The best part of love is friendship. Once married, make the best of it. There is consolation in the word inevitable.

There is only one valid reason for marrying. It is this: because you cannot help it.

Our grandmothers expected little from their husbands and got it. We are in danger of flying to the other extreme.

There is only one difference between men and women. Men don't care about cupboards, women can't exist without them.

Don't forget the little courtesies and delicacies of married life. They count for more than many purple raptures.

If you don't ask your husband questions he is sure to tell you everything you wish to know. Therefore, wait patiently.

Don't be always the same. It is tiresome. A change may prove wholesome, even for the worse, provided it is merely temporary.

If you once grasp the fact that, while physically different, men and women are alike in character and mentality, you will solve many problems with ease.—From M. V.P.

#### A SUGGESTION FROM ENGLAND.

EVERY now and then an atom of humanity gets off the boat at Halifax or Quebec or Montreal and travels across to Winnipeg and Vancouver with half a car of baggage, thirty-three letters of introduction and probably—a "man." It is a certain kind of Englishman. It is a very fine kind and very valuable. It is doing itself and the Old Country and Canada a great deal of good, although, perhaps, not in quite the direct way that it thinks it is doing. It is sometimes an English member of Parliament, sometimes an English investment investigator, and other times English settlers after good shooting. It travels the beaten path, reads the C.P.R. subsidized guide books and when it gets back to Winnipeg or Toronto or Montreal it is asked what it thought of Canada, which it tells promptly, either then or when it addresses the Canadian clubs.

Possibly as a result of the trails which these English pilgrims have made across the Dominion, there is noticeable an increase in the amount of space devoted by the English press to things Canadian, and in the "Nineteenth Century" is an article called "Canada Growing Up" in which Cecil Battine points out that while many English people acknowledge July 4th as American Independence Day, very few people pay any attention to the fact that the first of July is Canada's Dominion Day and that it is an im-

portant day in the calendar of the world. The writer touches on many points concerning this country but concludes with the following:

"Nothing can compare for educational purposes with a visit to the spot. Why does not society follow the good example which His Majesty has set by sending their sons and daughters to visit the dominions overseas? A journey across Canada would cost the parents of a young person of the upper classes less than a London season, less than a term at Christ Church. It is fashionable to 'adore sport,' even when the sport takes the virile form of chasing a small ball across a Surrey common. Canada offers unrivalled opportunities for real sport. Why should it not be made the fashion for our young people to shoot, fish, and hunt there, to join in the winter sports of the Canadian cities, become acquainted with the leading men and women of the baby Empire which we aspire to keep within the circle of the Imperial domain when it has attained its maturity and felt its strength?"

By an oversight, the story, "The Goodness of Woman," which was published in the August issue of this magazine, was credited to Desa Cornish, instead of to the real authoress, Mrs. Elizabeth York Miller, of London, England. The many who enjoyed reading this story will remember it as another of this authoress' exquisite stories.

It was intended that we should live to learn and so — learn to live. But some people do neither.

# Tariff Reduction in Canada Is a Necessity

By  
E. C. Drury

*We reprint herewith an article from The Farmer's Magazine by Mr. E. C. Drury, Master of the Dominion Grange, on the subject of the Tariff from the standpoint of the farmer. As such, it may not meet the views of the urban Canadian. But we feel, nevertheless, that it should be all the more interesting as placing the city man in possession of the facts, as the farmer sees them. Mr. Drury, as is generally known, is peculiarly able to write on this subject. He is in touch with both the city and the rural population. He is a graduate of Guelph Agricultural College and a son of the ex-Minister of Agriculture for Ontario.*

WITHOUT doubt, the question of the tariff occupies the minds of Canadians at the present time more than any other question. Not since the inception of the National Policy in 1898 has it been so much to the front. Further, the Tariff Question now appears in an entirely new light. In times past, Protection and Free Trade have been the slogans of the two political parties in Canada, and, under the stimulus of election oratory, much interest in the question was at times aroused. But, when in 1896 the Free Trade party at length were returned to office, the people found that "men are April when they woo, but December when they wed,"—some reduction in the

tariff was made, the British Preference was instituted, but the system of Protection was still continued.

Since that time it has ceased to be a party question. The "moderate protection" of the party in power, and the "adequate protection" of the Opposition have no essential difference. But, during all these years the question has still been alive in the minds of Canadians. Opinions have been formed, not on mere theories, but by the hard facts of practical experience in the working of the system of Protection, and now at last, unexpected by, and unwelcome to, either of the political parties, a great movement for the abolition of Protection in Canada has begun. It is no longer

a party question, but rather a non-partisan movement of the farmers, headed by the forty thousand members of the united farmers' organizations of Ontario, Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, and supported by the agricultural press, against a system which is working them great injustice and injury. Of other classes, in the country, the laboring classes without doubt view the movement with sympathy, while unable to actively advance it, and the professional classes are probably divided on the question. The one great, active and unscrupulous opponent of the movement is the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, with only 2,500 members, it is true, but with a command of money, and an influence over Press and Parliament, which makes it truly formidable.

## CANADA MUST NOT BE HANDICAPPED.

The opponents of the movement are already endeavoring to misrepresent its origin and belittle its importance. One, in a published letter, states that he has been told, on good authority, that the leaders of the movement are British Free Traders and American immigrants, and are supported by American friends. All that can be said of this is that it is absolutely untrue. The leaders of the movement are, almost without exception, men of Canadian birth, and the only funds employed have come from the farmers' organizations already mentioned. Again, there is a persistent attempt to narrow the issue to the one point of reciprocity with the United States. This again is a misrepresentation of the facts. It is true that the farmers have expressed themselves as strongly in favor of an arrangement which will allow free interchange of agricultural products and agricultural implements between the two countries, but any arrangement which would tie our hands in making trade treaties with other countries, would meet with unqualified disapproval. Rather, the farmers look for relief to a general

lowering of duties against all countries, and the further strengthening of the British Preference to a point where the Protective principle shall be entirely eliminated. Again, some have belittled the movement as one originating with a few theorists and supported by a "handful of grain-growers," but, if we call the forty thousand organized farmers a "handful," what shall we call the twenty-six hundred manufacturers? It is time this policy were dropped. Everyone who looks at the question fairly must recognize that the movement has originated with earnest, thoughtful, patriotic Canadians, that it is free from intrigue, and that it has the support of a large part of agricultural Canada. It shall be my task, in this article, to present the reasons which are behind the movement for tariff reduction, and to answer the objections raised by the opponents of the movement.

## PROTECTION DOES NOT RAISE PRICES.

Briefly stated, the farmers have risen in opposition to Protection because experience has taught them that it has not the slightest influence in raising the price of what they have to sell, but has a very decided influence in increasing the cost of all they must buy, and in raising the wage of all whom they employ. The "home market" promised by advocates of Protection has proved a myth. Canadian farmers must still sell their wheat, their cattle, their hogs, their dairy products, in short, all their farm staples, in competition with the world in a distant market. Nor is there any indication that this condition will cease, within a measurable time. We have but touched the fringe of our agricultural possibilities. Old Ontario is still the banner agricultural section of Canada, producing, in 1901, over half the agricultural wealth of Canada, but Old Ontario may yet be eclipsed by New Ontario. The Prairie Provinces have been referred to as the "granary of the Empire,"

but they have only begun to grow wheat there. The untold undeveloped agricultural resources of Canada render it very improbable that she will ever be an importer of agricultural products, at least under normal conditions of development, and with reasonable care in conserving her fertility. When we have reached the limit of our agricultural production, and our population has increased beyond our ability to sustain it, the world will be facing its last great problem of providing sustenance for its children. And, until that time, which no man may foresee, the "home market" will have no value in fixing the price of Canadian farm products, for, so long as there is an exportable surplus, the price received for that surplus must fix the price received for the whole crop. The farmers of Canada see this clearly, and, because they see it clearly, there is no agitation for protection on Canadian farm products. Once for all, Canadian farmers have renounced all faith in a Protective Tariff as a means of creating a "home market" that will raise the price of their products.

#### TARIFF FAVORS COMBINES.

They have not, however, lost faith in the efficiency of a Protective Tariff in raising the price of all the manufactured products they must buy. They still see the article of foreign production sold on equal terms as to quality and price, with the product of home manufacture. Yet the foreign product must pay a duty of 20 or 30, or 35 per cent. The home product has the advantage of proximity to its market, and the further advantage, in most cases, of importing all materials used in its manufacture either free, or at a much lower rate of duty than is charged on the finished product. They are aware of the fact that Canadian-made farm implements are sent to Australia and New Zealand, and there sold for less than in Canada. And the farmers of Canada are not altogether fools. They

have at last reached the conclusion that the manufacturers are not trying to lessen prices by competition, are not trying to produce enough to supply the Canadian market. In fact, there is every reason to believe that by understanding and combining in every direction, competition and over-production are carefully guarded against, while excessive profits are hid from the public eye under the mask of over-capitalization. Seeing these things, is it any wonder that Canadian farmers favor the abolition of the whole system of Protection?

There is little doubt that the farmers are correct enough in their supposition that the purpose of the above object is to control production and raise the price of such exports widely among Canadian manufacturers. In the winter of 1909, a deputation from the Dominion Grange waited on the Government to ask for an investigation into the existence of combines in Canada. With that deputation went Mr. J. W. Curry, of Toronto, former Crown Attorney, and who had pursued a number of investigations into the existence of combines in Ontario. Quoting from Mr. Curry's words on this occasion, words spoken in public addressed to the Finance Minister of Canada, publicly reported, and never contradicted, we find the following amazing statements:

"In one case it was shown, I think, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that a combination did not exist for the purpose of restraining trade. This was the task combine. The books produced on that occasion showed that all the firms united in it were limited to a fixed list of prices and terms of credit in selling. Not only this, but the people to whom they sold were divided into classes and more favorable terms were given to one class than to another. The agreement provided further that each factory should be limited to a certain volume of output, if it exceeded this volume only ten per cent. of the return from the excess volume should go for its own benefit, the other 40 per cent. going into a common fund. So far was this carried that one

factory, which did not run at all during one year, obtained its share of the profits earned by the operation of the others. The records went on to show that one firm withdrew from the combination and that the other firms remaining in then contributed a certain share of the output of each to be sold at prices low enough to put the independent rival out of business. They kept on cutting prices until the independent was forced to beg for mercy, and then the resolution in the minutes showed that the combine said: 'Let him fry in his own fat' and 'take the medicine coming to him!' Eventually the independent was driven out of business a ruined man.

"In another case a firm in Chatham began to import tanks from the United States. A meeting of the combine was called and arrangements were made to meet this particular competitor by cutting prices of their own output in the neighborhood of Chatham. They kept on cutting until the imported goods were shut out and then combine prices were put back again to the old figure.

"This association imposed penalties on its members in case of violation of any part of the agreement by which the combine was bound. The secretary of the combine had access to all books and papers of each individual firm in it for the purpose of seeing if the agreement was being kept.

"Nor was this task combine an isolated case. There were some thirty or forty other combinations organized in a similar way and for like purposes."

Is it any wonder, when facts like these have become widely known among farmers, and when there is every reason to believe that these are but glimpses into widely existing conditions that there should be a general movement to abolish the system which makes this sort of thing possible?

Then, there is official evidence to show that, in some cases at least, even where an industry was crying out for more protection, undue profits were being made. In 1908 the Dominion Textile Company, being engaged in an industrial dispute with its employees, which had resulted in several strikes, a Royal Commission under the Hon. McKenzie King, was ap-

pointed to investigate. Among many others, the following facts were brought out. That at the time of the strike, a circular issued to the employees stated that the necessity to reduce wages was due to insufficient protection, but at the same time this company, which has always been loud in its demand for protection, and which had just cut the wages of its employees by 10 per cent., had been able to make the following financial statement as to the year's business:

"The net profits for the year, after paying current interest on loans, all mill charges, and writing off the large sums of \$218,286.96 for repairs and betterments, and \$235,340.40 for new plant and machinery, amount to \$950,895.89; to these profits we have to add \$68,835, being a dividend of 2 1/2 per cent. on 27,454 shares of Dominion Cotton Mills stock, and \$51,785.50, dividend of 3 1/2 per cent. on 14,273 shares of Merchants' Cotton Co. stock, making in all \$1,021,446.39. Out of this amount has been paid the following:

Interest on bonds .....	\$304,895.00
Dividend on p.l. stock .....	120,967.00
Dividend on com. stock .....	250,960.00
Benefit Dom. Cotton Mills Co.	\$22,478.77
Benefit Mer. Cotton Mills Co.	55,277.74

And after allowing for bad debts there is left a surplus for the year of \$44,432.36. This will bring the amount of credit of profit and loss account to \$108,335.41, against \$523,842.05 last year. This, in the opinion of your directors, is very satisfactory, considering the large falling off there has been in trade since last fall."

Very satisfactory indeed in this statement, when we consider that this company had capitalized its common stock at 10 cents on the dollar, so that the nominal dividend of 5 per cent. amounted to 50 per cent. on the money actually invested! And it is for concerns like this that the Canadian farmers are asked to tax themselves on all they buy? There is perhaps, some little reason back of the revolt against Protection.

There are two or three arguments that are being used for the continuance of Protection. The first, and



most widely used, is that Canadian manufacturers cannot stand the competition of the world, if the protective duties are removed. The reply is simple. If after thirty years of protection, an industry cannot stand, there is something radically wrong with it. It is quite possible, that, were protection withdrawn, some industries might have to shut down. But in these cases, one of two things is true, either they are unequipped to the count y, and could never thrive, or, as is usually the case of some of our industries, their methods of manufacturing are obsolete. It would be unjust to expect our young and growing country to perpetually carry the burden of these industries. I have too much faith in the future of Canada to think for one moment that the withdrawal of Protection would spell ruin to our manufacturing industries. With abundance of raw material, unlimited power in our running waters, and a sober and industrious population, there is no reason why Canada, without protection should not be a great manufacturing country. To abolish Protection would undoubtedly interfere with the working of some of our combines, and might necessitate drawing a little water from some of our dropical manufacturing concerns, but the operation would, in the end, be wholesome even for our manufacturers, and of incalculable value to our farmers.

Another reason put forward for the continuance of a Protective Tariff, is that we need revenue to meet our great and growing expenditure. True, we need revenue, though there is some difference of opinion as to the wisdom of much of our expenditure. But our present Tariff is not a revenue Tariff. For every dollar which it puts into the coffers of the country it puts at least three into the pockets of protected manufacturers. The farmers of this country, through their organizations, stand for "Tariff for revenue only," and if our present Finance Minister cannot frame one

along these lines it will be time to find another.

The last argument used to bolster up Protection, is that its abolition would mean the reduction of wages of the laboring people, with consequent hardship and privation. If this were true, it would be an argument before which every good man should pause. But there is nothing to show that it is true. It is true that wages here are higher than in Free-Trade England, but not more than is necessary to make up for increased cost of living, due to Protection. If it were not for our great undeveloped resources, which are able to take care of an unlimited number of unemployed, there is nothing to show that labor conditions here would be one whit better than in England. Our manufacturers, who are such stiff protectionists, have always favored not only free trade in labor, but Government-aided immigration. They have paid their employees in most cases no more than they can help. The following quotations from the Cotton Strikes Commission report, above referred to, show something of the attitude of the manufacturer toward the laborer.

"As to the hours of labor of all these two classes—women, and children under 18 years—it was asserted that in normal times under normal conditions, work should begin on week days at 6.15 o'clock in the morning and continue to 12 noon, resume at a quarter to 1, and continue till 6, with the exception of Saturday, when there was work only in the morning. It was stated by many of the witnesses, and the accuracy of the statement was not challenged, that operatives were obliged to be at their places of work a little before the time fixed, though a like practice did not exist in regard to leaving it. This is a week work of 60 hours and over."

"It is distressing to be obliged to record that, though the minimum age at which children can be employed is fixed by the Quebec law at 14 years, several children were brought before the Commission from among those working in the mills who admitted that they had

entered upon employment under the legal age. Some of these children were so immature and ignorant that they were unable to tell the year of their birth, or their age. One little girl did not know the meaning of the word 'holidays,' and when it had been explained to her, stated that the only holidays she had known were Christmas and Epiphany. She had never received a week's vacation."

These quotations represent the conditions of the employees of a highly prosperous Canadian manufacturing concern. They may show the manufacturer in a slightly different light to that of the working man's friend. On the other hand, the interests of the farmers and the workmen are one. Both, as producers of wealth, must be on their guard against oppression and fraud.

"But" it will be urged, "the farmers are already prosperous, mortgages are being paid off, prices are good. What more do they want?" Is this true? Are farmers prosperous in the widest sense? It is true that mortgages are being paid, and bank accounts opened. How much of this is due to prosperity, and how much to increasing thrift and unvarying industry? Before the Tariff Commission in 1905 many farmers gave evidence that after allowing themselves a laboring wage their farms were not paying 5 per cent. on their actual value. I believe this is true generally, even where up-to-date methods are followed. It is unjust to accuse the farmers of Ontario of not making use of their opportunities. Agriculture is a slow business, necessitating a year's time for the repetition of most operations, and when we consider what has been done in Ontario during the last fifty years, since most of the country was a wilderness, and in the West during the last few years, we cannot fairly consider the farmer unprogressive. He is showing a great desire for knowledge, as witness the popularity of our Agricultural Colleges, and our Farmers' Institutes, and is progressing wonderfully in methods of up-to-date agriculture. But

in spite of all this, he is not holding his own. The burden of Protection is too heavy for him. Since its inception in 1857 farm population has been steadily decreasing in all the older provinces, in Ontario to the tune of 6,500 per year, while town and city population has rapidly increased. Even in the new agricultural West the urban population is increasing at a faster rate than the rural. This is the best comment on the effect of Protection on the farmer. The withdrawal of population from the farms is due to lack of comparative prosperity. The young people leave the farms because in many cases they must do so if they hope to have homes of their own in a reasonable time. Further, this withdrawal of populations means retrogression in many lines of agriculture, due simply to lack of labor to till the land and carry on the many branches of modern mixed farming. If agriculture is to progress as it should in Canada, with all that it means to our nation of material and social well-being, it is evident that the farmer must be relieved of the burden imposed upon him by our present fiscal system. The farmer does not object to carrying his full share of our national burdens, but he does object to paying a heavy tax for the benefit of avaricious manufacturers, and to the injury of our young nation.

Some time during the early part of the next session of the Canadian Parliament, a grant deputation from the farmers' organizations of Ontario and the West will await upon the Government at Ottawa to present their views on this question. They will do so in a manner open and above-board, free from the suspicion of intrigue or corruption. They believe their demands to be just and patriotic, and in this faith will appeal not only to the great farming class of Canada, but to all her citizens who believe in justice as the true foundation of national greatness, and who take a thoughtful and unselfish interest in her future.

# Canadian Railways Are Greatly Favored

By

H. J. Pettypiece

LAST month's article on "Do the Railways Own Canada?" was closed by dealing with one or two of the arguments used by railway lawyers against any reasonable amount of taxation being imposed on railway property.

Another much-used argument has been to make comparisons in density of population as compared with railway mileage in the United States and Canada, and from these comparisons attempt to show that railway taxes are already as high, proportionately, in Canada as in the United States. One of the modes of these corporation lawyers is to select a group of several of the most populous States, with a combined area equal to that of the Province of Ontario, and to make a

comparison between that group and the Province of Ontario, including all the still unsettled area of the province.

Here is a comparison made from the latest available official reports, that may prove interesting. The Provinces of Prince Edward Island, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, are situated very similarly to the three States of Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont, and the two groups are almost equal in size. (See bottom of page.)

In the Canadian group there are 410 population to each mile of railway, and in the U. S. group 335 to each mile. The very great difference in the comparative amounts paid in taxes in the two respective groups should effectively dispose of any argument in regard to "density of population."

## Group No. 1.

Province.	Sq. miles	Popn.	Miles of Railway	Railway Taxes	Rate per Mile.
P. E. Island .....	2,133	110,000	267	\$100	\$1.40
Nova Scotia .....	20,907	455,000	861	925	1.08
New Brunswick .....	27,174	321,200	1,000	782	.78
Totals .....	30,214	886,200	2,128	\$1,808	av. .88

## Group No. 2.

State.	Sq. miles.	Popn.	Miles of Railway	Railway Taxes	Rate per Mile.
Maine .....	33,040	605,000	2,083	\$654,090	\$314
New Hampshire .....	9,305	412,000	1,190	407,237	379
Vermont .....	9,365	344,000	1,024	210,260	205
Totals .....	51,710	1,441,000	4,297	\$1,271,587	av. \$290

Other similar comparisons could be given, did space permit.

Below is given an official statement of the amount of taxes paid during the year ending June 30th, 1909, by each railway in each province in the Dominion. The figures given here have never heretofore appeared in print, neither in any publication nor in any Government report, but have been furnished to the writer by the Railway Department at Ottawa for use in this article.

Taxes paid by railways in the different provinces for the year ending 30th June, 1909:

## NOVA SCOTIA.

Dominion Atlantic .....	\$861.54
Halifax & Southwestern ...	50.00
Liverpool & Milton .....	15.00
Total .....	\$926.54

## NEW BRUNSWICK.

Canadian Pacific .....	\$642.95
Dominion Atlantic .....	35.34
N. B. & P. E. L. ....	67.00
North Shore .....	37.50
Total .....	\$782.79

## PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

Canadian Pacific .....	\$100.00
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Total .....

## QUEBEC.

Atlantic and L. Superior. \$	85.65
Can. Northern Quebec ...	5,113.43
Carillon & Greenville .....	20.80
Canadian Pacific .....	214,308.26
Canadian Atlantic .....	4,477.22
Grand Trunk .....	100,000.00
Herford .....	1,691.40
Lotbiniere & Megantic ...	915.02
Massawippi Valley .....	1,053.79
Montreal & Atlantic .....	1,861.82
Montreal & Province Line.	3,725.00
Montreal & Vermont June.	900.00
Napierville Junction .....	1,905.52
Orford Mountain .....	13.25
Quebec Central .....	9,183.10
Quebec & Lake St. John ..	2,701.76
Rutland & Noyan .....	8.23
St. Lawrence & Adirondack	3,572.60

Stanstead, Shefford & Chamby .....	1,200.00
Temiscouata .....	3,683.88

Total .....

## ONTARIO.

Algoma Central & Hudson's Bay .....	\$ 3,152.61
Brockville, Westport & Northwestern .....	1,068.09
Bay of Quinte .....	3,033.33
Canada Atlantic .....	31,745.07
Canada Southern .....	43,074.99
Canadian Northern .....	16,824.74
Can. Northern, Ontario ..	10,684.14
Canadian Pacific .....	276,108.56
Central Ontario .....	3,701.95
Grand Trunk .....	323,812.47
Brookdale, Bancroft & Ottawa .....	116.41
Kingston & Pembroke ...	3,049.73
L. Erie & Detroit River ..	14,605.16
London & Port Stanley ...	3,049.45
Manitoulin & North Shore.	268.03
Nosboning & Nipissing ...	27.50
Ottawa & New York .....	1,785.85
St. Clair Tunnel .....	888.43
Thousand Islands .....	76.10
Toronto, Hamilton & Buffalo .....	3,578.71

Total .....

## MANITOBA.

Brandon, Saskatchewan & Hudson's Bay .....	\$ 1,638.68
Canadian Northern .....	36,402.83
Canadian Pacific .....	88,277.81
Gt. Northwestern of Manitoba .....	1,763.52
Total .....	\$128,082.84

## ALBERTA.

Alberta Railway & Irrigation Co. ....	\$36,164.91
Canadian Northern .....	1,692.74
Canadian Pacific .....	70,180.74
Total .....	\$98,038.39

## SASKATCHEWAN.

Canadian Northern .....	\$48,817.57
Canadian Pacific .....	51.99
Total .....	\$48,869.56

## BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Bedlington & Nelson .....	\$ 1,559.90
Canadian Pacific .....	99,072.43
Crow's Nest Southern .....	5,544.44
Kaslo & Skeena .....	34,488.80
Nelson & Fort Sheppard .....	5,735.69
New Westminster Southern .....	722.33
Red Mountain .....	1,184.51
Spokane & B. C. .....	559.15
Vancouver, Victoria & Eastern .....	38,045.65
Victoria Tunnel Railway & Ferry Co. ....	144.15
<b>Total .....</b>	<b>\$154,025.07</b>

## YUKON TERRITORY.

British Yukon .....	\$ 5,820.20
Klondike Mines .....	200.70
<b>Total .....</b>	<b>\$6,020.90</b>

## RECAPITULATION.

Nova Scotia .....	\$ 926.54
New Brunswick .....	782.79
Prince Edward Island ..	109.00
Quebec .....	357,330.51
Ontario .....	740,099.52
Manitoba .....	128,032.84
Alberta .....	98,038.39
Saskatchewan .....	48,869.56
British Columbia .....	154,025.07
Yukon Territory .....	6,020.90

\$1,534,866.32

An analysis of these figures for provinces shows an amazing difference between the lowest and the highest rates per mile:

	Ry. Miles.	Total Taxes.	Rate per Mile.
Quebec ..	3,663	\$357,330	\$97.00
Ontario ..	8,230	740,070	90.00
B. Columbia ..	1,800	154,000	85.00
Alberta ..	1,321	98,000	74.00
Yukon ..	90	6,000	66.00
Manitoba ..	3,200	128,000	40.00
Saskatchewan ..	2,631	48,870	19.00
Nova Scotia ..	1,350	926	70
N. Brunswick ..	1,547	782	50
P. E. I. ....	259	100	37
<b> Dominion ..</b>	<b>24,000</b>	<b>\$1,534,866</b>	<b>\$64.00</b>

In Quebec, \$100,890, or \$30 per mile, is imposed under a Provincial Act, and the balance, \$247,430, by municipal assessment.

In Ontario, \$416,936 was paid to the province under an Act, imposing from \$5 to \$60 per mile, according to location and other conditions, such as second track, etc., and the balance, \$323,734, by municipal assessment.

In Manitoba, the taxation is based on the gross earnings, at a rate of two per cent., or if so determined by the Lieutenant-Governor, three per cent.

In Saskatchewan, the tax is based on gross earnings, varying from one and one-half to three per cent., but no rate is imposed on any railway until it has been five years in operation.

In Alberta, railways are taxed on a rate of one per cent. on their actual value.

In British Columbia, there is a special Act for the assessment and taxation of railways. The main feature is the taking of the real estate, the personal property and the income of each railway as a whole and assessing it at a uniform rate of \$10,000 per mile for main track, and \$3,000 per mile for sidings and switches. The rate levied on these assessments is one per cent. in accordance with the General Assessment Act.

In Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, railway property (land only) is assessed for municipal purposes on the same basis as any other property.

Prince Edward Island apparently has a system peculiarly its own.

Information as to the Yukon is not at present available.

However, the fact stands out that in those provinces where any real effort to tax the railways has been made there are no two systems alike.

When the Ontario Commission on Railway Taxation visited some ten of the neighboring States, in 1904, in quest of information on the subject, that kinds of systems of assessment and taxation were in effect after twenty years of active legislation and agitation. The consensus of opinion of

both tax commissioners and railway managers appeared to be that the most fair and equitable mode of taxation of railways would be a percentage tax on the gross earnings of each individual railway. It was explained, however, that owing to intricate Federal and State laws, the general adaptation of this system could not be adopted. Referring to this difficulty, the chairman of the Inter-State Commerce Commission at Washington said to the Ontario visitors: "In Canada, with your clear-cut and well-defined constitution, you should not have any trouble of that kind." He referred, of course, to the B. N. A. Act, which gives each province the exclusive power of taxing all property within its boundaries.

At Baltimore, the Ontario Commission interviewed Mr. H. L. Bond, the second vice-president of the Baltimore & Ohio Railway, who spoke very frankly and interestingly on the subject, and with a knowledge gained by many years of most practical experience. He pointed out that the B. & O. paid taxes in New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, District of Columbia, Virginia, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, and in no two of those states was the system the same. He showed the difficulty, from the standpoint of the railways, as well as from that of the tax collectors, in dealing with so many complex systems.

Speaking of the question of railway taxation in general, Mr. Bond said:

"Now the fairness of railroad taxation depends a great deal on the fairness of the men who administer the tax laws. There is no self-executing tax law that I know of, except the tax on gross receipts. I think the general feeling among the railroad men is that that, perhaps, is the fairest basis of taxation, because a railroad is valuable only as it earns; the question of how much money there is in it does not really represent its value, for the reason that a great many roads in the

nature of things were built ahead of the needs of the country, and it is rather in the interests of the country to have them ahead of their needs if they can get them, but railroad people do not object to paying taxes on gross receipts, because they do not have to pay taxes unless they have something to pay them on. Not that anything really reconciles a taxpayer to paying taxes, but he feels better when he has the money. In this country, however, this question is seriously hampered by the question as to how far a state can tax gross receipts. The Supreme Court decisions are pretty clear that as a general thing the state cannot tax gross receipts on inter-state business, and while you find in many of the States that the tax laws do apparently tax the gross receipts on interstate commerce, and you will find that railroads are paying those taxes, it is extremely doubtful whether those taxes are legal. At the same time the railroads pay them because they consider them the fairest form of taxation."

Thus it will be seen that of the various modes of taxation already in force in Canada, that of the Provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta is the best.

But laying aside all questions of systems, earning powers, density of population, coal duties, development requirements, and other excuses offered, the broad fact stands out that the railways of Canada are not paying their fair share of the taxes needed for the carrying on of the affairs of the country. As has been shown above, the highest rate per mile is \$97, in Quebec, while in the United States the lowest rate per mile is \$148, in the desert State of Arizona. In other words—Highest rate in the United States is \$1,095 per mile, in New Jersey; highest rate in Canada, \$97, in Quebec; lowest rate in the United States, \$148, in Arizona; lowest rate in Canada, 37 CENTS, in Prince Edward Island.



The editor is prepared to purchase each month a limited number of original anecdotes about prominent Canadians, for which prompt payment will be made.

**SOLICITOR** - General Wooten, Georgia, was vigorously prosecuting a liquor case.

Two quarts of good rye whiskey were introduced in evidence and as such were sent to the jury room for their consideration. After they had retired and remained in their room some time the attention of the court was directed that way by merry laughter and loud guffaws. Some two hours had elapsed and no verdict. The judge instructed the sheriff to see if they could agree. Their answer was that "The Solicitor-General would have to produce a little more of the same kind of evidence."—*The Green Bag*.

The Carlton and Reform Clubs, as every one knows, stand side by side in Pall Mall. A stranger called at the former and asked the porter if it was the Reform Club. "No, sir," said the magnificent functionary, "this is the Carlton Club." "Perhaps," inquired the stranger, "you can tell me where the Reform Club is." "I am sorry sir, I have never heard of it," was the answer, and then, as the visitor turned to go, the porter added: "Perhaps if you would inquire at the public-house opposite they might be able to direct you."—*Vanity Fair*.

"The most amusing story of an American in France that I ever heard," said a recently appointed

attache to the French Embassy, "is this."

"A well-known French actor became involved in a discussion with an American, grew heated, drew his card from his pocket, threw it on the table with a tragic air, and stalked out."

"The American regarded the card for some moments, then took out his fountain pen, wrote 'Admit bearer' above the engraved line, and went off to the theatre."—*Brooklyn Life*.

W. D. Callaway, the General Passenger Agent of the Soo Line, and a well-known Canadian, has long been known for his keenness in making traffic agreements and the story goes that he has never been beaten once and that time is a boy. On a tour of inspection over the western prairies of Canada, when he was connected with the C.P.R., his son accompanied him and when stopping at a wayside station their attention was drawn to a ragged boy with a gopher which he held by a string around its neck. Young Callaway immediately wanted that gopher and under the watchful eye of his father negotiations were carried on for its purchase. Callaway, Sr., took a hand in the deal and offered ten cents for the animal, the boy raised him to fifteen at which price the animal was sold. Young Callaway immediately went to take possession, when his father noticed the boy untying the string and remonstrated with

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him to the effect that the gopher was no use to his son without the string as it would get away. The boy had his fifteen cents in his pocket and so was quite dictatorial in his demands. He stated that he sold the gopher and not the harness, that if you bought a horse you did not get the harness, and a string comprised the harness of his gopher. Finally, as young Callaway wanted the gopher very badly the father had to back down and offer to buy the string which cost him twenty-five cents. In explanation as to why the string was more valuable than the animal the youth explained that without the string he could not catch any more gophers or sell them. Mr. Callaway tells the story against himself to this day when amongst his particular friends and they admit that for once he did not get the best of the bargain.

The L.C.C. schoolmaster was giving evidence to an indignant mother. "For my part," gabbled the good woman, "I can't deceive what on earth eddification is comin' to! When I was young, if a gal only understood the elements of distraction, provision, replenishing, an' the common dominator, an' knew all about the rivers in their obituaries, the currents, an' the dormitories, the provinces an' tumpires, they had eddification enough!"

The schoolmaster nodded gravely. "But now," continued the visitor, "they have to study Bottomley, Algier-bay, and have to destromate symposiations about sycophants of cirruses, tangarines, an' diagonies of parallelograms, to say nothin' about coxides, asshreds, cowsticks, an' abstruse triangles! I didn't learn all them things; but can you say I ain't eddificated proper?"

He had never fished before, and his rod was new and shining with resplendent varnish. Faultlessly attired, he was whipping a trout stream, when, by some odd chance, he got a bite, a one-pounder from the way the line

strained. He did not play the fish at all. With rod held straight ahead he slowly and steadily reeled him in. Presently the fish was directly below the end of the rod. Did he stop? No—he kept on reeling the fish in, and finally the fish's head touched the tip. The man even tried to pull him through the ring. Just then he saw a man standing on shore, and turning with a bewildered look he said, "What shall I do now?" "The only thing you can do now," the man replied, "is to climb up the pole and stab him!"

—Fauty Fair

One day a big city bank received the following message from one of its country correspondents: "Pay twenty-five dollars to John Smith who will call to-day." The cashier's curiosity became suspicious when a cabman assisted into the bank a drunken "fare" who shouted that he was John Smith and wanted some money. Two clerks pushed, pulled and piloted the boisterous individual into a private room away from the sight and hearing of regular depositors. The cashier wired the country bank:

"Man claiming to be John Smith is here. Highly intoxicated. Can we await identification?"

The answer read: "Identification complete. Pay the money."—*Success Magazine.*

Judge Winchester, Senior County Judge of York County, naturalizes a hundred or so aliens every month. The blank application papers are obtained by the aliens from the Toronto Police Court or County Court Clerks.

One day the Judge was looking over a fresh batch of applications. The blanks on one of them were filled in something like this:

Name?—Abraham Ledochowski  
Born?—Yes.  
Business?—Rotten.  
Abraham was told to wait awhile.

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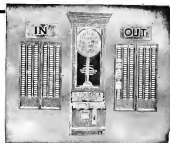
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